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NATIONALISM IN THE WEST

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I

LET us from our own experience answer the question, What is a nation?

A nation, in the sense of the political and economic union of a people, is that aspect which a whole population assumes when organized for a mechanical purpose. Society as such has no ulterior purpose. It is an end in itself. It is a spontaneous self-expression of man as a social being. It is a natural regulation of human relationships, enabling men to develop ideals of life in coöperation with one another. It has also a political side, but this is only for a special purpose. It is for self-preservation. It is merely the side of power, not of human ideals. And in the early days it had its separate place in society, restricted to the professionals. But when, with the help of science and the perfecting of organization, this power begins to grow and brings in harvests of wealth, then it crosses its boundaries with amazing rapidity. For then it goads all its neighboring societies with greed of material prosperity, and consequent mutual jealousy, and by the fear of each other's growth into powerfulness. The time comes when it can stop no longer, for competition grows keener, organization grows vaster, and selfishness attains supremacy. Trad-

ing upon the greed and fear of man, it occupies more and more space in society, and eventually becomes its ruling force.

It is just possible that you have lost through habit the consciousness that the living bonds of society are breaking up, and giving place to merely mechanical organization. But you see signs of it everywhere. It is owing to this that war has been declared between man and woman, because the natural thread is snapping which holds them together in harmony; because man is driven to professionalism, producing wealth for himself and others, continually turning the wheel of power for his own sake or for the sake of the universal officialdom, leaving woman alone to wither and to die or to fight her own battle unaided. And thus where coöperation is natural competition has intruded. The very psychology of men and women about their mutual relation is changing and becoming the psychology of the primitive fighting elements rather than of humanity seeking its completeness through the union based upon mutual self-surrender. For the elements which have lost their living bond of reality have lost the meaning of their existence. They, like gaseous particles forced into a too narrow space, come in continual conflict with each other till

they burst the very arrangement which holds them in bondage.

Then look at those who call themselves anarchists, who resent the imposition of power, in any form whatever, upon the individual. The only reason for this is that power has become too abstract — it is a scientific product made in the political laboratory of the nation, through the dissolution of the personal humanity.

And what is the meaning of these strikes in the economic world, which, like the prickly shrubs in a barren soil, shoot up with renewed vigor each time they are cut down? What, but that the wealth-producing mechanism is incessantly growing into vast stature, out of proportion to all other needs of society, while the full reality of man is more and more crushed under its weight? This state of things inevitably gives rise to eternal feuds among the elements freed from the wholeness and wholesomeness of human ideals, and interminable economic war is waged between capital and labor. For greed of wealth and power can never have a limit, and compromise of self-interest can never attain the final spirit of reconciliation. They must go on breeding jealousy and suspicion to the end — the end which comes only through some sudden catastrophe or a spiritual rebirth.

When this organization of politics and commerce, whose other name is the nation, becomes all-powerful at the cost of the harmony of the higher social life, then it is an evil day for humanity. When a father becomes a gambler and his obligations to his family take the secondary place in his mind, then he is no longer a man, but an automaton led by the power of greed. Then he can do things which, in his normal state of mind, he would be ashamed to do. It is the same thing with society. When society allows itself to be turned

into a perfect organization of power, then there are few crimes which it is unable to perpetrate; because success is the object and justification of a machine, while goodness only is the end and purpose of man. When this engine of organization begins to attain a vast size, and those who are mechanics are made into parts of the machine, then the personal man is eliminated to a phantom, everything becomes a revolution of policy carried out by the human parts of the machine, requiring no twinge of pity or moral responsibility. It is not unusual that even through this apparatus the moral nature of man tries to assert itself; but the whole series of ropes and pulleys creaks and cries, the forces of the human heart become entangled among the forces of the human automaton, and only with difficulty can the moral purpose transmit itself into some tortured shape of result.

This abstract being, the nation, is ruling India. We have seen in our country some brand of tinned food advertised as entirely made and packed without being touched by hand. This description applies to the governing of India, which is as little touched by the human hand as possible. The governors need not know our language, need not come into personal touch with us except as officials; they can aid or hinder our aspirations from a disdainful distance, they can lead us on a certain path of policy and then pull us back again with the manipulation of office red tape; the newspapers of England, in whose columns London street accidents are recorded with some decency of pathos, need take but the scantiest notice of calamities happening in India over areas of land sometimes larger than the British Isles.

But we, who are governed, are not a mere abstraction. We, on our side, are individuals with living sensibilities.

What comes to us in the shape of a mere bloodless policy may pierce into the very core of our life, may threaten the whole future of our people with a perpetual helplessness of emasculation, and yet may never touch the chord of humanity on the other side, or touch it in the most inadequately feeble manner. Such wholesale and universal acts of fearful responsibility man can never perform with such a degree of systematic unawareness, where he is an individual human being. These become possible only where the man is represented by an octopus of abstractions, sending out its wriggling arms in all directions of space, and fixing its innumerable suckers even into the far-away future. In this reign of the nation, the governed are pursued by suspicions; and these are the suspicions of a tremendous mass of organized brain and muscle. Punishments are meted out, leaving a trail of miseries across a large bleeding tract of the human heart; but these punishments are dealt by a mere abstract force, in which a whole population of a distant country has lost its human personality.

I do not intend, however, to discuss the question as it affects my own country, but as it affects the future of all humanity. Not the British Government, but the government by the nation — the nation which is the organized self-interest of a whole people, where it is the least human and the least spiritual — is my theme. Our only intimate experience of the nation is with the British nation, and so far as the government by the nation goes there are reasons to believe that it is one of the best. Then again we have to consider that the West is necessary to the East. We are complementary to each other because of our different outlooks upon life which have given us different aspects of truth. Therefore if it be true that the spirit of the West has come upon

our fields in the guise of a storm, it is all the same scattering living seeds that are immortal. And when in India we shall be able to assimilate in our life what is permanent in Western civilization, we shall be in the position to bring about a reconciliation of these two great worlds. Then will come to an end the one-sided dominance which is galling.

What is more, we have to recognize that the history of India does not belong to one particular race, but is of a process of creation to which various races of the world contributed — the Dravidians and the Aryans, the ancient Greeks and the Persians, the Mohammedans of the West and those of central Asia. At last now has come the turn of the English to become true to this history and bring to it the tribute of their life; and we have neither the right nor the power to exclude this people from the building of the destiny of India. Therefore what I say about the nation has more to do with the history of Man than specially with that of India.

This history has come to a stage when the moral man, the complete man, is more and more giving way, almost without knowing it, to make room for the political and the commercial man, the man of the limited purpose. This, aided by the wonderful progress in science, is assuming gigantic proportion and power, causing the upset of man's moral balance, obscuring his human side under the shadow of soulless organization. Its iron grip we have felt at the root of our life, and for the sake of humanity we must stand up and give warning to all, that this nationalism is a cruel epidemic of evil that is sweeping over the human world of the present age, eating into its moral vitality.

I have a deep love and a great respect for the British race as human beings. It has produced great-hearted

men, thinkers of great thoughts, doers of great deeds. It has given rise to a great literature. I know that these people love justice and freedom, and hate lies. They are clean in their minds, frank in their manners, true in their friendships; in their behavior they are honest and reliable. The personal experience which I have had of their literary men has roused my admiration, not merely for their power of thought or expression, but for their chivalrous humanity. We have felt the greatness of this people as we feel the sun; but as for the nation, it is for us a thick mist of a stifling nature covering the sun itself.

This government by the nation is neither British nor anything else; it is an applied science, and therefore more or less similar in its principles wherever it is used. It is like a hydraulic press, whose pressure is impersonal and on that account completely effective. The amount of its power may vary in different engines. Some may even be driven by hand, thus leaving a margin of comfortable looseness in their tension; but in spirit and in method their differences are small. Our government might have been Dutch, or French, or Portuguese, and its essential features would have remained much the same as they are now. Only perhaps, in some cases, the organization might not have been so densely perfect, and, therefore, some shreds of the human might still have been clinging to the wreck, allowing us to deal with something which resembles our own throbbing heart.

Before the nation came to rule over us we had other governments which were foreign, and these, like all governments, had some element of the machine in them. But the difference between them and government by the nation is like the difference between the hand-loom and the power-loom. In the

products of the hand-loom the magic of man's living fingers finds its expression, and its hum harmonizes with the music of life. But the power-loom is relentlessly lifeless and accurate and monotonous in its production.

We must admit that during the personal government of the former days there were instances of tyranny, injustice, and extortion. They caused sufferings and unrest from which we are glad to be rescued. The protection of law is not only a boon, but it is a valuable lesson to us. It is teaching us the discipline which is necessary for the stability of civilization and continuity of progress. We are realizing through it that there is a universal standard of justice to which all men, irrespective of their caste and color, have their equal claim.

This reign of law in our present government in India has established order in this vast land inhabited by peoples of different races and customs. It has made it possible for them to come in closer touch with one another and cultivate a communion of aspiration. But this desire for a common bond of comradeship among the different races of India has been the work of the spirit of the West, not that of the nation of the West. Wherever in Asia the people have received the true lesson of the West, it is in spite of the Western nation. Only because Japan had been able to resist the dominance of this Western nation could she acquire the benefit of the Western civilization in fullest measure. Though China has been poisoned at the very spring of her moral and physical life by this nation, her struggle to receive the best lessons of the West may yet be successful if not hindered by the nation. It was only the other day that Persia woke up from her age-long sleep at the call of the West, to be instantly trampled into stillness by the nation.

The same phenomenon prevails in this country also, where the people are hospitable but the nation has proved itself to be otherwise, making an Eastern guest feel humiliated to stand before you as a member of the humanity of his own motherland.

In India we are suffering from this conflict between the spirit of the West and the nation of the West. The benefit of the Western civilization is doled out to us in a miserly measure by the nation trying to regulate the degree of nutrition as near the zero point of vitality as possible. The portion of education allotted to us is so raggedly insufficient that it ought to outrage the sense of decency of Western humanity. We have seen in these countries how the people are encouraged and trained and given every facility to fit themselves for the great movements of commerce and industry spreading over the world, while in India the only assistance we get is merely to be jeered at by the nation for lagging behind. While depriving us of our opportunities and reducing our education to a minimum required for conducting a foreign government, England pacifies its conscience by calling us names, by sedulously giving currency to the arrogant cynicism that the East is East and the West is West and never the twain shall meet. If we must believe our schoolmaster in his taunt that after nearly two centuries of his tutelage, India remains, not only unfit for self-government, but unable to display originality in her intellectual attainments, must we ascribe it to something in the nature of Western culture and our inherent incapacity to receive it, or to the judicious niggardliness of the nation that has taken upon itself the white man's burden of civilizing the East? That the Japanese people have some qualities which we lack, we may admit; but that our intellect is naturally unproductive compared to

theirs we cannot accept, even from them whom it is dangerous for us to contradict.

The truth is that the spirit of conflict and conquest is at the origin and in the centre of the Western nationalism; its basis is not social coöperation. It has evolved a perfect organization of power, but not spiritual idealism. It is like the pack of predatory creatures that must have its victims. With all its heart it cannot bear to see its hunting grounds converted into cultivated fields. In fact, these nations are fighting among themselves for the extension of their victims and their reserve forests. Therefore the Western nation acts like a dam to check the free flow of the Western civilization into the country of the no-nation. And because this civilization is the civilization of power, therefore it is exclusive, it is naturally unwilling to open its sources of power to those whom it has selected for its purposes of exploitation.

But, all the same, moral law is the law of humanity, and the exclusive civilization which thrives upon others who are barred from its benefit carries its own death-sentence in its moral limitations. The slavery to which it gives rise unconsciously drains its own love of freedom dry. The helplessness with which it weighs down its world of victims exerts its force of gravitation every moment upon the power that creates it. And the greater part of the world which is being denuded of its self-sustaining life by the nation will one day become the most terrible of all its burdens, ready to drag it down into the bottom of destruction. Whenever power removes all checks from its path, to make its career easy, it triumphantly rides into its ultimate crash of death. Its moral brake becomes slacker every day without its knowing it, and its slippery path of ease becomes its path of doom.

Of all things in Western civilization, those which this Western nation has given us in a most generous measure are law and order. While the small feeding-bottle of our education is nearly dry, and sanitation sucks its own thumb in despair, the military organization, the magisterial offices, the police, the Criminal Investigation Department, the secret spy system, attain to an abnormal girth in their waists, occupying every inch of our country. This is to maintain order. But is not this order merely a negative good? Is it not for giving people's life greater opportunities for the freedom of development? Its perfection is the perfection of an egg-shell, whose true value lies in the security it affords to the chick and its nourishment, not in the convenience it offers to the person at the breakfast table. Mere administration is unproductive; it is not creative, not being a living thing. It is a steam-roller, formidable in its weight and power, and having its uses, but it does not help the soil to become fertile. When after its enormous toil it comes to offer us its boon of peace, we can but murmur under our breath that 'Peace is good, but not more so than life, which is God's own great boon.'

On the other hand, our former governments were woefully lacking in many of the advantages of the modern government. But because those were not the governments by the nation, their texture was loosely woven, leaving big gaps through which our own life sent its threads and imposed its designs. I am quite sure that in those days we had things that were extremely distasteful to us. But, while the spirit of the West marches under its banner of freedom, the nation of the West forges its iron chains of organization, which are the most relentless and unbreakable that have ever been manufactured in the whole history of man.

When the humanity of India was not under the government of the Organization, the elasticity of change was great enough to encourage men of power and spirit to feel that they had their destinies in their own hands. The hope of the unexpected was never absent, and a freer play of imagination, on the part both of the governor and of the governed, had its effect in the making of history. We were not confronted with a future which was a dead white wall of granite blocks eternally guarding against the expression and extension of our own powers, the hopelessness of which lies in the reason that these powers are becoming atrophied at their very roots by the scientific process of paralysis. For every single individual in the country of the no-nation is completely in the grip of a whole nation — whose tireless vigilance, being the vigilance of a machine, has not the human power to overlook or to discriminate. At the least pressing of its button the monster organization becomes all eyes, whose ugly stare of inquisitiveness cannot be avoided by a single person among the immense multitude of the ruled. At the least turn of its screw, by the fraction of an inch, the grip is tightened to the point of suffocation around every man, woman, and child of a vast population, for whom no escape is imaginable in their own country, or even in any country outside their own.

II

It is the continual and stupendous dead pressure of this inhuman on the living human under which the modern world is groaning. Not merely subject races, but you who live under the delusion that you are free, are every day sacrificing your freedom and humanity to this fetich of nationalism, living in the dense poisonous atmosphere of worldwide suspicion and greed and panic.

I have seen in Japan the voluntary submission of the whole people to the trimming of their minds and clipping of their freedom by their government, which through various educational agencies regulates their thoughts, manufactures their feelings, becomes suspiciously watchful when they show signs of inclining toward the spiritual; leading them through a narrow path, not toward what is true, but toward what is necessary for the complete welding of them into one uniform mass according to its own recipe. The people accept this all-pervading mental slavery with cheerfulness and pride because of their nervous desire to turn themselves into a machine of power, called the nation, and emulate other machines in their collective worldliness.

When questioned as to the wisdom of his course, the newly converted fanatic of nationalism answers that 'So long as nations are rampant in this world we have not the option freely to develop our higher humanity. We must utilize every faculty that we possess to resist the evil by assuming it ourselves in the fullest degree. For the only brotherhood possible in the modern world is the brotherhood of hooliganism.' The recognition of the fraternal bond of love between Japan and Russia, which has lately been celebrated with an immense display of rejoicing in Japan, was not owing to any sudden recrudescence of the spirit of Christianity or of Buddhism — but it was a bond established according to the modern faith in a surer relationship of the mutual menace of bloodshedding. Yes, one cannot but acknowledge that these facts are the facts of the world of the nation, and the only moral of it is that all the peoples of the earth should strain their physical, moral, and intellectual resources to the utmost to defeat one another in the wrestling match of powerfulness. In the ancient days Sparta

paid all her attention to becoming powerful — and she did become so by crippling her humanity, and she died of the amputation.

But it is no consolation to us to know that the weakening of humanity from which the present age is suffering is not limited to the subject races, and that its ravages are even more radical because insidious and voluntary in peoples who are hypnotized into believing that they are free. This bartering of your higher aspirations of life for profit and power has been your own free choice, and I leave you there, at the wreckage of your soul, contemplating your protuberant prosperity. But will you never be called to answer for organizing the instincts of self-aggrandizement of whole peoples into perfection, and calling it good? I ask you what disaster has there ever been in the history of man, in its darkest period, like this terrible disaster of the nation fixing its fangs deep into the naked flesh of the world, taking permanent precautions against its natural relaxation?

You, the people of the West, who have manufactured this abnormality, can you imagine the desolating despair of this haunted world of suffering man possessed by the ghastly abstraction of the organizing man? Can you put yourself into the position of the peoples, who seem to have been doomed to an eternal damnation of their own humanity, who must not only suffer continual curtailment of their manhood, but even raise their voices in pæans of praise for the benignity of a mechanical apparatus in its interminable parody of Providence?

Have you not seen, since the commencement of the existence of the nation, that the dread of it has been the one goblin-dread with which the whole world has been trembling? Wherever there is a dark corner, there is the suspicion of its secret malevolence; and

people live in a perpetual distrust of its back where it has no eyes. Every sound of footstep, every rustle of movement in the neighborhood, sends a thrill of terror all around. And this terror is the parent of all that is base in man's nature. It makes one almost openly unashamed of inhumanity. Clever lies become matters of self-congratulation. Solemn pledges become a farce — laughable for their very solemnity. The nation, with all its paraphernalia of power and prosperity, its flags and pious hymns, its blasphemous prayers in the churches, and the literary mock thunders of its patriotic bragging, cannot hide the fact that the nation is the greatest evil for the nation, that all its precautions are against it, and any new birth of its fellow in the world is always followed in its mind by the dread of a new peril. Its one wish is to trade on the feebleness of the rest of the world, like some insects that are bred in the paralyzed flesh of victims kept just enough alive to make them toothsome and nutritious. Therefore it is ready to send its poisonous fluid into the vitals of the other living peoples, who, not being nations, are harmless.

For this the nation has had and still has its richest pasture in Asia. Great China, rich with her ancient wisdom and social ethics, her discipline of industry and self-control, is like a whale awakening the lust of spoil in the heart of the nation. She is already carrying in her quivering flesh harpoons sent by the unerring aim of the nation, the creature of science and selfishness. Her pitiful attempt to shake off her traditions of humanity, her social ideals, and spend her last exhausted resources to drill herself into modern efficiency, is thwarted at every step by the nation. It is tightening its financial ropes round her, trying to drag her up on the shore and cut her into pieces, and then go and offer public thanksgiving to God for sup-

porting the one existing evil and shattering the possibility of a new one. And for all this the nation has been claiming the gratitude of all eternity for its exploitation, ordering its band of praise to be struck up from end to end of the world, declaring itself to be the salt of the earth, the flower of humanity, the blessing of God hurled with all his force upon the naked skulls of the world of no-nations.

I know what your advice will be. You will say, form yourselves into a nation, and resist this encroachment of the nation. But is this the true advice — that of a man to a man? Why should this be a necessity? I could well believe you, if you had said, Be more good, more just, more true in your relation to man; control your greed; make your life wholesome in its simplicity, and let your consciousness of the divine in humanity be more perfect in its expression. But must you say that it is not the soul, but the machine, which is of the utmost value to ourselves, and that man's salvation depends upon his disciplining himself into a perfection of the dead rhythm of wheels and counter-wheels? that machine must be pitted against machine, and nation against nation, in an endless bull-fight of politics?

You say, these machines will come into an agreement, for their mutual protection, based upon a conspiracy of fear. But will this federation of steam-boilers supply you with a soul, a soul which has her conscience and her God? What is to happen to that larger part of the world, where fear will have no hand in restraining you? Whatever safety they now enjoy, those countries of no-nation, from the unbridled license of forge and hammer and turn-screw, results from the mutual jealousy of the powers. But when, instead of being numerous separate machines, they become riveted into one organized gregariousness of gluttony, commercial

and political, what remotest chance of hope will remain for those others, who have lived and suffered, have loved and worshiped, have thought deeply and worked with meekness, but whose only crime has been that they have not organized?

But, you say, 'That does not matter, the unfit must go to the wall — they shall *die*, and this is science.'

Now, for the sake of your own salvation, I say, they shall *live*, and this is truth. It is extremely bold of me to say so, but I assert that man's world is a moral world, not because we blindly agree to believe it, but because it is so in truth which would be dangerous for us to ignore. And this moral nature of man cannot be divided into convenient compartments for its preservation. You cannot secure it for your home-consumption with protective tariff walls, while in foreign parts you make it enormously accommodating in its free trade of license.

Has not this truth already come home to you now, when this cruel war has driven its claws into the vitals of Europe? when her hoard of wealth is bursting into smoke and her humanity is shattered into bits on her battlefields? You ask in amazement what has she done to deserve this? The answer is, that the West has been systematically petrifying her moral nature in order to lay a solid foundation for her gigantic abstractions of efficiency. She has all along been starving the life of the personal man into that of the professional.

In your mediæval age in Europe, the simple and the natural man, with all his violent passions and desires, was engaged in trying to find out a reconciliation in the conflict between the flesh and the spirit. All through the turbulent career of her vigorous youth the temporal and the spiritual forces both acted strongly upon her nature, and were moulding it into completeness of

moral personality. Europe owes all her greatness in humanity to that period of discipline — the discipline of the man in his human integrity.

Then came the age of intellect, of science. We all know that intellect is impersonal. Our life is one with us, also our heart; but our mind can be detached from the personal man and then only can it freely move in its world of thoughts. Our intellect is an ascetic who wears no clothes, takes no food, knows no sleep, has no wishes, feels no love or hatred or pity for human limitations, who only reasons unmoved through the vicissitudes of life. It burrows to the roots of things, because it has no personal concern with the thing itself. The grammarian walks straight through all poetry and goes to the root of words without obstruction, because he is not seeking reality, but law. When he finds the law, he is able to teach people how to master words. This is a power, — the power which fulfills some special usefulness, some particular need of man.

Reality is the harmony which gives to the component parts of a thing the equilibrium of the whole. You break it, and have in your hands the nomadic atoms fighting against one another, therefore unmeaning. Those who covet power try to get mastery of these aboriginal fighting elements and through some narrow channels force them into some violent service for some particular needs of man.

This satisfaction of man's needs is a great thing. It gives him freedom in the material world. It confers on him the benefit of a greater range of time and space. He can do things in a shorter time, and occupies a larger space with more thoroughness of advantage. Therefore he can easily outstrip those who live in a world of a slower time and of space less fully occupied.

This progress of power attains more

and more rapidity of pace. And, for the reason that it is a detached part of man, it soon outruns the complete humanity. The moral man remains behind, because he has to deal with the whole reality, not merely with the law of things, which is impersonal and therefore abstract.

Thus man, with his mental and material power far outgrowing his moral strength, is like an exaggerated giraffe whose head has suddenly shot up miles away from the rest of him, making normal communication difficult to establish. This greedy head, with its huge dental organization, has been munching all the topmost foliage of the world; but the nourishment is too late in reaching his digestive organs, and his heart is suffering from want of blood. Of this present disharmony in man's nature the West seems to have been blissfully unconscious. The enormity of its material success has diverted all its attention toward self-congratulation on its bulk. The optimism of its logic goes on basing the calculations of its good fortune upon the indefinite prolongation of its railway lines toward eternity. It is superficial enough to think that all to-morrows are merely to-days with the repeated additions of twenty-four hours. It has no fear of the chasm, which is opening wider every day, between man's evergrowing storehouses and the emptiness of his hungry humanity. Logic does not know that, under the lowest bed of endless strata of wealth and comforts, earthquakes are being hatched to restore the balance of the moral world, and that one day the gaping gulf of spiritual vacuity will draw into its bottom the store of things that have their eternal love for the dust.

Man in his fullness is not powerful, but perfect. Therefore, to turn him into mere power, you have to curtail his soul as much as possible. When we are fully human, we cannot fly at one an-

other's throats; our instincts of social life, our traditions of moral ideals stand in the way. If you want me to take to butchering human beings, you must break up that wholeness of my humanity through some discipline which makes my will dead, my thoughts numb, my movements automatic; and then from the dissolution of the complex personal man will come out that abstraction, that destructive force, which has no relation to human truth, and therefore can be easily brutal or mechanical. Take away man from his natural surroundings, from the fullness of his communal life, with all its living associations of beauty and love and social obligations, and you will be able to turn him into so many fragments of a machine for the production of wealth on a gigantic scale. Turn a tree into a log and it will burn for you, but it will never bear living flowers and fruit.

This process of dehumanizing has been going on in commerce and politics. And out of the long birth-throes of mechanical energy has been born this fully developed apparatus of magnificent power and surprising appetite, which has been christened in the West as the nation. As I have hinted before, because of its quality of abstraction it has, with the greatest ease, gone far ahead of the complete moral man. And having the conscience of a ghost and the callous perfection of an automaton, it is causing disasters with which the volcanic dissipations of the youthful moon would be ashamed to be brought into comparison. As a result, the suspicion of man for man stings all the limbs of this civilization like the hairs of the nettle. Each country is casting its net of espionage into the slimy bottom of the others, fishing for their secrets, the treacherous secrets brewing in the oozy depths of diplomacy. And what is their secret service but the nation's underground trade in kidnapping, murder,

and treachery and all the ugly crimes bred in the depth of rottenness? Because each nation has its own history of thieving and lies and broken faith, therefore there can flourish only international suspicion and jealousy, and international moral shame becomes anæmic to a degree of ludicrousness. The nation's bagpipe of righteous indignation has so often changed its tune according to the variation of time and to the altered groupings of the alliances of diplomacy, that it can be enjoyed with amusement as the variety performance of the political music hall.

III

I am just coming from my visit to Japan, where I exhorted that young nation to take its stand upon the higher ideals of humanity and never to follow the West in its acceptance of the organized selfishness of Nationalism as its religion, never to gloat upon the feebleness of its neighbors, never to be unscrupulous in its behavior to the weak, where it can be gloriously mean with impunity, while turning its right cheek of brighter humanity for the kiss of admiration to those who have the power to deal it a blow. Some of the newspapers praised my utterances for their poetical qualities while adding with a leer that it was the poetry of a defeated people. I felt that they were right. Japan had been taught in a modern school the lesson how to become powerful. The schooling is done and she must enjoy the fruits of her lessons. The West in the voice of her thundering cannon had said at the door of Japan, Let there be a nation — and there was a nation.

And now that it *has* come into existence, why do you not feel in your heart of hearts a pure feeling of gladness and say that it is good? Why is it that I saw in an English paper an expression

of bitterness at Japan's boasting of her superiority of civilization — the thing that Britain, along with other nations, has been carrying on for ages without blushing? Because the idealism of selfishness must keep itself drunk with a continual dose of self-laudation. But the same vices which seem so natural and innocuous in its own life make it surprised and angry at their unpleasantness when seen in other nations. Therefore, when you see the Japanese nation, created in your own image, launched in its career of national boastfulness, you shake your head and say, it is not good. Has it not been one of the causes that raise the cry on these shores for preparedness to meet one more power of evil with a greater power of injury? Japan protests that she has her *bushido*, that she can never be treacherous to America to whom she owes her gratitude. But you find it difficult to believe her — for the wisdom of the nation is not in its faith in humanity, but in its complete distrust. You say to yourself that it is not with Japan of the *bushido*, with Japan of the moral ideals, that you have to deal — it is with the abstraction of the popular selfishness, it is with the nation; and nation can trust nation only where their interests coalesce, or at least do not conflict. In fact, your instinct tells you that the advent of another people into the arena of nationality makes another addition to the evil which contradicts all that is highest in Man, and proves by its success that unscrupulousness is the way to prosperity — and goodness is good for the weak and God is the only remaining consolation of the defeated.

Yes, this is the logic of the nation. And it will never heed the voice of truth and goodness. It will go on in its ring-dance of moral corruption, linking steel unto steel, and machine unto machine; trampling under its tread all the sweet

flowers of simple faith and the living ideals of man.

The idea of the nation is one of the most powerful anæsthetics that man has invented. Under the influence of its fumes the whole people can carry out its systematic programme of the most virulent self-seeking without being in the least aware of its moral perversion — in fact, feeling dangerously resentful if it is pointed out.

But can this go on indefinitely, continually producing barrenness of moral insensibility upon a large tract of our living nature? Can it escape its nemesis forever? Has this giant power of mechanical organization no limit in this world against which it may shatter itself all the more completely because of its terrible strength and velocity? Do you believe that evil can be permanently kept in check by competition with evil, and that conference of prudence can keep the devil chained in its makeshift cage of mutual agreement?

This European war of nations is the war of retribution. Man, the person, must protest for his very life against the heaping up of things where there should be the heart, and systems and policies where there should flow living human relationship. The time has come when, for the sake of the whole outraged world, Europe should fully know in her own person the terrible absurdity of the thing called the nation.

The nation has thriven long upon mutilated humanity. Men, the fairest creations of God, came out of the national manufactory in huge numbers as war-making and money-making puppets, ludicrously vain of their pitiful perfection of mechanism. Human society grew more and more into a mere marionette show of politicians, soldiers, manufacturers, and bureaucrats, pulled by wire arrangements of wonderful efficiency.

But the apotheosis of selfishness can

never make its interminable breed of hatred and greed, fear and hypocrisy, suspicion and tyranny, an end in themselves. These monsters grow into huge shapes but never into harmony. And this nation may grow on to an unimaginable corpulence, not of a living body, but of steel and steam and office buildings, till its deformity can contain no longer its ugly voluminousness — till it begins to crack and gape, breathe gas and fire in gasps, and its death-rattles sound in cannon roars.

In this war, the death-throes of the nation have begun. Suddenly, all its mechanism going mad, it has begun the dance of the furies, shattering its own limbs, scattering them into the dust. It is the fifth act of the tragedy of the unreal.

Those who have any faith in Man cannot but fervently hope that the tyranny of the nation will not be restored to all its former teeth and claws, to its far-reaching iron arms and its immense inner cavity, all stomach and no heart; that man will have his new birth, in the freedom of his individuality, from the enveloping vagueness of abstraction.

The veil has been raised, and in this frightful war the West has stood face to face with her own creation, to which she had offered her soul. She must know what it truly is.

She had never let herself suspect what slow decay and decomposition were secretly going on in her moral nature, which often broke out in doctrines of skepticism, but still oftener and in still more dangerously subtle manner showed itself in her unconsciousness of the mutilation and insult that she had been inflicting upon a vast part of the world. Now she must know the truth nearer home.

And then there will come from her own children those who will break themselves free from the slavery of this illusion, this perversion of brotherhood

founded upon self-seeking, those who will own themselves as God's children and as no bond-slaves of machinery, which turns souls into commodities and life into compartments, which, with its iron claws, scratches out the heart of the world and knows not what it has done.

And we of no-nations of the world, whose heads have been bowed to the dust, will know that this dust is more sacred than the bricks which build the pride of power. For this dust is fertile of life, and of beauty and worship. We shall thank God that we were made to wait in silence through the night of despair, had to bear the insult of the proud and the strong man's burden, yet all

through it, though our hearts quaked with doubt and fear, never could we blindly believe in the salvation which machinery offered to man, but we held fast to our trust in God and the truth of the human soul. And we can still cherish the hope, that, when power becomes ashamed to occupy its throne and is ready to make way for love, when the morning comes for cleansing the blood-stained steps of the nation along the highroad of humanity, we shall be called upon to bring our own vessel of sacred water — the water of worship — to sweeten the history of man into purity, and with its sprinkling make the trampled dust of the centuries blessed with fruitfulness.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM OF SQUAW PEAK

BY LAURA TILDEN KENT

WHEN I had been a teacher for just one week, I returned to Prescott from Squaw Peak and attended Institute. Twice before I had visited at institutes, looking on, it seems to me now, as a slightly patronizing, very curious outsider. I had not supposed that I should teach; and yet — here I was now, one of the assembly of eager young women who listened to the orators with the serious purpose of being benefited by their remarks!

One of them! I did not feel in the least like one of them. They interested me now, as they had interested me before, as a group quite foreign to me. I had had to do with teachers and students all my life; but the teachers had been my teachers mostly; the students,

my fellow students. Certainly I had never had much to do with a company of Normal graduates, as I conceived these to be. Probably I felt a little pity for these Normal graduates, with whom I was now — temporarily, I confessed — on a par. I still had much to learn.

I sat a little apart from the body of the audience whenever I could, and watched it. There were so many thin-faced, burning-eyed young women here! They took their profession very seriously indeed, it seemed to me. And then there was such a mob of pink-cheeked, important recent graduates — taking themselves seriously, too! The speakers were a little to blame for that, I thought, with their everlasting laudation of the teaching profession.

I had theories of my own about the teaching profession. I held that there are a few real teachers born, like poets. These, being called to their work, should teach and should have the high honor to inspiration due. But these were, like poets, a very little company. My theories rather broke down here. None but born teachers ought to teach, of course. On the other hand, there were not enough born teachers to go round. Well-meaning, uninspired beings had somehow to fill the void. I had not wished to be one of these; yet I was stepping now, knowingly, for a little while into this false position.

I looked over the crowd again and again and picked out the multitude of the uninspired. It seemed to me that most of them were too consciously poised and efficient and instructive. They bristled with it, I thought. I did not much admire bristles.

The Orator of the Institute was speaking. He eulogized the country schoolma'am. He told stories. He gave incident after incident to prove the resourcefulness, alertness, heroic, joyous courage of the **LITTLE TEACHER**. It sounded like that — Little Teacher, spelled with gigantic capitals. One story he told, I remember, of a young girl who had turned a far-away, shabby shack into a bright and pleasant school-room — who had put light into the drab lives of the backwoods children who went to her. He told how he had congratulated her upon her success, as he rode away. He had been a county superintendent then. And the girl had burst into sudden tears and wailed, 'Oh, but it's so lonely!'

He almost wept as he told the tale. I thought him very sentimental indeed. Why should he have so pitied that silly, weak young girl? I could n't fancy myself shedding tears before a county superintendent. I knew very little in those days.

Well — there it was! The Orator did interest me; and, on the whole, he did picture a very attractive, plucky, inspiring Little Teacher — one of the sort born and not made, I thought. It seemed little short of ridiculous to hold her high standard up before us all. Why, he keyed my mind to a pitch of sublimity! High, ritualistic words floated through, as a sort of background to the things he was saying. 'The goodly fellowship of the prophets — the noble army of martyrs.' Over and over the words rang forth harmoniously, like a melody half hidden by great twining chords.

Yet I continued, in spite of the spell that was on me, to take exception to the speaker's views. A rural teacher, perhaps, ought to be what he pictured her. We ought all to be perfect, doubtless; but that these teachers I saw here stood at all in the Little Teacher's place, I had my doubts. Besides, I thought it not really necessary that they should. A teacher — a made teacher — spent six hours a day in school to instruct country children in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Her moral influence ought to be for good, of course; but, after all, what chance could an ordinary teacher have — an ordinary teacher who spent six hours out of the twenty-four, five days out of seven, eight months out of twelve, with children whose homes were, always, the big things in their lives? Let the teacher, I thought, stick in a businesslike way to the course of study. Try as she may, what can anybody — excepting the Born Teachers, of course — do against the influence of the homes of the children?

What *can* a teacher do against the influence of the homes? I said it afterward, often, and with a different inflection! I spoke at first scornfully and dismissed the subject. Later I spoke in humble, questioning desperation.

For I learned a good deal during my year at Squaw Peak. I learned much of what rural teachers ought to be — much of what they must be, to stay. And from my lessons I came away humble and with a very great respect for the Little Teacher whom the Orator celebrated. 'The goodly fellowship of the prophets' — 'the noble army of martyrs.' The strain flows not at all inharmoniously through the varied, somewhat dissonant sympathy of my thought. The longing is on me to tell you what rural teaching is in Arizona, and what the rural teacher must be. But I can tell it only as I saw it myself.

I

It was late afternoon by the time I reached the Wests' home, where I was to spend my first year at Squaw Peak. I was very tired, and drowsy, and I remember the rest of the day hazily — even the supper of fried chicken, to which I am certain I did justice. The little black-eyed girl who had come with Mrs. West to meet me had 'run down' the chicken and killed it herself, though she must go home without eating a piece of it. I had a feeling that the country was a friendly one, and that I was an important person in it — and with this feeling I fell fast asleep.

School had to begin the next morning, of course. Ordinarily little Clyde West and I would have to walk the two miles to the schoolhouse; but I believe we got a ride that morning with Mr. West. I was not very used to high farm-wagons, and it seemed to me a perilous thing to perch up on the lofty seat so far above the ground. I should have enjoyed myself better, probably, if I could have walked down the long lane between the wire fences that inclosed the great pastures on either side — wild pastures, grown up here and there with patches of mesquite and

sage-brush, toward which jack rabbits and quail used often to scurry for shelter when we passed along the road.

On the left-hand side of the road there was fence almost all of the two miles to the schoolhouse; but after about three quarters of a mile, Mr. West's fence, on the right, ceased; and then came the stretch of brown mesa country, mounting up and up to hills, and finally to the barren grandeur of old Squaw Peak, which looked down upon my school and gave it its name.

I dreaded that first day! I did not know quite how to begin. I think I had not then read anything about the matter in teachers' manuals or general works on pedagogics; but I had a feeling that I was going to determine, that day, very largely for all the year, the extent and the quality of my influence over my school. I had a conviction that I ought to act decisively — that I ought somehow to impress the children with the idea that I knew what I was doing in that school and how to do it.

Alas! Never in my life had I been good at bluffing! I could not bluff now; and so, since I knew neither what to do nor how it should be done, I think that the first remark I made after my pupils had taken their seats was a nervous confession that I hardly knew how we had better begin!

I did know that I must first get the names and ages of my charges and their grading in school; and this I managed at last as bunglesomely as possible.

My school was composed mostly of children from two large families. There were four keen-faced, freckled youngsters from the Lancaster family — rather poor, but dressed very neatly and cleanly; and there were five from the Dennen tribe. There were also a few scattering children: the black-eyed girl who had killed the chicken for me the day before, and her brother and little Clyde West, with one or two oth-

ers. But it was the large families that made life interesting for me during the most of my stay — or, rather, the family of Dennen did me this service.

Mr. Dennen was a freighter. The family had traveled gradually, altogether by wagon, I think, from Colorado into New Mexico and now into the Verde Valley of Arizona. Moving was as nothing to them. They had not many belongings, and it was easy for them to cram those few into bags when the moving fever was on, fling the bags into the box of the large freight wagon, and clamber in after them. I early learned that these youngsters were somewhat destitute of footwear when our school opened, because, on their last moving expedition, they had had the misfortune to lose from their wagon a sack of shoes.

The Dennens were a new sort to me. They were a confidential family. From them I heard, almost at once, fascinating, intimate details of personal history — the nicknames of the tribe, the weight of each youngster at birth, and especially the astounding intelligence that Tootsey, still very 'small of her age,' had weighed only a pound and a half on her arrival in the world.

Poor children! I have wished since that I had been then more attentive to their stories, which ran on and on interminably whenever I could listen. They were so eager for an audience! I might have tried to be a better one.

We got through those first days somehow at school; and I, at least, learned a little there. I also began to realize that teaching in the country can be more than teaching, and that a teacher there must be more than a teacher. It was in this way.

On Tuesday morning of the second week of school, after Institute, a certain restlessness pervaded the school-room. There was to be a Democratic rally, followed by a dance, in Camp

Verde! Two of my few children had stayed at home, because their mother had needed them there to help her get ready for the evening. The Dennens, who also loved excitement, were at school; but they were hardly in a state to profit much by it. The dance! It filled their minds, it quivered in their feet that jigged languidly and elegantly in the schoolroom at recess to whistled tunes or snatches of singing. 'Turkey in the Straw' seemed to pervade the house like an odor, even during study-time; and bits of 'The River Shannon' floated in the air.

'And when at last I meet her
With a hug and kiss I'll greet her' —

and Della Dennen dropped her ruddy head sentimentally on one side, colored, smiled a delighted, amorous smile, and executed some graceful steps.

She was nearly thirteen years old, and a young lady. Her hair was braided into many tight pigtailed all over her red head. She was going to look beautiful to-night. Her older sister, Rosie's, hair was also braided, and her little sisters' heads were covered with hard little braids that would later make stylish kinks about their little faces. I shuddered inwardly to see how dirty were the locks so fashionably treated; but if Mrs. Dennen did not mind them, why should I?

We struggled uneasily through the morning, and noon came at last — noon that I longed for and already dreaded because it gave me more time to think than I had in school-hours. I had a way of wandering out at noon and standing in the little school-yard to gaze about me. Below, at the foot of the whitish bluff, lay the river, clear now, and sparkling under the bright sun; overshadowed, opposite us, by a throng of tall cottonwood trees that mirrored their cool green in the water.

Along the other river bank lay fields,

and far off you could catch a glimpse of one roof among the trees. Turn your back on the river, however, and, look as you would, no house was anywhere visible—just brown plains, dotted with mesquite, and, right over us, the long mesas, with Squaw Peak towering above. It always gave me a feeling of loneliness to go out, even though the children were with me, and look about at the largeness of this empty country. I felt very small then, and alone.

To-day I was not outside. I was eating my lunch in the schoolhouse all by myself. And as I ate, a boy entered and dropped heavily into a seat.

I looked up indifferently. The boy's face was dyed with red; but some of the youngsters had been smearing themselves with our new red water-colors. This was an unusually successful effort to be hideous, I thought. And then, —

'I think my wrist is out o' joint,' said the boy, in a steady, controlled tone.

I came to life; but I was still a little skeptical.

'Are you really hurt, Edward?' I demanded, pushing my lunch-basket away.

'Yes,' he replied.

I was on my feet and at his side. The brilliant red that dyed half his face and more was really blood! I bent over him.

'How did you do it?'

'Fell off of my horse. I was takin' him down to the river to water him. I don't know —'

He *was* hurt. And I was alone and helpless!

'My wrist is out o' joint,' he insisted faintly.

'Are you sure?'

But oh! I was sure myself, as I looked at it! The arm had sprung far out in front of the stiff hand. The bones bulged hideously over it.

I think I ran out and took a wild look around; but there was nobody in

VOL. 119 - NO. 3

sight but a crowd of hysterical children pressing up and whimpering. I was no doctor. I only knew that this wrist ought to be set at once, and I recalled dimly from my own grammar-school days a few hints in my old physiology as to the setting of bones.

'Edward, this ought to be done now!' I said as calmly as I could. 'I'm not sure that I can do it —'

'Go ahead and try!' recommended Edward grimly. 'Pull it out —'

I did not give myself time to think. I got down beside him, resolutely took the terrible, misshapen wrist into my hands, and pulled, pressing the hand a little backward at the same time. I felt the bones snap smoothly into their proper places! I had done what I had set out to do! It was unbelievable.

But there was no time for me to stop and shudder over what I had done. There was too much still to do. I looked at Edward's bleeding face and began to give orders.

'Rosie,' — Rosie was my oldest girl and the Dennens lived nearest the schoolhouse, — 'Rosie, can't you girls run home and get some medicines for Edward? Ask your mother to send up peroxide of hydrogen, if she has it, and salve — anything that she has that might help Edward. And bring bandages. Do you think she has peroxide?'

'No, ma'am, I don't think so. We'll ask her what she's got,' chattered Rosie.

She rushed away, followed by the pack of excited youngsters — all but Edward's littlest sister. I did not care. I thought Edward should be quiet.

He was faint now with pain, and pale under the blood and freckles. He went out into the air, sat by the schoolhouse door, leaned against the frame, and said that he felt very sick. I hung over him, helpless again in the absence of anything to work with. His sister, eight years old, sat beside him and

drew his head into her lap; but he could not rest so. Little Bee tried to fan him, but he was pettish about that; so she stood silently, tearfully by.

There happened to be two clean towels at the schoolhouse; so after a while I filled a basin with cold water and began to wash a little of the dirt out of the cuts on Edward's face. After that I made him go into the house and lie down on one of those double seats that I had so detested before, his head on a pillow made of my sweater and a towel.

We had not very long to wait now. There was a tramp of feet and a murmur of awed voices, and here came Mrs. Dennen to help us. Her very dirty hair was braided, like her daughters', into many tight tails. She wore a half-clean dress from beneath which showed a soiled petticoat, sagging stockings, and untidy shoes. By the hand she led her baby, very filthy indeed.

'Just as soon as Rosie told me, I changed my dress an' come right up,' said she. 'Brought Ruby just as she was. How's Edward?'

'He's pretty badly hurt,' I told her. 'Did you have peroxide — or salve — or —'

She said that they had nothin'. Her husband took all the medicines with him on his freighting trips, to use for the horses in case they should get hurt. But she'd sent the young ones over to Sammy Perkins's for some. An' she'd come to help me. Rosie was so nervous! When the girl had come to her, she'd hardly been able at first to understand what she wanted. She'd burst right out cryin' an' she'd said that Edward was nearly killed —

I interrupted Mrs. Dennen to inquire whether or not she had brought bandages, and found that she'd clean forgot 'em, but would send one of the young ones back after 'em.

I shall not try to describe the fresh feeling of helplessness that came over

me as this good woman talked. She was so delighted at the opportunity of being present at a tragedy! She was so useless! I must still think and act for myself and Edward.

Pretty soon Sammy Perkins's son dashed up on a wild-eyed horse and handed out to me the contents of their medicine-chest: a jar of mentholatum and some sort of fiery liniment — a horse-liniment, I think.

I sent the rider off to the Wests' for a horse and buggy, and while he was gone, I bathed Edward a little more, and cut off a good many horrible shreds of torn skin — with a pair of kindergarten scissors! — and smeared mentholatum over his face. The salve would at least keep the cold air out of his wounds, I reasoned. Then I rubbed mentholatum into the swelling wrist and bandaged it firmly, hoping that I might be doing the right thing.

After the horse and buggy came, I sent Edward home, with the oldest boy in school — big Walter Dennen — to drive him; and then we tried to settle down to work. Mrs. Dennen, still excited by the doings of the day, lingered and visited the school. I was glad when the session was over.

This was my first, but not my last, experience with first aid at Squaw Peak. I had learned a lesson from it. Thereafter I kept on hand bandages and adhesive tape and peroxide; and more than once I had occasion to use them. A country schoolteacher, I discovered, ought to be a doctor also, and a nurse.

II

To do myself justice, I tried, in spite of discouragement and homesickness, to be a good teacher. Most girls probably do try. If this specific work of mine was really of lasting significance, — as I sincerely believed the work of teachers in general to be, — then I

must do it as worthily as I could. But the doing day by day could not but seem trivial often.

Here is the Squaw Peak teacher's day!

It is winter, and cold. On two sides the little room I live in looks out on porches. Another side has not even that shelter from the weather, and I can imagine the damp, icy air coming stealing in through the thin board walls. It certainly comes up through the wide cracks in the floor, which is covered only by a thickness of worn carpet. The room is very high and ceiled overhead with thin muslin, above which are rafters that support a cold iron roof.

The Verde is supposed to be warm the year round; but out on the porch, the water in the bucket has frozen hard during the night. My room is little warmer than the porch.

It is morning — a little after five o'clock. I wake and hear the family stirring, so I rise, shivering, light my coal-oil heater, put a basin of icy water on it to warm, and drape myself affectionately about it. After a while I begin to be conscious that a very slight warmth is coming from the stove and faintly mingling with the heavy cold of the atmosphere. I dress, still hovering over this little bit of comfort.

Presently a cow-bell rings on the back porch. I slip out into the gray of the morning and scurry across the dim porch into the light and warmth of the dining-room.

Mr. and Mrs. West are helping each other to set on the table the hot biscuits, the ham and eggs, the fried potatoes and coffee. The hired man comes into the kitchen with his wet hair tumbled about his glowing face, wipes the icy water from him vigorously, and combs himself a little. Then we all sit down — we grown people. Little Clyde is not up yet.

We speculate on the chances for an-

other good rain to-day. I express myself on the warm Verde Valley, and am asked to wait until spring. After breakfast I warm my feet for a minute in the kitchen oven, and then scurry unwillingly into my own room, which, in spite of the oil-stove with its now steaming water-kettle, and the large lighted lamp, feels still very uncomfortable. This uncomfortable room I put to rights after a fashion; and then, curled close to the stove, I look over a bit of school-work that was neglected last night.

It is now eight o'clock and time to set out. I put my heavy coat on over my sweater, pull on my thick gloves and my rubbers, and go to the kitchen for Clyde and my lunch-basket.

Clyde, poor child, likes school; but he hates going to school. He begs his mother — hopelessly — to be allowed to stay at home — just for to-day. I ask her to let me stay, too; but she is firm. We are both sent out into the raw morning.

We do not talk very much, Clyde and I. We are too cold. We hurry breathlessly along, trying to keep our blood flowing in our veins. By the time we reach the schoolhouse, we confess to each other that we should like to cry over our aching hands and feet.

Let us say that it is a lucky morning for the schoolma'am. The fire has been built; but it is only just built. The place is still very cold and clammy. The water-bucket on the shelf at the back of the room holds a solid lump of ice humped up in the middle.

Clyde and I rush to the still cold stove, to be ready when the first waves of warmth begin to leave it. The 'janitor,' looking cross and chilly, is bringing in loads of hoary wood which should have been brought in last night. I am his teacher; I should have seen that he got that wood last night, of course; and I should insist now upon his having the

fires earlier. But — poor boy! — I hate to hurt his feelings by suggesting these things!

Presently the Lancaster family comes trailing along, little Edith crying because she has got so cold on the long ride of over two miles. Gradually the other children collect, and gather round the fire. And now it is time for the bell to ring.

We line up along the wall to sing a song or two. School songs the youngsters do not care for this morning. They want to sing, 'There's a Pretty Spot in Ireland,' 'The Spanish Cavalier,' and 'The Cowboy's Midnight Thoughts.' It appears that Miss Blank Dash, who taught them in the school that they went to last year, always let them sing these musical gems; and though I have some doubts about their appropriateness for school, I give in weakly. We are soon greeting her with the hug and kiss that appeal so to Della, and begging our darling to think of us when we're far away. — Should we have done it? I do not yet feel sure.

And now the school, unassisted by the schoolma'am, begins spiritedly on 'The Cowboy's Midnight Thoughts.'

'T is mid-night and the cat-tul are sleep-ping;
On the sad-dul I pil-low my head,
And up to the heav-vuns lie peep-ping —'

I have forgotten the rest. I did not know that I ever should!

The singing hour is over. The 'big children' — the fifth and sixth grades — begin on arithmetic, huddling close, and rather noisily, above the stove. I line the first and second grades up before the blackboard and we take a little dose of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Jimmie Lane is reciting, his wide blue eyes guilelessly on the schoolma'am's face.

'The friendly cow all red and white
I love with *all* my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might
To eat with apple tart.

'She wanders lowing here and there,
And yit she kinnot stray,
All in the pleasant open ear —'

The schoolma'am interrupts, —
"And yet she cannot stray," Jimmie. And it's the open *air*. You know what the air is, don't you? The air that's all around us? The air we breathe? — Now, say it! "She wanders lowing —"

'She wanders lowing here and there,
And yit she kinnot stray,
All in the pleasant open ear —'

'Air, Jimmie, air! — "The pleasant open air!"'

Jimmie's eyes grow wider and more solemn than ever. He pulls himself together for a mighty effort, and this interesting dialogue takes place.

Jimmie. All in the pleasant open ear —

I. Air! — air, Jimmie!

Jimmie. Ear.

I. Air!

Jimmie (after a pause, slowly, and with emphasis). Ear!

I. No, no, no! Listen, Jimmie! Not 'ear,' — '*air*.' You know what you breathe! — Air, Jimmie! Now try it.' 'All in the pleasant open air —'

This time Jimmie says it; but I am quite positive that by to-morrow that friendly cow will again be wandering, lowing, in Jimmie's 'pleasant open ear.'

I wonder, vaguely, as I turn to a first-reader class, what Robert Louis Stevenson will mean to Jimmie Lane when he grows up.

The first and second grades love to read and I to hear them; but it is torture to see the struggles of the fifth grade with arithmetic. I do try to make them think; but they seem not to know how to begin anything so difficult. Before I have accomplished much in that line, recess-time has come and I have had to turn the children out into a gray morning, warning them to keep away

from the irrigating ditch and on no account to go near the river.

I spend a few minutes looking over a discouraging lot of long-division papers, and then I stand at the window for a few minutes and look off to that gap in the hills behind which I imagine that my own country lies spread. I wonder miserably whether or not the world has been benefited by my efforts here this morning. It is hard to see that it has. I am glad when it is time to ring the bell — though I dread that, too.

After recess come more primary reading-lessons and a frantic fight with the fifth grade, which will not see the logic of using capital letters and periods. By noon I am halting between two opinions: I am convinced either that I am no teacher or that the fifth grade has no brains. *Why* can they not remember the capitals? *Why* should not somebody else be trying to teach them to use capitals? Or, for that matter, why should anybody try to teach the use of capitals to these particular children?

Noon passes at last, and we begin our afternoon wrestling with reading, writing, spelling, geography, and history. I try feebly meanwhile, and without succeeding, to keep the room a little quiet.

A knock at the door presently warns me that our afternoon programme is to go off before an audience. I let in the mother of two of the children — a handsome, unhappy-looking woman, with peering black eyes. She comes in and is seated facing the school with her year-old baby in her arms. And ever and anon, as the afternoon wears away, she pulls open her dress, in the face of the assembled school, and offers food to her young.

I may have been wrong, but I never could quite feel comfortable during that baby's meal! The children seemed altogether unabashed; they had evidently seen babies fed before, and that

helped me a little. Still, to this day I wonder why he needed feeding so regularly every fifteen minutes.

After school is over, Clyde and I put on our wraps, take our empty lunch-pails in our hands, and set out against the wind for the two-mile walk home. It is not usually so very uncomfortable as the one of the morning; but it is bad enough.

When we reach the house, the short winter day is almost over. I hasten to 'fill up' for the night. This means that I carry my water-pitchers out to the frosty pump and labor valiantly to fill them. And that *was* labor! The 'filling,' I think they called it, had worn, and that made it hard, always, to get water.

After the pitchers are full, I escape from my own cold and cheerless room for a while and warm my hands in the kitchen. Then I proceed to fill my coal-oil heater and my large lamp. By the time these tasks are over, twilight is closing down in earnest. I light the stove and the lamp, turn them both low, and go out to dinner.

For mere sociability's sake I wipe dishes for Mrs. West afterward and tell her of the trials of the day. (Never, I am sure, was any clerk of the board better informed of the doings of her teacher and her school than poor, long-suffering Mrs. West!) When our dishes and our talk have ended, I slip out on the dark, cold porch and across it, and into my own room that is beginning at last to grow a little warm. There I scan the still unfamiliar texts that my children use, and make plans for to-morrow and resolves that to-morrow shall be different from to-day.

It is still hard for me to see that my work is of supreme importance. That the work of teachers is important, I admit. But am I important — I, whose life is so much a monotonous fight against the mere weather conditions of

the Valley? I, who am really too homesick to be interested in this dozen of country children?

III

My freighter family, as I have more than once intimated, rather rasped upon me at most times. The two oldest girls, thirteen and fifteen, still in the fifth grade and keeping but a precarious footing there, were a trial to my soul. I wanted them to be interested in long division, and they cared for the Post dances.

Of course I was sorry for them, too. I tried hard to put myself in their places, dragged from one camp or small town to another; having a few months of school in a place and leaving, with work at loose ends, for some other; living, crowded and dirty, in tiny cabins. Poor children! I did understand a little how the light and music and gay clothes even of a Valley dance-hall would speak to them as long division could n't. And yet —

It was hard to see those big girls come stalking into school late, morning after morning, and to watch them haul off their ragged, ill-fitting coats and reveal dresses ragged and ill-fitting and execrably dirty — especially just below the hip, where they apparently had the habit of wiping the hands they had just taken from the dish-water, or — could it have been? — from the pancake batter.

I sickened as I watched poor little sickly, pasty-faced Fairy come to school morning after morning, coughing desperately, and wearing always the same greasy-looking dirt about her ears and in the sticky light hair at her temples. It all seemed such a pity, and such a disgraceful pity! My heart ached humanly for the forlorn creatures — and their dirt made them repulsive to me. I should have liked to help them — and

I could hardly bear to touch them with my fingers.

One day I visited in the Dennen home. They had three little rooms for a family of eight. The small front room was crowded with tumbled beds, and a sack or two of barley, a few battered chairs, a phonograph, a sewing-machine, and various odds and ends. The floor — a rough wood floor — was exceedingly dirty and littered with all manner of trash. The windows were dirty. The roof leaked in bad weather, you could see. It was a miserable place to look at, and the smells — of plain dirt, and the old, long-bottled smoke from bacon grease, and the new, pungent smoke from a damp cottonwood stick in the fireplace — mingled to give an atmosphere of distressful squalor to the place.

Mrs. Dennen was apologetic over the house — that I do admit. She was sewin' for the young ones and had n't had time to clean much.

We talked on and on as spiritedly as I could make the conversation go, and we listened to a few phonograph records, — I am glad they had the phonograph, even if they had n't clothes! — but nothing could charm my eyes away from the tiniest girl, too young for school yet. Her little light apron was plastered all up and down with filth, — there is no other word, — her almost white hair hung in dirty strings about her little round face; her face itself — no, that *could n't* be mere filth, I assured myself for the dozenth time. The poor child had been horribly injured and her nose and cheeks were covered with fearful scabs.

'How did Ruby hurt herself so?' I inquired sympathetically, with pitying eyes on the poor child's scarred face.

'*Hurt herself!*' they repeated, gasping.

'Yes — her face —' I began weakly, wondering —

Della seized Ruby by the shoulder and jerked her farther out into the limelight.

'She ain't hurt!' denied Della. 'That's nothin' but dirt. See! This is aig, 'n' this is m'lasses —' She went on deliberately cataloguing with a vigorous, pointing finger one after another of the stale remains of food that decorated her poor little sister's face. 'Ruby!' she continued briskly, 'come along!' And seizing the child by the hand, she hauled her outside and up to the edge of the irrigating ditch, whence lusty, protesting shrieks soon proclaimed that Ruby was being polished off.

They returned presently, Della and Ruby, and the baby's clear, glowing face quite verified Della's triumphant statement: 'You see, there was n't nothin' the matter with her.'

But there was, I clearly saw, something the matter with me. I could n't like the Dennens while they were so dirty. And being their teacher, with the training of their plastic minds in my hands, I ought to like them. The pedagogical works said so. And my common sense asked me how I could influence them, if I did n't like them.

Later I came to see something good in the Dennens.

(To be concluded)

WAR AND THE CHILD

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

A FRENCH poster hangs on my wall. It is drawn and colored with the deliberate excellence of the Gallic craftsman. Its sentiment is simple and sincere. Four children have stopped in their play to salute two wounded soldiers. The children are equipped with odds and ends of military trappings. A little boy of a realistic turn has an old canteen slung over his shoulder. A little girl, being without arms or accoutrements, has made good her claim to the flag. The soldiers, banded and lame, stump unconcernedly by. They are no more identifiable with the gentle and debonair patients of 'Mademoiselle Miss' than with the greedy, smutty, feeble-minded degen-

erates who were so unfortunate as to be nursed by Miss La Motte. They are sons of France who, as a matter of course, have defended their country in the hour of her uttermost peril; and they are unaware that the children of France have opened to them the doors of the citadel where dwell the secret things of childhood; that they have been accepted as companions in arms, as creatures recognizable and understood. A sense of comradeship is expressed in the round-eyed stare of the little boys, a dawning perception of the great sacrifice has stiffened their swaggering little bodies to attention. They pay their homage eagerly, although they cannot reckon the extent of their indebtedness. They do not know that France is giving her men to save her

children, to hand down to these unconscious beneficiaries her untarnished honor, and the holy of holies, freedom.

For this is what the war means to the nations which are now combating the great Teuton drive. This is what is implied in Lloyd George's simple statement: 'The British Empire has invested thousands of her best lives to purchase future immunity for civilization, and the investment is too high-priced to be thrown away.' If the Allies permitted themselves to be caught sleeping in a fool's paradise, they woke up to see their children's heritage imperiled by their illusion, and they have spared no cost to preserve it. The orphans of war are the innocent causes of their own uttermost desolation. The menace which threatened them has been intercepted by their dead fathers, and they live, poor little wondering ones, to see — as God wills — the vindication of justice, or its final defeat and dishonor.

A few years ago, Chancellor David Starr Jordan dared to say in a commencement address, 'France is, by her own admission, decadent.' This decadence, he averred, was the inevitable result of the wastage of Napoleon's wars, the loss of the flower of her manhood. To-day, not even a German would repeat such words. Ennobled by patriotism, purified by self-abnegation, the soul of France mounts like a flame to Heaven. The fineness of her civilization is shown by the spirit in which she defends it. Animated by a single purpose, sustained by a single hope, she lives only to free her soil from the invader. Her children are growing up in a world bleak with pain, but swept clean of gross ideals, of class hatred, of commercial greed, of smugness and frivolity.

The children of England have come early to a realization of their country's profound peril, her stern resolve, her

indomitable valor. They see the wounded soldiers in the streets, the Zeppelins in the sky, the grass-grown courts of Cambridge and of Oxford, never so splendid as in their desolation. Their young eyes perceive in the object-lessons which surround them the cost and the value of nationality. They are being moulded by the austere hand of adversity into the material of which men are made.

The children of Belgium share in the martyrdom of their parents. They are like the young boys and girls, baptized in water and in blood, who stood with the early Christians in the arena, before the callous eyes of Rome. They are feeble with privation, and sad with premature grief. Pope Benedict has begged the children of the United States to keep alive a million and a half of these little unfortunates by giving them a cup of milk or chocolate and a larded biscuit once a day. It is not too much to ask of prosperous America, which has thriven on the calamities of Europe; but the asking is a revelation of shame. On Belgium's vast storehouses of grain Germany battered for a year. On Belgium's harvests, garnered but not shared by Belgians, Germany feeds herself to-day. With the money wrung from Belgian towns, Germany paid, and pays, her army of occupancy. With the labor forced upon deported and enslaved Belgians, Germany fortifies herself against her enemies. The coal dug from Belgian mines is Germany's bait for the friendship of Switzerland. And now the Pope of Rome asks the children of the United States for a cup of milk to keep the children of Belgium from starving. The forlorn irony of it, the acquiescence of the neutral nations in it, shadows the civilized world; but the soul of Belgium lives. In every wasted little body this soul survives ill-usage and ill-will. The Christian children thrown

to the beasts cemented with their innocent blood the indestructible edifice of Christianity.

The mounting emotions which accompany every great historical crisis are crystallized in the heart of a child. When Haydon's mother lifted her streaming eyes, and said to her four-year-old son, 'My dear, my dear, they have cut off the Queen of France's head!' she gave him not only an indelible impression of horror and grief, but a point of view which life was not long enough to efface. To-day, thousands of children are receiving impressions as deep and as poignant. Their sensitive minds are being hardened into convictions and resolves. They are being prepared by the destiny which despoiled them to play their hazardous parts. Mr. Ernest Moore, in an address delivered last spring before the City Club of Chicago, emphasized a truth which Americans for the most part ignore or deny, — that the child does not belong to its parents, but to the state, to organized society as a whole. 'The parents,' said Mr. Moore incisively, 'have duties to the child, but no property in him. He must, whether they are willing or not willing, spend his earlier years as an apprentice to certain social activities, which he is compelled to perform as long as he lives. He must come to a realizing sense of what sort of an undertaking he has inherited.'

The American sentimentalist is wont to speak of a son, even a grown-up son, as if he were the exclusive possession of his mother, as if he spent his life in a perambulator, to be wheeled about at her volition. Mr. Bryan warned the National Education Association last July that we should not 'rob the cradle' at the behest of militarism. An agitated correspondent of the *Survey*, troubled by the sending of the National Guard to our frontier, asked what in-

fluence could be brought to bear — not upon Mexico, and not upon Washington, but upon 'the mothers who so thoughtlessly throw their sons away.' One would suppose that the National Guard wore knickerbockers, and had been withdrawn from the innocent pastimes of infancy. Kittens would be granted as much sense of personal obligation as are the young men who stand responsible to the state for the performance of their civic duties, whose manhood compels citizenship, and whose citizenship compels unswerving loyalty to the Constitution.

It is true, and I freely grant it, that far too much oratory has been used by the civilized world to glorify danger (which in itself has no moral or intellectual value), to confuse and conceal political issues (which may be barren of rectitude), and to awaken (regardless of circumstances) the fighting spirit of youth. But it is also true that the most beautiful phrases which language can afford have been used to glorify safety, to disguise our sensitiveness to discomfort, and to appease the conscience of the materialist. 'Blazing the way for an era of peace and good will' is a euphemism which consecrates our commercial activities. 'Idealism based upon a love of man,' describes pleasantly our smiling unconcern. These flowers of speech bloom brightest in the electioneering hothouse; but they are very decorative at mass meetings and public dinners. When combined with certain familiar generalities, such as 'the abolishment of international hostilities,' 'the establishment of international good-will,' 'the enforcement of international equity,' they soothe our troubled spirits, and give us courage to count the ships trading in our ports, carrying our citizens, and sunk on our coast, for the edification of our attentive navy. Now and then an impassioned pacifist assures us that

'when men shall have learned truth, faith, compassion and love, there will no longer be need of warfare, or need of world-politics'; and it seems, on the whole, easier to await the undated advent of these charming virtues than to vex our souls now over their stern sister, justice.

It is asserted, possibly with truth, that juvenile delinquency has been on the increase in England and Germany during the past two years. A 'noted' but nameless British psychologist is of the opinion that war has provoked this outbreak of youthful depravity. 'The boy knows that cities are being looted, and his own wild, predatory instinct tends to break forth.' Perhaps. But to the untrained, unscientific mind, the fact that the boy knows his father is not at home to thrash him seems a simpler solution of the problem. Something of the kind has been observed in piping times of peace, when parental discipline chanced to be relaxed, and it has been held to indicate ordinary astuteness rather than any great depth of depravity. As a matter of fact, the English boy's father who is soldiering

From Wipers down to Noove-Chapelle,

has had no chance to loot anything more sacred than the commissariat, and this pillage is profanely believed to be the prerogative of the Army Service Corps. 'A whiff o' shrapnel will dae nae harm to thae strawberry-jam pinchers,' observes Private Tosh in a moment of unworthy misgiving. The German boy's father has looted safely and unreservedly in conquered provinces; but one doubts if his offspring — under the awful eye of authority — has done anything more lawless than tread on the grass. If he has gone so far as to wheel his bicycle on the wrong side of the road, the Empire is tottering to its fall.

Meanwhile, in our peaceful states,

juvenile delinquency has reached a stage when it has become a serious menace to society. Determined theorists cling desperately to 'war news' and 'pride in fighting kin' as one way of accounting for this excess of misconduct; but they look too far afield. The Brooklyn boys, who last August proved themselves to be daring and accomplished burglars, did not rob because the towns of Flanders had been sacked. The ingenious little lad who held up the service on the Fourth Avenue subway by turning off the current, and the less adroit youth who laid iron piping across the Essex Street tracks, were not incited to this dangerous mischief by the calling out of the National Guard. The 'baby bandits' of Chicago were not impelled to law-breaking by the devastation of Poland.

Something is amiss with communities which cannot train their children to order and decency. The enforced absence of fathers in the fighting countries may be considered a legitimate cause for youthful misbehavior. It is counterbalanced by a quickened perception of patriotism, an early acceptance of responsibility. The increase of juvenile crime in our own country has no legitimate derivative, beyond a growing disdain for consequences, a candid contempt for magisterial jurisdiction. Cheap standards and self-indulgence must bear their share of blame. The nations which are warring for aggrandizement or for safety have changed the face of Europe; but to charge the lawlessness of American children to their account is to underestimate our liability.

II

This brings me face to face with the dilemma which confronts our American educators. How much information concerning the great war is fit to be im-

parted to the immature mind of the child? How far should we enlighten his innocence? How long dare we leave him in doubt? There are parents and teachers who would, if they could, guard American children from any knowledge of the overshadowing sorrows of Europe; and there are parents and teachers who think no child too young to feel his share of pity, to hold out his little hand in help. There are boys and girls who know nothing and care nothing about the conflict; there are others who have been encouraged to 'adopt' some French or Flemish orphan, to write to this desolate child, to work and save for him, to follow, from the security of their homes, his precarious career. It is the difference between courage and caution, between cotton-batting and the open road.

The clear and candid presentation of current events has for years been recognized as an important element of education. It is designed to quicken the child's interest in the living world, and to give him some foundation of fact, upon which he must sooner or later build for himself an intellectual dwelling-place. His personal convictions and his sense of values depend largely upon the way in which he has been taught to regard the happenings of every day. Since the outbreak of the great war, current-event classes for the old as well as for the young have been profoundly stimulated by the pressure of affairs, the speed of history in the making. They have also been complicated by the 'strict neutrality' which compels teacher and lecturer to engage in intricate academic egg-dances, — few things on earth being harder than the drawing of polite inferences from murderous deeds. War-maps are the only avenues of information which preserve an unviolated passivity.

For thirteen months after Austria had struck the match which fired

Europe, the *St. Nicholas* magazine, which is read by many thousands of little Americans, ignored the conflagration. For thirteen months it presented its young readers with its accustomed blend of fact and fancy, but took no notice of the stupendous events which left little else to be considered. In September, 1915, it abandoned this attitude of unawareness, and started a 'Department of Current History.' Since then it has published in every issue a brief commentary on the European war, the Mexican disasters, the labor troubles, the presidential election, and other news of the day. It condenses its budget into a few curt, clear, intelligent, impartial paragraphs, warranted to arouse no partisanship, and offend no sensibilities.

All such educational thoroughfares were closed to the children of my day. When I was a little schoolgirl, current events were left severely out of our limited courses of instruction. We seldom read the newspapers (which I remember as of an appalling dullness), and we knew little of what was happening in the present. But we did study history, and we knew something of what had happened in the past, — we knew and deeply cared. Consequently we reacted with fair intelligence and no lack of fervor when events were forced upon our vision. It was not possible for a child who had lived in spirit with Saint Genevieve to be indifferent to the siege of Paris in 1870. It would not have been possible for a child who had lived in spirit with Jeanne d'Arc to be indifferent to the destruction of Rheims Cathedral in 1914. If we were often left in ignorance, we were never despoiled of childhood's generous ardor. Nobody told us, as some children are told to-day, that 'war is always a cowardly business,' or that 'courage is a sublime form of hypocrisy.' Nobody fed our

young minds on stale paradoxes, or paralyzed our emotions, or taught us to regret — like those amazing youths encountered occasionally by pacifists — the foolish impulsiveness of adults. There was something profoundly fearless in our approach to life, in the exposure of our unarmored souls to the assaults of enthusiasms and regrets.

Even our sense of patriotism expanded fitfully, quarrelsomely (for the ferment bred by the Civil War had not yet subsided), and without artificial stimulus. The State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Pennsylvania said at a recent meeting of the National Education Association in Cincinnati that an American schoolboy should be taught to repeat every day to himself, 'I will work and vote and live for the best interests of my country. Yea, if need be, I will fight for my country, and die in its defense.' Apart from the exigencies of oratory, this seems a heavy programme. The average boy is chary of moral axioms, and high — articulate — resolves. If he has been reared in honesty and honor, he will vote, when he is twenty-one, according to his limited insight, and he will fight, if need be, at his country's call. But he will not — if he is human — dilate from ten to twenty with sentiments of a declamatory order. He will not put the shy secrets of his soul into the familiar phrases of a theme.

Mr. William James, who dreamed always of some great 'moral equivalent' for the discipline of camp, would have had young men devote two years to battling with drudgery; to subduing Nature, and wresting from her, in mines or on ranches, on farms or in logging-camps, something of use to the world. An enthusiastic contributor to the *New Republic*, following Mr. James's lead, but seeing breakers ahead if eager, but unaccredited, workers should interfere with organized labor,

— which has no bowels for sacrifice, — has proposed, in place of soldiering or drudgery, two years of compulsory social service. All young Americans, girls as well as boys, shall be organized between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, into regiments, and sent forth to better conditions in town and country. This 'national service' is to be administered by the state, but supervised and subsidized by the Federal Government, which is always intrusted with the paying of bills. There are to be 'flying squadrons' of youth, traveling widely, seeing the world, and lending everywhere a helping hand; and there are to be 'long periods of camping in national parks, and upon ocean beaches.' 'I have a picture of eager young missionaries,' writes this sanguine reformer, 'swarming over the land, spreading the health-knowledge, the knowledge of domestic science, of gardening, of tastefulness, which they have learned at school.'

And I have a picture of an outraged world assailed by these advance guards of progress. What Mr. James sought was the apprenticeship of youth to noble bondage, and the wisdom to accrue was to be the wisdom acquired in humility. His plan was impracticable, because the peaceful processes of civilization — orderly rather than heroic — permit no serious deviations from their rule; but it was sound in theory. It did not include the enforced dissemination of the schoolgirl's standard of taste, of the growing boy's knowledge of hygiene. It never contemplated prolonged holidays at the expense of the public, or the subjection of society to the compulsory leadership of youth.

There are some of us who believe that military training would give to young Americans the patience and endurance which Mr. James coveted, and the readiness to serve which is rightly

conceived to be the supreme test of chivalry. But military training is regarded with suspicion by people who fear that the beat of a drum will be the inevitable prelude to war; and by people who are able to convince themselves that we invite the danger we recognize, and avert the danger we deny. It is hard to meet the determined pacifist with facts, because he is as impervious to them as a tortoise is to a spring shower. He says academically, 'It is easy to see that the present war is a war of rival militarisms. It is a soldiers' war.' Some one observes practically, 'But England had no soldiers — to speak of — in August, 1914. She thought she could afford to "wait and see" before she "sprang to arms"; and while she was springing — which took a year, and was quick work at that — her best and bravest sons were sacrificed to this illusion.' Whereupon the pacifist replies, still academically, 'Too much of the world's history has been written in blood'; and leaves the subject sunk in a phraseological quagmire.

How can we meet intellectually the type of disputant who points with triumph to the extinction of a Jurassic lizard in the year 8,000,000 B.C. (I accept the given date) as an argument for not building American cruisers in the year 1916, A.D.; and who distributes portraits of this engaging reptile to drive his lesson home? If the *Stegosaurus* had not been snatched from the pacifists to serve as an advertisement for dental cream and other toilet utilities, he would still be doing duty as a timely illustration of the vanity of preparedness.

III

It has been observed by teachers (the kind of teachers who practice observation) that the interest of the child in cause and effect is a strong and vital interest. It is part of his unconscious

effort to solve the crowding enigmas of life, and it is the foundation of his logical perceptions and his moral sense. It gives him his bias for physical science, for that experimental education of which Mr. Edgeworth was the first English exponent; and it is the secret of his vigorous partisanship when his human interests are fired. Alone among educators, Mr. G. Stanley Hall finds neutrality, a 'high and ideal neutrality,' to be an attribute of youth. He is so gratified by this discovery, so sure that American boys and girls are following 'impartially' the great struggle in Europe, and that this judicial attitude will, in the coming years, enable them to pronounce 'the true verdict of history,' that he 'thrills and tingles' with patriotic — if premature — pride.

'The true verdict of history' will be pronounced according to the documentary evidence in the case. There is no need to vex our souls over the possible extinction of this evidence, for closer observers than our impartial young Americans are placing it permanently on record. The phrase 'high and ideal neutrality' needs elucidation. Civic neutrality is a recognizable thing. It is enjoined by authority which has a claim upon our obedience. No citizen is warranted in offending against its clearly defined decrees. No nation is warranted in violating the pact which pledges it recognition. When Germany marched her invading armies across Belgium, she placed herself on record as overriding international law. She entered the ranks of the freebooter. Nevertheless there is nothing high or ideal in civic neutrality. Its object is not the good of others, but peace and security at home. Belgium was not neutral as a matter of convenience to France, but to save her weakness from assault. She asked of the Powers the right to live, and she asked it for her own sake, not for her neighbors'.

The United States cherishes her neutrality as an asset of enormous value. It has not saved her from grievous insults and shameful conspiracies. It has not saved American ships from being torpedoed and sunk. It has not saved American men and women from death at Germany's hands. But the measure of our loss must be reckoned mainly in things of the spirit, and the measure of our gain can be reckoned unrestrictedly in material well-being. The nervous editorials in our newspapers, proposing ways and means to guard our new prosperity when we shall be at the mercy of peace, prove conclusively how high we rate the patronage of war. 'America means opportunity,' we are told by those who watch over our fortunes; and Americans have seized with ready sagacity the opportunities offered by the conflict. It is a legitimate course to pursue, and foreign nations will probably be just as glad to profit by our necessities when trouble comes to us; but to apply the words 'high and ideal' to our civic neutrality borders perilously on the absurd.

Mental neutrality, which is defined by Murray as the 'absence of decided views, feeling, or expression,' sounds — when matters of vital importance are at stake — like a contradiction in terms. If we have minds, we must think; and if we think, we must come measurably near a point of view. There is no intellectual equivalent of a treadmill. We may strive to be judicial, and succeed according to the accuracy of our knowledge and the clearness of our understanding. We may live our lives in a slough of indecision. We may be ignorant or unconcerned. None of these conditions imply mental neutrality. Marcus Aurelius said, 'It is possible to have no opinion upon a subject, and not to be troubled in one's mind'; but this adroit sentence neither

advocates nor admits a limitless insensibility. We do not suppose that the Emperor would have considered that the triumph of Rome over the barbarians, or the triumph of the barbarians over Rome, was a matter upon which it was possible to have no opinion. His flawless serenity was never a cloak for indifference to the welfare of the world.

It is not in the mind of youth or in the heart of a child that we find the equanimity which escapes the ordeal of partisanship. Can we not remember a time when the Wars of the Roses were not — to us — a matter for neutrality? Our little school-histories, those vivacious, anecdotal histories, banished long ago by rigorous educators, were in some measure responsible for our Lancastrian fervor. They fed it with stories of high courage and the sorrows of princes. We wasted our sympathies on 'a mere struggle for power'; but Hume's laconic verdict is not, and never can be, the measure of a child's solicitude. The lost cause fills him with pity, the cause which is saved by man's heroic sacrifice fires him to generous applause. The round world and the tale of those who have lived upon it are his legitimate inheritance.

Mr. Bagehot said, and said wisely, after his wont, that if you catch an intelligent, uneducated man of thirty, and tell him about the battle of Marathon, he will calculate the chances, and estimate the results, but he will not really care. You cannot make the word 'Marathon' sound in his ears as it sounded in the ears of Byron, to whom it had been sacred in boyhood. You cannot make the word freedom sound in untutored ears as it sounds in the ears of men who have counted the cost by which it has been preserved through the centuries. Unless children are permitted to know the utmost peril which has threatened, and which threatens, the freedom of nations, how can they

conceive of its value? And what is the worth of teaching which does not rate the grace of freedom above all earthly benefactions? How can justice live, save by the will of freemen? Of what avail are civic virtues that are not the virtues of the free? Pericles bade the people of Athens to bear reverently in mind the Greeks who had died for Greece. 'Make these men your examples, and be well assured that happiness comes by freedom, and freedom by stoutness of heart.' The prelate who said he would rather see England free than England sober, knew the supreme significance of self-control. It is not by selling the navy decanters that we honor sobriety, or foster the qualities of citizenship.

To withhold from a child some knowledge — apportioned to his understanding — of the world's sorrows and wrongs is to cheat him of his kinship with humanity. We would not, if we could, bruise his soul as our souls are bruised; but we would save him from that callous content which is alien to his immaturity, and which men have raised to the rank of a virtue. The little American, like the little Armenian and the little Serb, is a son of the sorrowing earth. His security — of which no man can forecast the future — is a legacy bequeathed to him by predecessors who bought it with sweat and with blood; and with sweat and with blood his descendants may be called on to guard it. Washington's soldiers and Lincoln's volunteers laid their lives down that the American child might be safe — safe in freedom and with honor.

The Columbus *Despatch* told us some months ago the story of a man who, returning from Europe to the United States, laughed uproariously day and night at the contrast between the sufferings and horrors he had witnessed abroad and the peaceful prosperity of home. The distressing nature of his

recollections added zest to his heart-whole enjoyment. It would be a glorious thing, said the *Despatch*, if more Americans could have a brief experience of war-stricken France and Belgium, to quicken their appreciation of their own blessings, their gratitude for their comfortable lot.

There used to be some strong-stomached Christians who anticipated an especial satisfaction in Heaven from the contemplation of the torments of the damned. But they had the excuse of believing that it was the damned's own fault that they *were* damned. Pity would have been inconsistent with justice. France and Belgium are paying the penalty of Germany's violence, and of her repudiation of her pledge. Their sorrow is the heroic sorrow of those who suffer for justice's sake. It implies the voluntary surrender

Of all that man may call his own,

in exchange for a triumphant ideal which is shared by *les âmes bien nées* of every race and clime. There is little in such devotion to soothe us to complacency; but there is much to awaken every noble and pitying emotion of our souls. The American child who does not know the tale of Belgium's heroism and of Belgium's wrongs has been denied the greatest lesson the living world can teach. The little state which defended her guaranteed rights against invasion, and by this defense saved France, has become one of the controlling forces of Europe. 'The moral triumph of Belgium,' says Cardinal Mercier, 'is an ever memorable fact for history and civilization.' Upon our understanding of such moral triumph, when linked to material defeat, depend our clearness of vision and our sureness of touch. If we forbear to tell American children this glorious and shameful episode out of consideration for the hyphenated vote, we place our scheme

of education on a level with the education of Germany, where children are taught the things which a watchful bureaucracy deems it prudent and advisable for them to learn.

Patriotism in the United States is not subject to subtle reservations unknown to patriotism elsewhere. Its creed is the old simple creed of sacrifice, the old austere renouncement of personal comfort and well-being. It is inadequately expressed by draping a theatre in bunting on election night, or by having an actor dressed as Uncle Sam drive across the stage in a pony cart, and wave an American flag. If we have chosen Uncle Sam as a symbol of our manhood, of something homely, and strong, and self-respecting, why do we make him ridiculous, debasing him into a caricature, and employing him as a medium of advertisement in shop-windows and street cars! It is indicative of our national insouciance that, while in one theatre this absurd figure — rendered more farcical by the adroit use of electric lights — was received with lazy applause, a chorus in an adjacent theatre was cheerfully parodying our national hymn, —

My country, 't is of thee,
Land of humility, —

to the unfeigned amusement of the audience.

If we are disposed to treat practical issues sentimentally, and to make abstract sentiment ludicrous, if we deny the impelling power of duty and the value of simple emotions, we have little left to fortify us in our hour of trial. It is possible for advanced pacifists to allude ironically to the Red Cross and the Army Medical Corps as 'screaming anomalies,' and to propose something called 'planetary patriotism' as a substitute for the protective love we bear to the land of our birth. But it would not be possible to make young Americans, who have worked fourteen hours

a day on the French battle-front for the rescue and relief of the wounded, see anything anomalous in their labors; and it would be impossible to make little Americans put Mongolia and the United States on the same level of regard. Planetary patriotism demands nothing beyond committees and phrase-making. Practical patriotism may at any hour ask the sacrifice of life. Not even the 'wooden Juggernaut, prudence,' can be trusted to save us forever from the call of our imperiled country.

Therefore we do well to recognize that war for aggression is a sin against the civilized world, and that we have no right to demand immunity for the aggressor, because prolonged resistance is shattering to our nerves. Therefore we do ill to rob our children of reverence for justice, of respect for bravery, and of compassion for pain. It is not enough for them to rejoice in their own safety, in their immunity from personal violence. They must bear in mind that 'happiness comes by freedom, and freedom by stoutness of heart.' To strip from the service of the soldier its heroic quality, to deny him the fruits of his sacrifice, to see in his endurance, stupidity, in his courage, folly, in his wounds, mere festering flesh, in his death, only corruption and decay — this is the most terrible blindness that can befall mankind. So was the Pagan blind when he saw in the mangled body of the Christian nothing but foulness and defeat. The realism which repudiates the spirit achieves amazing accuracy of detail, but it stops forever short of the truth. The heroism which preserves the hope of the world is the heritage of the world's youth. It is the 'sovereign disinfectant,' saving the soul of the child from the leprosy of materialism, from safety-worship, and from the elevation of his own selfish interests into the rank of a divine appointment.

NIETZSCHE

BY JOSIAH ROYCE

[This essay on Nietzsche was recently found among the posthumous papers of Professor Royce. It will perhaps appear strange to many that the author of *The Duties of Americans in the Present War* and of *The Hope of the Great Community* should have found so much, not merely of interest, but of sound doctrine — ‘matter for the strengthening of hearts’ — in the philosopher now claimed by modern Germany as its prophet and oracle. In reply it can only be said that modern Germany, and not Nietzsche, is at fault. Professor Royce’s thesis is that only as a prophet of the soul, the portrayer of an ideal, is Nietzsche to be understood. The revolt which he preaches is not so much a revolt against others as against the self, against the narrow or commonplace or merely habitual self in the interests of ideal selfhood. And in a sense it may be said that the rigid *Weltpolitik* of modern Germany is the antithesis of the philosophy of Nietzsche. For all politics or statecraft is relative to a stereotyped world, and with such a world Nietzsche has nothing in common, — ‘All this is poverty and a miserable ease,’ — and the hour that he exalts is the hour ‘in which not only your happiness but your reason and virtue as well become your loathing.’ — W. FERGUS KERNAN.]

I

To many of his readers Nietzsche is simply a writer of aphorisms that express his passing moods. He is a skeptic from this point of view concerning all ultimate truths. On occasion, as his own words indicate, he doubts altogether the value of truth. Life is experience or activity. Man lives to express himself, not to conform to something not himself. As a fact, there are expressions of Nietzsche which are distinctly in this spirit. But to others of his readers and commentators Nietzsche is the expositor of a system. The difficulty of maintaining this thesis is the difficulty of extracting from his aphorisms any one consistent whole doctrine. Consequently, those who go to Nietzsche for positive teaching of permanent thought vary greatly in their interpretation of what is fundamental for his thought.

The freedom of the writer of aphorisms is not only dangerous in itself, but misleading to the reader who is in search of permanent instruction such as he can restate or apply. We in Amer-

ica have been trained more or less in dealing with precisely such problems as this by the cases of our own Emerson and of Walt Whitman. Emerson at one time influenced Nietzsche very deeply. With Walt Whitman he has not a few features of ideal and of doctrine in common. But in any case, like both Emerson and Walt Whitman, Nietzsche feels perfectly free to follow the dialectic of his own mental development, to contradict himself, or, as Walt Whitman said, ‘to contain multitudes.’

On the other hand those misinterpret Nietzsche entirely who conceive the prime motive of his teaching as sensualism, or as the love of self-indulgence, or as pride, or as any form of merely self-centred narrowness. He is an individualist, without question. His ideal of life belongs among the many well-known forms of ethical Titanism. To judge him fairly you must bear in mind your Byron or your Goethe, or any other of the numerous writers who have expressed the purpose of life in terms of the conflict between the free individual and the world of convention, of

tradition, or of destiny. Faust, Cain, Manfred, and the other heroes of individualism in the literature of ideals, must first come to mind, that one may see to what vast constellation this star of Nietzsche's belongs; although one would go wrong, and seriously wrong, if one identified the ideal or the problem of Nietzsche with those which these names suggest. The interest of the man lies just in the fact that he is not merely an individualist, but a very original one, adding to the well-known forms of the Titanic ideal a distinctly new one.

The central motive of Nietzsche seems to me to be this. It is clear to him that the moral problem concerns the perfection, not of society, not of the masses of men, but of the great individual. And so far he, indeed, stands where the standard of individualistic revolt has so often been raised. But Nietzsche differs from other individualists in that the great object toward which his struggle is directed is the discovery of what his own individuality itself means and is. A Titan of the type of Goethe's or Shelley's Prometheus proclaims his right to be free of Zeus and of all other powers. But by hypothesis Prometheus already knows who he is and what he wants. But the problem of Nietzsche is, above all, the problem, Who am I? and, What do I want? What is clear to him is the need of strenuous activity in pressing on toward the solution of this problem. His aristocratic consciousness is the sense that common men are in no wise capable of putting or of appreciating this question. His assertion of the right of the individual to be free from all external restraints is the ardent revolt of the strenuous seeker for selfhood against whatever hinders him in his task. He will not be interrupted by the base universe in the business — his life-business — of finding out what his own life is to mean for himself. He knows that his

own will is, above all, what he calls the will for power. On occasion he does not hesitate to use this power to crush, at least in ideal, whoever shall hinder him in his work. But the problem over which he agonizes is the inner problem. What does this will that seeks power genuinely desire? What is the power that is worthy to be mine?

Nietzsche's contempt for popular morality is, therefore, only to be understood as a hatred for the spiritlessness, for the submissiveness, and, as he sometimes adds, for the treachery that seeks to avoid conflict, to escape from life's strenuous task, and to use the wiles of the morality of pity and human kindness as a means for disarming the stronger and for leveling life to the commonplace. But it is unfair to interpret the austere, the unpitiful, the stern elements of Nietzsche's ethical doctrine, as themselves the expression of his central interest. If he is unpitiful he is so, most of all, toward himself. If he makes light of human suffering, it is above all of his own suffering that he has made light. In seeking self-expression, mastery, might, he is seeking something above all internal, perfectly consistent with the utmost sensitiveness to the pathos of life, and to the needs of humanity. If Nietzsche would sacrifice ordinary human interest and lives to the higher individuality, it is his first purpose to appeal to individual men as they are to sacrifice themselves to this higher selfhood. In the often-quoted introductory speech of Nietzsche's Zarathustra to the people, this view of the ideal is expressed in classic form.

'What is the greatest thing ye can experience? That is the hour of great contempt. The hour in which not only your happiness but your reason and virtue as well become your loathing. The hour in which ye say, What is my happiness worth? . . . The hour in which ye say, What is my reason worth? Longeth it for knowledge as a lion for its food? It is poverty and a miserable ease. The hour in which ye shall say, What is my

virtue worth? It hath not yet lashed me into rage. How tired I am of my good and mine evil! All that is poverty and a miserable ease. The hour in which ye shall say, What is my justice worth? I do not see that I am flame and fuel. But the just one is flame and fuel. The hour in which ye shall say, What is my pity worth? Is pity not the cross to which he is being nailed who loveth men? But my pity is no crucifixion. Spake ye ever like that? Cried ye ever like that? Alas! Would that I had heard you cry like that! Not your sin, your moderation crieth unto heaven.'

In this sense Nietzsche's doctrine is unquestionably not merely an individualism. Even against his will his doctrine, as soon as articulated, has the universality of a Kantian categorical imperative. Nothing is worthy of expression but the ideal individuality. Therefore the first task of every human being is indeed to revolt against tradition, but still more to revolt against his own narrowness and pettiness of sentiment, and to prepare for a sacrifice of what is dearest to his sentiment in order that he may thereby win through strenuous activity the discovery of what that higher ideal individual is to mean.

It is in the light of these considerations that we are able to get the most general perspective of Nietzsche's ethical doctrine. The values of life are internal values. In your heart are the issues of your own life. Whoever has inflicted upon you the law from without has degraded your moral individuality. If you have accepted this law merely as it came to you, and because it came to you, you are one of the slaves. You are the mere material to be used up in the process of humanity's higher growth. And the morality of Nietzsche treats you, in so far as you are contented with your lot, or are willing to remain the slave of your ethical destiny and of your religious tradition, with aristocratic contempt.

But does his appeal awaken you, then you are one of those who may take part

in the task of aiming toward the higher individuality. You then become conscious that your will is the will for power. But the power that you desire is not mere earthly despotism. It is self-possession. You do not possess this power unless you are able to endure any degree of suffering and sacrifice of sentiment for the sake of discovering your meaning and your selfhood. Woe unto those that are at ease in this new Zion! Nietzsche's virtue has this at least in common with Christian charity, that it suffereth long, even if it appears rather unkind. Unsparing you are, but least of all do you spare what is commonplace about yourself. 'Ye have made your way from worm to man, and much within you is still worm. Once ye were apes; even now man is ape in a higher degree than any ape. Behold, I teach you beyond man.'

II

Of all Nietzsche's writings the book called *Thus Spake Zarathustra* is evidently the most frequently read, though also in some respects the most mysterious and the most in need of a commentary. Nietzsche's choice of a name for his ideal hero has nothing to do with an effort to paraphrase or to imitate the teachings or the personality of the Persian Zoroaster, whose name is thus employed. Zarathustra has in common with the Persian seer the tendency to think out his doctrine in solitude. The original Zoroaster notoriously made use of the fundamental contrast between a good and an evil principle. Nietzsche's Zoroaster is to overcome on a higher level the very oppositions on which the original doctrine of the Persian depended. These considerations, together with a good many oriental associations and the general desire to depict the career of the founder of a new faith, are responsible for the choice

of the hero's name. Zarathustra is in part an idealized Nietzsche, in part the type of a hero whose existence must be conceived as a dim future possibility, for which the humanity of to-day is not worthily prepared. Long years of loneliness separate him from human kind. Communion with the secrets of nature, and with his own heart, has given him a higher wisdom. The negative part of this wisdom is summed up in the first article of his creed, namely, that God is dead; and that man has to live on the earth and under earthly conditions without any of the hope with which an older supernaturalism had surrounded his life. The positive aspect of this creed is summed up in the first place in the doctrine of the Superman.

The Superman is defined sometimes as an inevitably coming being, a product such as the doctrine of evolution requires us to anticipate. He will not come on earth as a result of any miracle. He will be related to man as man now is to the apes. The senselessness of our present human existence is justifiable only as a transition stage on the way to the Superman. 'Man,' says Zarathustra, 'is a something that shall be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass him?'

But Nietzsche has no means of giving a scientific proof that the Superman must come. Nor as a skeptic is he able at all permanently to maintain the theoretical probability of any one outcome of the evolutionary process rather than another. The Superman frequently appears simply as what he is, namely, an ideal, the vision of the individual that should be. That he will come to exist we know not. But our wills shall say, Let him come to existence. By this ideal we give sense to our life. And because the Superman is an ideal and not a definitely expected product of a nature process, the sense that this ideal gives to our lives comes through an imi-

tation of this deliberately created concept of the perfect individual, but still more through a determination restlessly to labor upon the task of creating the concept.

The follower of Zarathustra has, therefore, no one fixed gospel preached to him. He must learn the dream and the interpretation thereof. Or, rather, he must learn, as it were, the art of heroic dreaming, and the art of living beyond every dream to a still higher ideal. Discontent is thus the constant accompaniment of Zarathustra's life and doctrine. But it is not a dreary discontent. Although it involves much suffering, it is a glorious, and, above all, a self-confident discontent. In the Heraclitean world of the higher individuality, where all is in flow, there appears at first to be nothing permanent but the law of the search.

Yet beyond all the seeking Zarathustra desires in the end, indeed, to define the law of life in terms that shall not be subject to the endless flow. Like Heraclitus, Zarathustra hopes to find what is permanent about this search for the higher individuality in the form of an absolute law to which all the apparently endless changes of the individual in the search for his ideal shall be subject. And the definition of this absolute law occurs to him in terms which had acquired a strange and decidedly fantastic significance in the mind of Nietzsche. There was an hypothesis with which Nietzsche evidently played for years and which also obviously had a somewhat pathological tendency to beset his imagination. This was the hypothesis, well known to human imagination ever since Pythagorean days, of the fatal tendency of the world to a precise repetition after long cycles of all its changes, of all its conflicts, ideals, evolutionary processes, and individual occurrences. The notion that countless times this precise thing has happened before, oc-

curred to the Pythagoreans in ancient Greek thought, for reasons which probably had something to do with astronomical observations and astrological speculation. This notion became an important part of Nietzsche's own teaching, and of that of Zarathustra, because of its relations — relations not by any means superficial or insignificant — to his conception of the ethical problem. Seldom has a purely fantastic freak of the imagination stood in a more interesting relation to a profound problem of the formulation of an ethical ideal.

Zarathustra has at once to follow and to define the ideal. The ideal is that of the perfect individual. The perfect individual is to be self-contained, a law unto himself, no follower of God or of man, no recognizer of any rule that is imposed upon him from without. Yet the perfect individual is to be in no sense a seeker for self-indulgence, his existence is through and through strenuous. His every act is a transition. He cares not whether such act proves even to be a self-destruction, if only he may escape from lower ideals. The one thing that he cannot tolerate is commonplaceness, vulgarity, or mere content with convention, with tradition, with circumstance. Yet Nietzsche is equally conscious, and Zarathustra with him, that the higher life must be, not only a striving, but an experience; not only strenuousness, but an accomplishment; not only an endless spiritual agility, but an enjoyment of perfection; not only a heroism, but a self-possession. For were the higher life not all of these things, wherein would consist the meaning of the struggle, since neither heavenly joys nor the will of the gods, neither Nirvana nor the beatific vision, can be admitted into the doctrine to give purpose to life? If this infinite flow has not its meaning beyond itself, in heaven, or in that slavish service of

mankind which Zarathustra condemns, and yet if at every stage of the process one finds nothing but a passing on to the next, what is the significance of the whole process?

The answer to this question is given in terms of the fantastic hypothesis of the eternal recurrence of every event in the world, and thus the hypothesis in detail asserts that life in its wholeness, with all its struggles expressed, with all its fate completely worked out, with all its individuality finally embodied, is present, not only once, but endlessly numerous times, in the course of infinite time. The idea thus suggested, mystical as it essentially is, is Nietzsche's equivalent in his closing period for what the religious consciousness had formerly sought in the conception of a divine plan of the universe. The conception is mystical because Nietzsche can grasp it only by intuition, and can give only the most insufficient reason for his belief. It appeals to him partly because it is unconventional, is no article of a traditional faith, and appears consistent with a purely naturalistic view of things, and with the existence of a world of rigid law. It is comforting to him as well as terrible. On the one hand, it comes to him with a pathological insistence and forms part of his suspicious attitude toward life. It is conceived as a blind necessity inflicting itself upon the world-order. On the other hand, the same thought long dwelt upon becomes at length pleasurable. One had feared it, because it seemed to make all endeavor vain. One accepts it in the end because it somehow assures us that all the problems of life are worked out and have been worked out endlessly often heretofore.

In the ceaseless change to which both experience and our self-criticism expose us, we look in vain for a final state for the sake of which life may exist and in the light of which it may be justified.

Nietzsche's thought is that the justification of life must be the whole of life, for life is everywhere a passage from less to greater, or from problem to partial solution, or from the outworn to the new. In the whole circle of the world-life, granted only that the circle is a closed one, every possible transition from a lower to a higher, every possible facing of a problem, every possible transition from old to new must have been accomplished.

In the mysterious conversation with his own spirit which Zarathustra typifies as a meeting with a certain dwarf who personifies all his own weakness and temptation, Nietzsche's ideal hero thus narrates his view of the meaning of the eternal recurrence. The dwarf of the story, Zarathustra's baser self, scorning his aspiration, whispers, 'Thou stone of wisdom, thou throwest thyself high up, but every stone thrown must fall. Condemned unto thyself and thine own stoning, O Zarathustra, far thou throwest the stone indeed, but it will fall back upon thyself.' That is, in substance, this restless idealism, this search for the absolute individuality, is self-defeating. The task has to begin always afresh. One finds not the complete self. And in Zarathustra's world there is no God in whom the self should find its goal. The Sisyphean task of seeking the perfect is essentially vain. And thus the tempter dwarf expresses what is indeed the obvious problem of every untrammelled individualism.

'But,' Zarathustra tells us, 'a thing is within me — I call it courage. It hath hitherto slain every evil mood of mine. This courage bade me at last stand still and say, "Dwarf, thou or I"; for courage is the best murderer, courage that attacketh. For in every attack there is the stirring music of battle. — "Halt, dwarf," said I, "I am the stronger of us two. Thou knowest not mine abyss-like thought. Thou couldst not endure that." Now there happened to be a gateway where we had to stop. "Look at this gateway, dwarf," I said. "It hath two faces; two roads meet here, the ends of which no one has ever

reached. This long lane back, it stretcheth out for an eternity. And that long lane out there, it is another eternity. They contradict each other, these roads (the past and the future), and here at this gateway they meet. The name of the gateway standeth written above — Present Moment. But whoever would go along either of them and ever further and ever more remote, believest thou, dwarf, that these roads contradict each other eternally? — From this gateway called Moment a long eternal lane runneth backward. Behind us lieth an eternity. Must not all that can run of things have run already through this lane? Must not what can happen of things have happened, have been done, have run past here already? And when everything has already existed, what dost thou, O dwarf, think of this moment? Must not this gateway already have been there? And are not all things so fast linked together that this moment draws after itself all coming things, and so does not it draw itself also after itself? For what can occur in this long way before us? It must once more occur. And this slow-moving spider that creeps in yonder moonlight, and this moonlight itself, and thou and I in the gateway whispering together about eternal things, must we not all have already existed? And must we not come again and run our course in that other lane, out there before us in that long-haunted lane?'

The thought thus expressed is ambiguously stated so far as concerns its significance for the speaker. The vision of the conversation with the dwarf is at once one of terror and of courage. In characteristic fashion Zarathustra opposes to the thought of the tempter, that all is vanity because nothing can be accomplished, the other thought that all which is possible has already been numberless times accomplished. But this thought, too, suggests vanity. The striving soul demands novelty. The individual shudders before this abyss of fate which yawns at his feet. Yet, as Nietzsche frequently says, it is the business of man to stand upon the edge of abysses and to learn not to fear them. The reaction from this terror at the haunted way of life comes when one remembers that the closed circle of eternal life is one of significant striving, and that therefore the very closing of the circle involves the completion of the striving. The wanderer in life's wil-

derness sees no shining light of an eternal city beyond him. His home is in wandering. He has not the romantic sentimentality, but he certainly has the deep restlessness of the hero of Schubert's *Wanderer's Song*. Nietzsche will have him learn courage and absolute endurance in his wandering. And the courage is to result from the very facing of this most abysmal thought, that the wandering as a whole is one completed expression of an endlessly restless, but still in each of its cycles perfectly self-expressed, life.

With this thought in mind Nietzsche thenceforth is able to speak of eternity as his delight and his goal. The deepest problem of life becomes the attainment of sufficient courage to endure the hardships of the world-cycle, knowing that by just this series of struggle the complete life has to be expressed. If this moment has its fixed place in the cycle that expresses the whole meaning of life, then one can return to a delight in the present for its own sake, which will reconcile the strenuousness of Nietzsche's ideal with the joyousness, with the naïveté in accepting experience, which is also one of his essential motives. The joy of life returns when one has become convinced that the goal of life is not something utterly undetermined, but absolutely predetermined.

The lesson of the experience has also for Nietzsche its general aspect. His constant teaching is, if you have any insistent horror, conquer it by facing it and thinking it out. If fate besets you, make what seems fate also appear to you as your own deed. If you have any evil thought, make it a part of your free self by expressing once for all its whole meaning. Do not suppress your weaknesses. Build your strength upon them. It is with the painful, as it is with the so-called evil element of your nature. It is to be won over to the serv-

ice of perfection even by being fearlessly accepted, worked out, and thereby conquered.

III

The two doctrines, that of the Superman and that of the eternal recurrence, constitute the central contents of the creed of Zarathustra. You do not know what the concrete purpose in life of the Superman will be if ever he comes to exist, but you already begin to work his will in seeking for him. In attempting to define his purpose you raise the whole question, so fundamental in our actual life, of the meaning and purpose of individual existence. Nietzsche differs from traditionalism of all kinds, and agrees, I should say, with the loftiest idealism, when he declines to accept his ethical individual as something whose character is for us men now predetermined, or to be accepted ready made. Those who say that the ideal character has already been embodied, that what I am to be is predetermined by the example of some preceptor or master, find no support from Nietzsche. In this respect, I should say, Nietzsche is indeed at one with the very idealism whose philosophical expression, as it had been attempted in earlier German thought, he so vigorously rejected. Herein lies his highest value as a stimulating critic of life; and that value, as I must repeat, allies him to Emerson, to Walt Whitman, and to other apostles of a higher liberty and assailants of a stereotyped ideal. For Nietzsche there is no one way of salvation except the way of being different from every other individual and complete in yourself.

There is no doubt that, from the point of view of a more systematic idealism, Nietzsche appears as entirely failing to see the organic character of the true life of coöperating individuals. The great problem of reconciling the

unique individual with the world-order is simply not Nietzsche's problem. One must not go to him for light upon that subject. Therein lies his perfectly obvious limitation. Yet there is no doubt, from the point of view of any deeper idealism, that this grave problem can be solved only upon the basis of the clearest knowledge, precisely that upon which Nietzsche insists — namely, the uniqueness of the life of every individual and the genuineness of the duty of every soul to seek its own type of salvation. That its own type of salvation will as a fact involve a higher coöperation with all other individuality, is indeed true, and it is a truth that you cannot learn from Nietzsche. But I do not object to the musician because he is unable to carve for me statues or to build me cathedrals. Nietzsche understands that the art of life is the struggle, the endeavor, the courage, and incidentally the delightfulness of experience which enables the free soul in its best moments to take delight in the very tasks that its skepticism and its self-criticism seem to make so endless, and in one aspect so hopeless. Be dissatisfied with yourself, and yet assert yourself. Believe nothing, and yet have courage in the midst of your very suspicions, and cultivate your intuitions even while suspecting them: these are some of Nietzsche's precepts. And whoever comprehends their problem of individuality will thank him for them.

In the light of this essentially fluent conception of the Superman much that is paradoxical in Nietzsche's expression becomes in general intelligible. He notoriously calls himself an immoralist. But by morality he means conventional morality. And his contention is in this respect not different in principle from the well-known contention of Kant, according to which what Kant calls heteronomy is ethically intolerable. What will can I follow but my

own? The ethical problem is to find out what my will is. Nietzsche, indeed, rejects every statical concept of the content of the ideal. Any finished creed as to what an individual ought to be at once arouses his spiritual repugnance. He is up and away long before any such ideal can be sufficiently expressed to win even a fair hearing. What we have called the spiritual agility of the self as Nietzsche conceives it forbids the acceptance of any such static ideal.

'My brother, when thou hast a virtue, and it is thy virtue, thou hast it in common with nobody. To be sure, thou desirest to call it by name and to caress it and to amuse thyself with it. And lo! thereupon thou hast its name in common with the people. Thou hast become people and herd with thy virtue. Better were it if thou shouldst say, Unspeakable and nameless is that which maketh my soul's pain and sweetness, and that is mine inmost hunger. I desire it not as God's law. I desire it not as man's statute and necessity. It shall not point me the way to another world or paradise. It is an earthly virtue that I love. Once thou hadst passions and didst call them evil; now hast thou only thy virtues. They grew from thy passions. For by thee thine own highest ideal was instilled into these passions and thereupon they became thy virtues and thy delight; and though thou wert from the stock of the choleric, or of the voluptuous, or of the fanatical, or of the vindictive, at last all thy passions grew virtues, and all thy devils angels. . . . And from this time forth nothing evil groweth out of thee unless it be the evil that groweth out of the struggle of thy virtues.'

In the *Zarathustra*, from which I quote these words, there now follows a characteristic passage concerning the struggles and the mutual jealousies of precisely the virtues that have been thus characterized. And the picture of triumph and of inner selfhood that has just been suggested is at once clouded by the observation that every such relative state of inner perfection is in us transient, dialectical, self-destructive. The immediate conclusion is, 'Man is something that must be surpassed. And therefore love thy virtues; for thou shalt perish from them.'

The other and fantastic thought of the eternal recurrence — that thought which we have just expounded — is, as one now sees, the almost inevitable counterpart and foil of this conception of the endless search for individuality. Rejecting every form of absoluteness except such as seems to him consistent with necessary laws of nature and with the endless flow of things, Nietzsche still needs the restful pole in the flight of phenomena of which Schiller speaks. He quite as much needs something eternal and dividing, to give significance to his struggle for individuality, as he would need if he were a devout believer in traditional creeds.

Nietzsche's fantastic thought is, however, much deeper than its mere appearance would suggest. As a fact, a concept of ethical individuality must be just to the endless pursuit of goals of which every strenuous life consists. It must also be just to our requirements that there shall be a finished ideal despite the fact that you cannot find anywhere in the series of life's facts the expression of this ideal in a static form. It must also be just to the consideration which so many religions have neglected, namely that the true goal of life is the whole of life and not any one point in it — the conquering of defects by their inclusion in a richer life, and not an excision of ills from life. The deepest question of an ethical idealism is the problem whether life in any sense constitutes a significant whole, and whether this wholeness has a determinate and individual character.

Now Nietzsche is well aware of this problem. It can be solved neither by the theory that there is, once for all, a substantial individual soul having its permanent static character which our ideal life merely portrays in successive deeds, nor yet by the doctrine that the moral law is something merely static or abstractly universal. The individual

and significant wholeness of our life must depend upon something which is not now completely expressed, but which, on the other hand, is in no sense a static substance, but something now in the making. The whole meaning of life turns upon the question whether our life in its entirety constitutes one drama. And in Nietzsche's Godless world of natural necessity the concept of eternal recurrence is the sole means by which he can conceive this unity of life's plan. With this in mind he can become, as he says, eager for eternity.

'If I am fond of the sea and of all that is of the sea's kin; and if I am fondest of it when it contradicteth me angrily; if that seeking desire is within me that driveth the sails after what is yet undiscovered; if there is a sailor's joy in my joy; if my rejoicing hath ever cried, "The shore has disappeared; now the last chain hath fallen down from me. The limitless roareth around me. Far away time and space shine beyond me! Upwards and onward, my heart!" Oh, how could I fail to be eager for eternity and for the marriage ring of rings, the ring of the eternal recurrence?'

IV

As we turn now to the less poetical productions, namely the *Genealogy of Morals*, and the *Beyond Good and Evil*, we reach works that are very easily misunderstood if one lays stress upon their more obvious and paradoxical expression. The *Genealogy of Morals* has been absurdly emphasized in some of the more popular and hostile criticisms passed upon Nietzsche. In the light of his fundamental interests in the problem of the genesis of the free individual, the paradoxes of this work become indeed comprehensive enough. Its purpose is to free men from the bondage of the merely conventional morality. This purpose is to be accomplished by means of a psychological interpretation of the history of the moral consciousness. Full of the whimsical and the paradoxical is this account. Yet the paradoxes in question are by no means novel in the

history of thought. They are in part the well-known paradoxes of the Sophists in the Platonic dialogues. In part they are common to the assailants of sentimental religious faith generally.

Moral distinctions have, according to Nietzsche, a twofold origin in the history of the human mind. They are distinctions made by the noble, the strong, the consciously superior, the aristocratic. Or, on the other hand, they are the distinctions made by the weaklings, by the fearful, by the slaves. The distinctions of the first class are themselves in no wise static, infallible, or for Nietzsche necessarily acceptable. But their type as they appear in the history of thought is the higher of the two types. For the noble souls become self-conscious by virtue of their superiority. Life is everywhere the will to attain might. The strong know that what they want is good, and that they can attain that good, at least in some measure, by reason of their strength. Moreover, the desire to rise above the mass grows. For how shall the highest be attained, unless the higher themselves are ready to rise? And how should the good be won through the mere nourishing of the weaklings? The strong man may be, indeed, kindly and courteous and humane. But he is so because that is his strength and his choice, his way to embody his will in the world, and not because the weak desire him to do so. The stronger souls consequently make their distinction between the noble and the base, the good and the contemptible. Upon this basis arises the *Herren Moral*. Strongly opposed to this is the *Sklaven Moral*, whose historical monument is Christianity.

Nietzsche abounds in paradoxes when he discusses the faith that lies nearest to his own early training and that had obviously most deeply influenced much of his sensibility. The weaklings cannot express themselves

by their own force. They have developed in the course of history the art of persuading the strong as well as themselves that weakness itself is a virtue, and that all that the weak need ought to be given them by the strong. The result of such morality has been the glorification of the commonplace, the stupid, the spiritless, and the broken-hearted.

The doctrine thus indicated in the briefest way occupies in Nietzsche's own mind a place that can be understood only in the light of the central and positive character of his individualism. There is here no historically accurate estimate of Christianity; and much of the onslaught upon its teachings involves many of the trivialities of negative liberalism — trivialities which only the brilliancy of Nietzsche's literary skill, and the actually wonderful insight of many of his psychological comments, can make tolerable to any one really accustomed to true liberality of thought.

As a fact, Nietzsche's own individualism has had its place in the history of Christian doctrine. There is no question of the shallowness of a great deal of what is called altruism, and of the dangerous tendency toward the commonplace which a conventional Christian morality has frequently involved. But there is that in the original Christian ideal which is not at all foreign to the spirit of Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*. Yet the value of this whole discussion, as well as of another work, the so-called *Anti-Christ*, which Nietzsche wrote just before his final collapse, lies not at all in its value as a fair historical estimate of anybody's faith, but only in its significance as a series of paradoxical illustrations of Nietzsche's central problem, the problem of the perfect individual selfhood.

The other, and in some respects the more highly organized and significant

of his later expressions outside the *Zarathustra*, namely the *Beyond Good and Evil*, contains the following notable and deliberate statement of Nietzsche's view of virtue in general.

Our virtues? It is probable that we too (namely we so-called immoralists) still have our virtues. We Europeans of to-morrow, we firstlings of the twentieth century, with all our dangerous curiosity, our many-sidedness, our art of disguising — we probably, if we still are to have virtues, shall have only such as best agree with our most secret, our most heartfelt longing, with our most ardent needs. And so then let us seek for them in our own labyrinths, labyrinths wherein, as everybody knows, so much is lost and lost forever. And is there anything nobler than seeking for one's own virtues? And we too in our own way are men of duty. To be sure, sometimes we indeed dance in our chains — oftener, it is also true, we gnash our teeth in our bonds and are impatient because of all the secret painfulness of our fate. But, do what we will, the stupid and the look-of-things will agree in declaring that we are men who know no duties. We have always the stupid and the look-of-things against us.

It has been my effort in the foregoing to give some of the impressions of the sense in which these duties can exist for Nietzsche and of the reason why nevertheless he can appear as rebel against convention, as opponent of the faith, as immoralist, as teacher of paradoxes, as austere and self-asserting individualist. As a fact, it is not selfishness in its narrower sense; it is certainly

not sensualism. It is still less any sort of supposably scientific outcome of Darwinism that characterizes Nietzsche. He is not a partisan of mere self-will. His ideal is not merely that of brute force.

Nor yet is it fair to say with Dr. Tille, his translator, that physiological perfection, or the power to survive, is in any sense for him the expression of the ideal. He proclaims the significance of health, but it is healthful vigor of will that he is thinking of, much more than athletic skill or any externally visible character. His paradoxes constantly insist upon the virtue of power and upon the possession of power as the sum of virtue, but the power of which he is thinking is inner power. He despises the commonplace virtues, but that is a whimsical way of expressing his love of absolute perfection. He cannot define what his absolute perfection is, but no one has better expressed in recent times than he the ideal of the search for a consciousness of perfection. He glorifies the aristocratic self; but the self of which he speaks turns out to be an invisible and ideal self, as unseen as is the risen and ascended Lord of the ancient faith; as much an object of service as was ever the God against whom Nietzsche revolted.

FOR THE FALLEN

BY LAURENCE BINYON

WITH proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labor of the daytime;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

THE MAN

BY WARRINGTON DAWSON

[Since the interest of this story is enhanced by the circumstances under which it was written, it is worth while to quote from the letter which accompanied the manuscript to the *Atlantic* office.

'In the year 1912,' writes Mr. Dawson, 'I found, in a drawer of my desk, some sheets, written in my hand, which were unfamiliar to me. My first idea was that I had copied out a story by somebody else. Reading brought no associations, yet I recognized, not only my writing, but my thoughts, my characterization, and my story-form. On the last page was my signature, with the date "15th April, 1911." With the help of this date, and my diary, and of a very accurate memory when I get started on a clue, I presently patched out the whole affair. On the night of the 14th-15th April, 1911, I woke up from a dream in which I had seen this story vividly acted. I was so possessed by it that I got up, dressed summarily, went to my study, and wrote the story as it had come. It was a cold night; there was no fire in my study; I wrote for several hours, and was shaking in a severe chill by the time I had finished. Going back to bed, I next woke up with a high fever, and was ill for many weeks with neuralgic grippe. This illness effaced all recollection of my night-adventure, until I chanced upon the evidence of it.

'Meanwhile, the great Franco-German crisis of August, 1911, had come and gone—four months after I had written this story expressing the Gallic spirit *versus* the Teutonic. Being struck by its prophetic quality, I copied out the manuscript and tried it with a number of magazines. Everywhere it was scornfully or indignantly refused. It was incompatible with the "humanitarian" conditions of war prescribed by the Hague Convention, and I was iniquitous for daring to conceive anything so "brutal." But I happened to be at the 1907 Hague Convention, and to have my opinion of its sincerity. In my official journalistic connection, I was not allowed to tell the truth, because at that time the American public declined to know the truth. Fortunately, one brief record of my opinion, in the form of a letter to the editor of an American newspaper, remains in print to spare me the vagueness of verbal evidence.']

THEY brought him, with tight-bound hands and blood-stained face, into the presence of the Officer; they placed on the camp-table a packet of papers taken from his person; and they stood ready to answer and to act.

The Officer, not heeding the men, looked curiously at the Man.

'You are as proud as if spying were counted among the honorable professions,' he sneered.

'Scouting is,' the Man replied, unmoved. 'My present profession is the same as yours; only you, not being in the ranks, have power to send others out on work you might not care for yourself. An instrument does fine or ugly work, but the hand that guides it cannot be held blameless.'

'You think to hasten your end by angering me,' the Officer said, observing the other with increased attention. 'You are unwise.' He stopped before adding with cold precision, 'Lives are sometimes saved in desperate straits.'

The Man shrugged scornfully.

'I have learned enough of the trade of war to understand you. I may scout in the enemy's country, but I don't betray my people.'

'You speak with a firmness which seems final,' returned the Officer.

His eyes for the first time left the prisoner to seek the papers. There was a long silence, broken only by a rustling as his lean white fingers turned the sheets. He addressed three swift questions to the guard, appeared to

know the answers before he received them, and in an altered tone, less scathing if no less severe than before, he spoke to the Man.

'You are not a soldier.'

'I am a soldier,' the Man protested.

'A soldier would have expressed himself more aptly and less well. You lack technical terms, and furthermore, you dare not trust your memory. These papers leave you no hope.'

'I asked for none.' The Man did not flinch.

'You are not a soldier, though you have the boldness of one. You will need that boldness, to die a shameful death. A pity, too. This is the work of a brain trained to observe, to analyze, and to conclude. Even so big and so new a task could not baffle you. Yes — big and *new*. If these papers did not reveal as much, two phrases which escaped you would suffice: a remark about learning the trade of war, and a reference to your present profession.'

The Officer gave a command. One of the guard saluted and left the tent.

'Before the end can come, the moments which must pass will seem infernally long to you,' said the Officer. 'That is, they will if you are left to your regrets. Now, words spoken here and written there have roused my curiosity. Shall we have a little idle talk? It would not be treachery for you to answer a simple question as to who you are.'

Then the Man flinched.

'Ah!' thought the Officer. 'Fear of discovery is the weak spot.'

Soldiers were heard tramping without; there followed an order to halt, a shuffling of feet, and a rattle of arms. The Officer's face had been enveloped in a species of intellectual mist, like that of artificial attainment, as he tried to draw the prisoner's confidences. The mist passed, and a grim, evil look shone in its stead.

'The time was even shorter than I estimated,' he said. 'If you wish prompt release — such as it is — I shall not insist upon detaining you. Yet I am privileged. I am the cousin of the lord commander-in-chief.'

The Man started, and shrank back. Thereupon the soldiers seized him roughly and held him, waiting for a word from the Officer. The latter did not move. Presently the prisoner raised his head. An inspired ray was in his eyes, though his flesh had grown white under the savage grip of his captors.

'If, by telling you, I can buy permission to ask a favor, I am willing.' The words had come slowly; but, reading amused scorn in the face before him, he cried passionately, 'No! It's not my life. That is already disposed of.'

'Tell me who you are — and you may then *ask* whatever you wish.'

The Officer gave a new command. The guard relinquished their hold so suddenly, so hatefully, that the prisoner fell to his knees. They grinned at his discomfiture, and marched out, halting near the firing squad which still waited at the entrance of the tent.

The Man rested for some instants as he had fallen. His muscles were like unstrung cords quivering without response. Weakly, uncertainly, he rose, lost his balance, fell once more, and strained with bound hands cast helplessly behind him. He struggled to his feet and stood, wavering. A stain of blood was blotted upon his knee. A cut on the forehead, where one of his captors had struck him, had burst open and streamed a thin red line down his cheek, down his breast, to the fresh-wounded knee, there gathering tribute and falling in swift drops to the ground.

The Officer had placed his pistol on the papers; he watched it fondly, and touched it once or twice, humming in a harsh, untuned voice a fragment of refrain. A suggestion of the ill-omened

inner light still hovered in his look. But the intellectual mists enveloped him as he spoke.

'Your trade is thought, not war. I am interested in thought. War is a game, a science, a fascination to which I have devoted my life; it has not prevented me from being something of a thinker, or at least a dealer in others' thoughts — I mean, a reader.'

As the Officer stopped, the Man began quickly, —

'You asked who I am? It is what I am that matters. You are right, I was bred for thought and the expression of thought. But when the call to arms came, I responded gladly, though my means as a warrior were poor.'

'We need complete frankness, or we are wasting time. Yours is precious,' said the Officer. 'Listen.'

The soldiers at rest could be heard talking with one another — talking and jesting till they should fulfill their mission of death. The Officer spoke again:

'I said I was a reader. I add that I am a reader of yours.'

A second time the Man flinched.

'When you were brought in, only your bearing impressed me,' said the Officer. 'But the writing on these sheets presents analogies with one of the most valued manuscripts in my collection. The style here shows those qualities of detached observation, profound penetration, and logical deduction, and particularly that fair balance of judgment which the ignorant term paradox; all characteristic of the author of that manuscript. Beneath the dirt and blood which disfigure you, I recognize features made familiar by photographs. So that I need not ask again who you are. But, on your side, you need not express your petition in words. I understand. If you have flinched only when the question of identity was raised, it's because you wish to die unknown among us. It's because you

wish hero-worshippers to think of you falling gloriously in the open field — with less lead in your chest and no more mud in your mouth than we are about to give you. Such are the little vanities of the great. Well, I grant your request. What does your secret matter to the military man who holds all the evidence he needs to have you executed as a spy? The reader will still have your books — with this touch of human nature added.'

'No, you have not understood — not understood my wishes any more than my works! What I ask for is — one more night of work.'

The Officer frowned.

'This is not within the bounds of reason. How can I know that to-morrow may not find me in your place, if I allow you still to have a place? Our armies occupy your country, there are enemies for us behind every bush.'

The Man continued as if the other had not spoken, —

'If I die to-night, neither you nor the world will ever hold the key to my thought.'

Wounded pride of artificial intellect brought back the evil gleam to the Officer's eyes.

'Are you not wasting your efforts on one so obtuse?' he asked. 'Unless you consider that your vocation as an artist gives you an advantage in expressing things.'

'In feeling them, rather,' returned the Man quickly. 'Only the artist who feels truly may speak truly. And even then, it's only "may."'

'There I should recognize you, if nothing else had betrayed you,' observed the Officer. 'All this confident talk of yours about art! Why, if art had the influence you pretend, it would convince every one — and you must admit that it does not.'

'I admit that a sunbeam awakes rainbow glories in the heart of clear

crystal, but can obtain no more than a superficial glitter from coal.'

Having said this, the Man plunged into the silence of one who has gladly renounced life rather than recant.

But the Officer, although frowning fiercely, made no hostile movement. When he spoke, it was because he perceived that the Man would not speak again.

'You are arguing rather than meet me fairly.'

'Arguing!' the Man burst out with the full violence of a last aggression. 'What do I care for argument? The tricks of casuistry can conceal from limited visions the truths of eternity — but what is altered? Only the nature which has preferred illusions! You may prove argumentatively that the bird would have been better if born a fish, or the fish if born a bird. But the wise bird makes the best of being a bird, the wise fish of being a fish.'

'And the wise artist of being an artist,' added the Officer. 'It is not for you to moralize or philosophize, but only to please.'

'To please? Please whom, with what? Just please? Then a Rembrandt becomes art because it pleases the cultured, and a vile caricature becomes art because it pleases the vulgar? Or, if you would distinguish, what but sheer arbitrariness can draw the line, where all is to depend upon pleasing? Would a marble of Praxiteles, a tragedy of Shakespeare, a symphony of Beethoven be art while you and I remain in this tent and are pleased by them — only to cease to be art when your soldiers step in who are pleased by beer and beef? Take art to be a mere principle of sensations and emotions: then the sublime and the degraded must be placed on one same plane, since the lofty will respond to the first and the base to the second!'

The sunlight, where it pierced

through the slits in the tent close to the ground, had taken clearer, sharper, longer shapes some minutes before, but was now faded and wavering where it had not already vanished. A sudden breeze shook the canvas as if in reminder that night was near.

'What would you do with this night of work?' asked the Officer. 'It is impossible. But my curiosity is roused.'

'I should prove that I have done more than please while pleasing, since this is but a means for the artist who has an aim himself and sees an aim for life. Let me die at this sunset, and I pass away with those who seemed to have labored but to please. Let me die at next sunrise, and I achieve the work which justifies the rest; I complete a cycle of life, though a short life. Let me work for ten hours — a very trifle, even in our earthly existence — and my influence stands a chance to endure, influence which alone is eternal among men's activities, influence which links one generation to another and to all others when the works through which it was manifested have long since disappeared from the conscious memory of man!'

'And you imagine such papers could leave this camp?'

'You would keep them, with those you have just seized, until my people have imposed reason upon yours. If you are a thinker as you believe, you will understand.'

'Do you realize what you are asking?'

'Yes — and also that you are the cousin of the lord commander-in-chief.'

The intellectual mist had closed in upon the Officer. He was dreaming idly, self-contentedly, beyond the reach of subtlety or flatteries; when he reacted, it would be in response to the inbred mechanism of war.

The Man sealed his fate.

'Will you help me to immortality

and have your share in that — or must your blindness bring you notoriety? Yes, I know what I ask, and of whom I ask it. For you are of those who would melt a painter's masterpiece with alcohol drop by drop, and then triumph in proclaiming that where there is no resistance there was never art!

'You shall have your night of work!' shouted the Officer.

His voice was so loud and fierce that the guards rushed into the tent. He gave a few sharp orders; then halted, silent, with turned back, as the Man was led out.

Those who kept watch said, later, that the prisoner wrote all through the night, giving the moist pages one by one to soldiers standing there to receive them. They thought that he had bought life with treason, and watched with scorn. He, heedful of naught but his task, wrote on.

Dawn came and found him still writing, his face gray, his eyes haggard, his hand all but useless. As the pen traced its last word, it rolled from his grasp, and he fainted. They raised him, they struck him. He was barely conscious when the tramp of the firing squad drew near. At that, he braced himself, and strode firmly to the place of execution. The soldiers, their suspicions stilled since he was about to die, whispered among themselves, 'He is brave.' An inspired light radiated from his face; he stood waiting for death as for apotheosis. The soldiers took aim; his face became angelic.

But there was a pause. The Officer approached. He held the pages just written; he stopped close to the weakly

flickering camp-fire and addressed the Man: —

'You have had all I promised you — a last night of work. Take it with you as credentials for immortality!'

And he tossed the leaves into the flames.

He turned away. The lightning flash of a falling sword cleaved the air, and rifles roared in unison. But the heart of the Man had already ceased to beat; the lead poured into an inert form which fell of its own accord, yearning toward the ashes of lost inspiration.

That night, the position was stormed and taken. That night, the Officer was freed alike from evil gleams and deceptive mists. Among his papers, those who had beaten him in his own vocation of arms found little to interest them from a military point of view. Only they puzzled over certain pages written in their own language and telling a tale of art, on which a foreigner had put annotations suggesting strategy.

Some said these pages were written by a missing comrade who had toiled thus after many a weary day while they rested heavily, and who had said the morning before that with one more night he would finish his task. They identified him as the Man whose body lay in the starlight at the edge of the encampment. They noted with horror that, executed as a spy, he bore traces on a withered right hand as if tried by an ordeal of fire. And they marveled that his face, serene and upturned, yet seemed to smile toward infinite worlds in the heavens.

COMMERCE-DESTROYING ABOARD THE GEORGIA

FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF A REBEL REEFER

BY JAMES MORRIS MORGAN

I

CHASING ships without making any captures was getting to be a little monotonous. Some of the vessels we halted had captains who were cross and ugly about being detained while we examined their papers; while others seemed to enjoy the adventure of being held up by a 'pirate,' and showed our boarding officers every hospitality in the way of wines, liquors, and cigars. Whenever we passed close to a man-of-war, we showed her our true colors, an attention which she reciprocated by running up the British flag and dipping it to us. Every time this occurred we would congratulate ourselves, insisting that the mere courtesy constituted a recognition of the Confederate States.

Exactly where we were, the captain and the navigator alone knew. The old sailors told me that we were in the Doll-drums, as they call that portion of the Atlantic Ocean which lies in the equatorial belt extending from about ten degrees north of the Equator to the same distance south of it: this they knew by the baffling winds, squalls from every point of the compass, and Irishmen's hurricanes, as they call dead calms. Another unfailing sign to them were the many great waterspouts whirling around in every direction. To see one of these spouts in process of formation is indeed a wonderful sight: first, the whirlwind on the surface of the sea, and

the eddying of the cloud above; then the formation of the column of water twisting and swaying like the body of some huge serpent as it rises out of the sea, the loud roaring sound, and the great commotion of the water around it, until it has ascended to a great height; and then, the most extraordinary part of all, when the cloud above sends down a similar column of whirling water, and the two, with unerring accuracy, join and complete the awe-inspiring funnel. On one occasion one of these spouts was making so straight for us that we fired one shot to break it, for had it come aboard the little Georgia, it would have swamped her instantly.

One night, in the morning watch, just before daylight, an old sailor said to me, 'We are near land, sir.' I asked him how he knew, and he told me to feel how wet the deck was with dew. Sure enough, although the sea was smooth, the stars shining brightly, and the ship becalmed, I found the deck as wet as though water had been poured over it. The old 'shellback' then informed me that dew never extended more than thirty miles from land. This was news to me, but I found that the jack tar was right.

In the middle of the night, May 13-14, we entered the great bay of Todos os Santos, or All Saints' Bay, and dropped anchor in front of the Brazilian city of Bahia, a picturesque place situated on a high bluff overlooking the

bay. There were many vessels anchored near us, and the practiced eyes of our senior lieutenants pronounced two of them to be men-of-war; but of course their nationality could not be made out in the darkness. It turned out later that we had good reason for feeling anxious about them, for it was in this same harbor, a few months after our visit, that the Confederate cruiser *Florida* was lying, as her commander thought, in peaceful security. So much at ease was he that he had given half his crew liberty, which they were enjoying on shore, when the U.S.S. *Wachusett*, disregarding Brazilian neutrality, rammed, boarded, and captured her in the middle of the night, carrying her to Hampton Roads, where she was sunk to avoid having to give her up on the demand of Brazil that she be returned to Bahia.

There was little sleep on the *Georgia* the night of our arrival. Day broke and we found ourselves very near the two men-of-war. What was their nationality? It seemed an age before the hour for colors arrived, but when it did, to our great delight, the most rakish-looking of the two warships broke out the 'Stars and Bars'! 'It is the *Alabama*!' we gasped, and commenced to dance with delight. The officers hugged each other, each embracing a man of his own rank, except the captain and myself. Like the commander, I was the only one of my rank, so I hugged myself.

The Confederate government had changed its flag since we had left home, and the Stars and Bars had given way to the white field with a St. Andrew's cross which we fondly believed represented the Southern Cross. The *Alabama* had not yet heard of the change, and we furnished the anomalous and embarrassing spectacle of two warships belonging to the same government and flying flags which bore no resemblance to each other! Fortunately the new

flag was not a difficult one to make, and the *Alabama's* sailors soon had the new colors proudly fluttering from her peak.

Captain Semmes of the *Alabama* being the ranking officer, our captain quickly got into his gig and went on board the famous ship to pay his respects. The other man-of-war proved to be a Portuguese sloop, very small, and carrying sixteen little popguns.

As soon as we arrived in neutral waters, our prisoners, the captain and the first mate of the *Dictator*, were told that they were free, and were sent ashore in the first boat. The American consul demanded that the rest of the crew of the burned ship should be delivered up to him, and, rather than have trouble with the Brazilian government, we told the men they could go ashore. This they did, and some of the rascals went to the American consul and told him a tale of woe and got everything possible out of him. With the prisoners landed from the *Alabama* they had a royal time ashore for several days; but, strange to say, when we got to sea, there they all were on our decks! They had smuggled themselves aboard the *Georgia*, and with the connivance of our crew had remained hidden until we were outside of Brazilian jurisdiction.

The *Alabama* had recently fought and sunk the U.S.S. *Hatteras* off Galveston, and, as soon as possible, I went on board the pride of the Confederate navy to see the midshipmen. There were four of them — Irving Bulloch, an uncle of Theodore Roosevelt, and Eugene Maffitt, son of that captain of the *Florida*, who, while ill with yellow fever, ran her through the blockading fleet off Mobile in broad daylight, taking their broadsides as he passed, and finally anchoring his much-cut-up ship under the protecting guns of Fort Morgan. There was also William St. Clair, and my dear friend, Edward M. Anderson, who is still living (1916).

The holes in the Alabama's side and the scars on her deck where the shot from the Hatteras had ripped them were still fresh, and I heard the story of the battle at first-hand. Of course the midshipmen's account of the fight was the one which interested me most. When one has heard their story, one wonders why Captain Homer Blake of the Hatteras never received more credit for his gallant fight. He fought his ship until the muzzles of his guns were almost on a level with the sea and she was about to disappear beneath the waves forever.

Captain Semmes was a fine Spanish scholar, but did not speak Portuguese, the national language of Brazil. As I could speak French fluently, he borrowed me from Captain Maury to carry communications to the Governor of Bahia, who, like most educated South Americans, spoke French perfectly. The American consul protested against our being allowed to replenish our coal-bunkers from the British bark *Castor* which lay near us. To-day the meeting of colliers and warships at appointed rendezvous is supposed to be an invention of the Germans; but colliers followed, or were supposed to be, where the Alabama and Georgia would need them. I am sorry to say that they were rarely on time, but, as they were sailing vessels, there was some excuse for them. The *Castor* was under contract to deliver us the coal, and the coal was our property, paid for by the Confederate agent in England; on the protest of the United States consul, however, the governor refused to allow us to coal from her. We then made a sale of part of the cargo to a native merchant, had it put ashore, and then 'bought' it from him. Of course the native was well paid for his trouble, and the probability is that the officials got their rake-off from the transaction.

Brazil was a slave-owning country at that time, but the natives seemed to

fear and avoid us, and as we passed through the streets, we could hear the negro nurses threaten crying children that they would be carried off by the *corsairos* if they were not good. An English engineer who was building a railroad into the interior was the only person in Bahia who showed us any attention or hospitality. He invited the officers of the Alabama and Georgia to go on an excursion on his unfinished railroad. The country through which it passed was rich and beautiful, and at the end of the finished line our officers were regaled with all sorts of good things to eat and drink. On returning to Bahia, he invited us to a dance to be given at his residence that night, and, naturally, as many of the officers as could be spared from duty accepted. The ball was quite a brilliant affair; all the British colony were there, of course, and many Brazilian ladies. They came from curiosity, but nothing could induce them to risk dancing with the *corsairos*. This, of course, made us youngsters think that we looked rather formidable.

Shortly after midnight, we said good-night to our host and hostess, and such of the guests as were not afraid to speak to us, and proceeded to the quay, where Captain Semmes's gig was waiting for him. The cutters from the Alabama and Georgia, which were to take the officers to their respective ships, had not yet come for us, and we thought we saw a long wait ahead; but Captain Semmes very kindly invited us to crowd into his boat, saying that after she put him aboard the Alabama she would take those of us belonging to the Georgia to our ship. On our way to the Alabama, Midshipman Anderson, the captain's personal aide, who had had rather a strenuous day, fell asleep. He was seated alongside his commanding officer, and his head fell on the captain's shoulder. Lieutenant Armstrong

who was seated opposite him was about to reach over and awaken Anderson, but Captain Semmes by a gesture stopped him, saying, 'Let the boy sleep: he is tired out.' Had Anderson been awake, he would rather have dropped his head in the ship's furnace than on Captain Semmes's shoulder, for the captain was not a man with whom any one would care to take liberties. As it was, however, Ned had the honor of being the only man who ever made a pillow out of 'Old Beeswax,' as Semmes was called behind his back.

Captain Semmes was an austere and formal man, and, with the exception of Doctor Galt, the surgeon, and Mr. Kell, his first lieutenant, he rarely held any intercourse with his officers except officially. He waxed the ends of his moustache (which the sailors called his 'stunsail booms') and he would pace his quarterdeck, alone, twisting and twisting those long ends, reminding one of Byron's description of the captain of a man-of-war in *Childe Harold*:—

Silent and feared by all, not oft he talks
With aught beneath him if he would preserve
That strict restraint which broken ever balks
Conquest and fame.

Captain Semmes was a past master in the art of dealing with Latin-Americans. When the Alabama entered the port of Bahia, the governor sent an aide, attired in mufti, to demand that Captain Semmes show his commission. Captain Semmes fixed his steely eyes on the visitor, and then quietly demanded that the gentleman first show his own, and his authority for making the demand. Naturally the aide-de-camp had not had the forethought to provide himself with either, so he took his departure. As he left the cabin, Captain Semmes kindly suggested that, if the gentleman wished to be treated courteously on his next visit, it would be advisable to wear his uniform. Of course, the aide shortly came back prop-

erly costumed, with his commission in his pocket and a courteous request that Captain Semmes would call at the palace and show his commission to the governor in person. No man knew better than Captain Semmes that he who attempts to enter into a bowing contest with a Latin-American is lost.

Shortly before we left Bahia a coasting steamer entered the port, bringing the news that the United States ships Niagara and Mohican were either at Pernambuco, a short run to the north, or else on their way south in search of us. Whether this information had any influence on our movements or not, of course a midshipman could not be expected to know; but all the same we got ready to depart. The Niagara was designed by Steers on the lines of the famous yacht America, of which also he was the designer; and, though a steamer, she had shown marvelous speed under sail. She accompanied the British fleet across the Atlantic when the first transoceanic cable was laid, and it was of her that Admiral Milne spoke when he wrote to the British Admiralty from on board his seventy-two-gun line-of-battle ship that he was in company with a sloop-of-war which carried only twelve guns, but could outrun his line-of-battle ship and whip her when caught. Consequently, there was no doubt on the part of any of us that the Niagara could clear the South Atlantic Ocean full of Alabamas and Georgias.

When this news concerning the Niagara and her consort reached the port we had not finished coaling, and the natives who had seemed so anxious to be rid of our presence now appeared to seek for excuses to delay our departure. Having transferred some five hundred pounds of powder from the Georgia to the Alabama, as the latter ship had used up some of her very short supply in her fight with the Hatteras, in the

forenoon of May 22 Captain Semmes sent me with a verbal message to the governor, informing him that he would sail at half-past four that afternoon. While I was standing respectfully before the governor awaiting his answer, the captain of the little white Portuguese sloop was striding up and down the room with a fierce expression on his face. Finally the governor told me to tell Captain Semmes that the Alabama would not be permitted to depart at that hour, as the port regulations did not allow vessels to depart after four o'clock; and the Portuguese captain said to the governor, in French (evidently for my benefit), that if the governor wanted the *corsairos* stopped, he would stop them for him. When I repeated this remark to Captain Semmes, he only smiled and said, 'Does he want his pretty white paint spoiled?'

Captain Semmes then sent me back to the governor with a message to the effect that the port regulation applied only to merchant vessels and that the Alabama and Georgia were men-of-war. At 4 P.M. the Alabama fired a gun as a signal to one of her boats to come aboard, and at once began to weigh anchor. We could see from our deck a company of soldiers trotting at the double-quick down to an obsolete water-battery, where the old-fashioned, rust-eaten cannon were mostly mounted in an extraordinary fashion, their muzzles resting on the parapet and their breeches supported on logs of wood. On board the Portuguese corvette there also seemed to be great excitement, as they beat to quarters with such a racket that every man aboard seemed to be giving orders or directions to some one else.

At exactly half-past four the Alabama hoisted her boat, weighed anchor, and slowly got under way; then, turning around and hoisting her flag at the main, she steered for the Portu-

guese. She passed so close to that vessel that I thought for a moment their yards would crash together, but the Portuguese allowed her to pass by without molestation. What business was it of hers, anyhow? When we followed the Alabama out, we passed very close to the water-battery, where the men were standing at their guns, but not a shot was fired until we were at least a mile and a half away, when we saw a puff of smoke, and immediately afterwards a shot skipped over the placid waters of the bay, falling half a mile short of us. We wondered how many men in the fort had been killed, for it was a brave and reckless act to fire one of those guns. We did not reply, as we did not know how soon it might be necessary for us again to enter a Brazilian port.

As we passed out of the bay of Todos os Santos, it was wrapped in the golden splendors of the most gorgeous sunset it has ever been my good fortune to behold.

II

Day after day passed, and not a single prize came our way. We were beginning to think that the Alabama had cleared up all the Yankee merchantmen in that part of the ocean, when one morning we spied a ship with the unmistakable long skysail poles, and brought her to. She proved to be the American ship Prince of Wales, but as she had a neutral cargo aboard, we had to bond her. These bonds were given by the master in the name of his owners, and stipulated that, in consideration of our not burning his vessel, they would be paid six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the United States and the Confederate States governments.

On June 8, at daylight, we found ourselves off the entrance to the harbor of Rio de Janeiro and in plain sight of the famous mountain called Sugar Loaf.

We also saw a splendid big clipper ship making her way toward the port. Putting on a full head of steam and setting all sail that would draw, we started in chase of her. The stranger evidently had no doubt as to our character, for she immediately set all of her kites and studding-sails, and hurried toward her haven of refuge, which lay within the charmed three-mile limit. Some thought that she had made it, but Mr. Ingraham, our youthful navigator, announced that in his opinion she was a few inches outside of it. There was no time to be lost, so we cast loose our guns, and, after a few shots, brought her to. The prize proved to be the clipper ship *George Griswold* of New York, manned by a negro crew with the exception of her captain and mates.

There was great rejoicing on the *Georgia* over this capture, as the *Griswold* was the ship which had carried a cargo of flour and wheat, a gift from the people of the United States, to the starving factory operatives of Lancashire, whose means of earning a livelihood had been interfered with by our war. Some of the bread made from this cargo had been distributed at Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, by a distinguished committee at the head of which was the celebrated preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, who, from a stand on which had been placed a model of the *Alabama*, made a speech strongly denouncing the South in general and the *Alabama* in particular. At the conclusion of his oration the loaves of bread were tossed to the crowd, who, instead of eating it, used it to pelt the unoffending effigy of the *Alabama*. It did not look as if they were so very hungry; but there can be no doubt that this gift of breadstuff changed the sympathies of the working classes of England, and converted them into ardent adherents of the cause of the North.

The captain of the *Griswold* had no

trouble in proving that she carried a neutral cargo, so we had reluctantly to bond her for her own value of one hundred thousand dollars, and let her go. In the meanwhile, the booming of our guns had evidently been heard in Rio, as Brazilian men-of-war and battle-ships of other nationalities began to send great columns of black smoke out of their funnels in their haste to get up steam. We thought it advisable to leave the locality, and drew out to sea. Soon we saw the warships coming after us, and they followed us all day; shortly after dark, however, we put out our lights — doused our glims, as the sailors say — and had the satisfaction of seeing the pursuers 'pass in the night.'

On June 13, after a long chase, we captured a very fast clipper bark, the *Good Hope* of Boston, bound for Cape Town, whose crew asserted that they had escaped from the *Alabama* the day before, and insisted that if the wind had held we could not have caught them. The *Good Hope's* cargo was composed of Yankee notions, as her mate called it, consisting of every imaginable thing, from a portable country villa to a cough-lozenge, and including carriages, pianos, parlor-organs, sewing-machines, furniture, dry-goods, and so forth. On boarding her we were informed that her captain — Gordon by name — had died on the voyage, and that his son, a youth of eighteen, who was a member of the crew, had objected so strenuously to his father's being buried at sea that, in deference to his wishes, the carpenter had made a rough oblong box and partly filled it with brine from the beef-casks; the ship's steward had slashed the body in every conceivable way, and into these gaping wounds had stuck slices of ship's pickles, the better to preserve it. The body had then been put into the briny improvised coffin and the cover tightly nailed down.

It was late in the afternoon when we made the capture, and Lieutenant Evans went on board as prize-master. We had expected to lie by the Good Hope all night, with the object of taking provisions out of her in the morning; but Lieutenant Smith, who had the midwatch on the Georgia, allowed the prize to drift out of sight, and when daylight came, she was not to be seen. Naturally we were very anxious, as Mr. Evans had only five of our men with him and the Good Hope's crew numbered over twenty. Shortly after sunrise, we were greatly relieved again to catch sight of her, and soon we were near enough to begin transferring her provisions to our own ship.

When we had got all we wanted, Captain Maury ordered the coffin containing the dead captain to be brought aboard the Georgia. This was no easy thing to do in a small boat with the sea running quite high, but the feat was accomplished, and it was safely hoisted out of the boat by means of a 'whip' sent down from our mainyard, and the coffin was reverently placed on two carpenter's 'horses' which awaited it just in front of the entrance to the cabin, where it was covered with the Stars and Stripes, the flag the dead man sailed under, and which we were told he loved so well in life. Several of our heaviest projectiles were made fast to the foot of the coffin, and when all was ready the ship's bell was tolled for divine service, the prisoners were relieved of their irons (the dead captain's son had never had them put on him), and all hands were summoned to bury the dead. The prisoners and our crew mingled together as they gathered around the coffin, at the head of which stood Captain Maury, prayer-book in hand, with the son of the dead man standing beside him, while our officers reverently took their places behind. Captain Maury then read the beautiful ritual of the

Episcopal church for the burial of the dead at sea.

I was in charge of the deck while the service was going on. It was a bright, sunny Sunday morning, a fresh breeze blowing, and from the burning prize, which had been set on fire when our last boat left her, a great column of smoke, hundreds of feet in height, soared toward the sky. Just over our main-truck, all through the service, two white sea-birds (the superstitious sailors called them angel-birds) circled round and round. The solemnity of the occasion was somewhat marred when suddenly the lookout on the foretop-mast sang out, 'Sail ho!' Not wishing further to disturb the impressive ceremony by asking the usual question, 'Where away?' I tiptoed forward and went aloft to see for myself, and beheld a strange craft rising on the horizon very rapidly. She appeared to be coming directly for us; she was close-hauled and it was impossible to tell whether or not a smokestack was hidden by her foresail, especially as United States cruisers used anthracite coal and made little or no smoke.

As the stranger approached, I noticed the unusual whiteness of her sails (sure sign of a man-of-war); next I noticed a long pennant flying gayly from the top of her main-skysail pole, (another sure sign), and as she came still nearer, she broke out the Stars and Stripes. I waited no longer, but scampered down from aloft, and softly stealing up behind Captain Maury, who was still reading from his prayer-book, said in a whisper, 'American man-of-war bearing down on us rapidly!' Never a muscle did he move, nor was there the slightest change in his solemn voice until he finished, and the prisoners lifted the coffin and committed the body to the care of the deep blue sea. Then he ordered me to beat to quarters and cast loose the guns.

By the time this was done, it was discovered that the stranger was not a man-of-war, but an innocent merchantman. What could be her object in thus courting her doom, when she must have seen the burning Good Hope only a few cables'-length from us? Nearer and nearer she came, while our gunners, lanyards in hand, kept their pieces trained on her. When within about a hundred and fifty yards of us, she was suddenly thrown up into the wind, her mainsail thrown aback, and, as she hove to, she lowered a whale-boat and her captain came over to the Georgia.

We lowered a 'Jacob's ladder' over the side, and the captain of the bark, jumping out of his boat, ran up it like the true sailor he was. As he leaped on to our deck, he exclaimed, 'This is dreadful! Can I be of any assistance?' Captain Maury stepped forward and told him that the Good Hope had been burned by his orders. The man for a moment looked aghast, and then an expression of indignation passed over his features as he asked, 'Are you a pirate?' Captain Maury quietly replied, 'That is what your people call me.' He then took the skipper into his cabin and heard his story.

He had sailed from the United States before the war began, and had made the long voyage around Cape Horn into the Pacific, where he had wandered about until he had got as far north as the Behring Sea. On his return, he had stopped at one of the South Sea Islands, overhauled and painted his ship and whitewashed his sails, and had then hoisted a homeward-bound pennant. He was well on his way when that morning he saw a dense column of smoke which he felt sure could come only from some unfortunate ship that had caught fire in the middle of the South Atlantic, and at once left his course to go to her assistance.

The first lieutenant of the Georgia

went on board the bark, whose name was the J. W. Seaver, and searched her, finding many old newspapers, but none of later date than October, 1860. Although her cargo was American, Captain Maury let her go, saying that he would stand a court martial before he would burn the ship of a man who had come on an errand of mercy to help fellow seamen in distress. We put our prisoners, as many as wanted to go, on board of the Seaver; we also put sufficient of the provisions we had taken from the Good Hope to last them for the voyage. There were not many of them, as most of the crew expressed a desire to ship with us, and they proved to be among the best men we had.

On June 18, 1863, we sighted the barren island of Trinidad, situated in the middle of the South Atlantic, about 20° south of the Equator. The island is some six miles in circumference, and its precipitous sides rise out of the ocean to a height of about eight hundred feet. A few hundred feet from the island, and towering several hundred feet above it, a natural monument about two hundred and fifty feet in circumference at the base, and perfectly round, rears its head skyward. It is a natural beacon, and very useful to navigators who wish to sight it after coming around the Horn, to see if their chronometers are correct before shaping their courses for Europe or North America. One of the most magnificent spectacles in the world can be seen here when a storm is raging. The huge waves, with the sweep of the whole Atlantic, strike this rock with their full force, bursting into spray that flies hundreds of feet into the air before it comes tumbling down like a waterfall.

From daylight until dark a cloud of sea-birds could be seen whirling round the top of the crag, where we supposed they had their nests. Great numbers of them seemed also to resent the pres-

ence of the ship and took no pains to conceal their feelings, flying very close to us while screaming their protest. One day a sixteen-year-old lad by the name of Cox was on the lookout on the fore-topgallant yard when he was savagely attacked by a huge frigate, or man-of-war bird. The ship was rolling slightly, and, to maintain his footing, the lad had to hold on to a backstay with one hand while with the other he defended himself with his jack-knife. Suddenly, the bird got a hold with both beak and claws on the boy's clothes and was furiously beating him with his great powerful wings. It looked for a moment as though the combatants would both fall from that lofty height, when a fortunate jab of Cox's knife disabled a wing, and down came the feathered fighter to the deck, where he stood off the whole crew for some little time before they succeeded in killing him.

One day, several of our officers in a small boat rowed around the island; but we could find only one spot where a landing could be made, just opposite to where our ship lay. After great effort, a few of us climbed to the top. There were signs that at some previous time men had lived on the island — probably some shipwrecked crew: but the only signs of animal life we saw were one or two wild hogs. How did they come there?

We had lain at Trinidad for several days when one morning our lookout reported a sail on the horizon. Our fires were banked, and it took but little time to get up steam, slip our cable, and start in pursuit. We did not want to waste coal, so we fired a blank cartridge as a signal for the stranger to heave to, but it only had the effect of making him crack on more sail. Getting nearer to him, we tried the effect of a solid shot across his bows, with no better result. We then sent one so close to him that his nerve failed, and he hove to. The

stranger proved to be the Constitution, a big full-rigged ship, hailing from New York, and bound from Philadelphia to Shanghai with a cargo of coal and missionaries. She was forty-eight days out and carried a crew of twenty-six men. Half a dozen of us were put on board the prize and, as there were several other sail in sight, the Georgia went off in chase, leaving us to work the big Constitution to the island, where we expected our cruiser to rejoin us. The wind was very light and we made but slow progress. In the meanwhile, the Georgia disappeared below the horizon and we commenced to feel lonesome. For safety's sake we placed one half of the crew in irons and put them down below; the other half we kept on deck, making them work the ship for us until night came, and then confining them all on the lower deck.

The Georgia had not returned by dark, and neither had we succeeded in making the island, so we stood 'off and on' all through the night. The next morning was fair and clear, but still there was no sign of our ship. The only restriction put upon the missionaries and passengers was that they were not allowed to communicate with the crew or go forward of the mainmast. The captain was confined in his cabin and the mates in their staterooms, but not in irons. Among the passengers were a lady, and her daughter of fifteen or sixteen years of age; and if there is anything in this world that can make a boy feel more miserable than a girl of that age, I should like to know what it is. The young lady would be seated by her mother, sunning herself, while in all my dignity, with my sword by my side and my pistol in my belt, I paced the quarterdeck. As I passed this couple on one occasion I heard (and it was intended that I should hear) the mischievous thing say, 'Mamma, all the pirates I ever read about were at least seven feet

tall and had huge beards reaching down to their waists. That child is not as tall as I am, and he has n't even any fuzz on his upper lip.' On another occasion, she observed as I passed that she did not believe my mamma knew I was with those wicked men. How I hated that pretty girl! The hour of my revenge was at hand, however.

We had almost come to the conclusion that the Georgia had been captured and that we would have to work our way to some European port in the big Constitution, with only six men, and all those prisoners aboard. We were lying at anchor in the cove, the ship rolling slightly with the swell of the sea; night had fallen and the time for extinguishing all lights had arrived, when we noticed that there was a great deal of whispering going on in the staterooms. An order for silence was given, to which very little attention was paid. A boatswain's mate came aft and reported that the prisoners forward seemed to be very uneasy and none of them was asleep. They were cautioned by telling them that, if they did not keep quiet, the hatches would be covered (which would have made it very uncomfortable for them); and by way of extra precaution an armed sentry stood at the hatchway with orders to shoot any man who showed his head above the combings.

While I was in the saloon, trying to overhear what was going on among the passengers in their staterooms, the captain, contrary to positive orders, came out of his cabin, holding in his hand a bottle. He offered me a drink; I put my hand on the butt of my revolver and ordered him to return to his room — which he did.

The night was very dark, and the rising sea caused the ship to roll more than ever. Toward midnight a large vase became loosened from its fastenings and fell to the deck with a crash: then

pandemonium did break loose. The women, screaming that the pirates were going to murder them, rushed out of their rooms in their nightclothes and prostrated themselves on the deck, begging for mercy. My especial friend, the young lady who amused herself making fun of me, selected me for her especial executioner, and threw her arms around my knees as she pleaded for her life. Just then — to add to the terrors of the situation — the cries of the women were drowned by the boom of a cannon and the shrieking of a rifle-shell as it passed over us. I rushed on deck and shouted through the speaking trumpet to our unseen foe, 'Ship ahoy! Don't fire, we surrender!' A hail came out of the darkness, asking what ship we were? I was going to answer that it was the United States ship Constitution, prize to the Georgia, but as the words 'United States' came out of my mouth, there was some more banging of the great guns. Things were too serious for further conversation, so hastily ordering a boat lowered, I rowed over to the strange craft, and it proved to be the Georgia!

It seemed that, after leaving us, she chased first one vessel and then another until she had got a long way from us; then, as frequently happened, the wooden cogs of her engine had broken and injured several people, and it had taken some time to make repairs. As soon as possible she had returned in search of us, and was nearing the anchorage in the darkness, when the officer of the deck thought he heard cheers which sounded as if they were being given by a man-of-war's crew about to go into action. He also said that, when he asked what ship it was, he was sure the answer he heard was, 'The United States sloop-of-war Niagara.' There was so much talk about the Niagara on board of the Georgia that she evidently had taken possession of his imagination.

I have often wondered if those poor women on the Constitution ever realized the fact that they had given us a greater scare than we had given them.

Several days were spent in coaling the Georgia from the Constitution — a weary job, as our boats were small; then the passengers and crew of the prize were transferred to the Georgia, and our officers had to give up their staterooms to the ladies. They themselves slept in cots and hammocks crowded together and swung in the space between the rooms. We treated the women with the most respectful consideration, but nothing we could say or do seemed to allay their apprehensions. They were so very miserable that we felt sorry for them and prayed for a prize on board of which we could put them. On June 27, we chased and boarded a neutral ship which gave us the sad news of the death of 'Stonewall' Jackson — and in that lonely part of the ocean, we paid his memory a last tribute of respect by lowering our flag to half-mast. After a few more days of great discomfort, we captured the American ship City of Bath and hastily made preparations to transfer our unhappy guests to her. We sent boatload after boatload of provisions, which we had taken out of the Constitution, to her, and exacted from her captain a promise that he would take our unwilling and unwelcome guests to an American port.

When the time came to transfer the women to the City of Bath the sea was so high that it would have been dangerous for them to attempt to climb down the ladder to get into the boats. Both ships were hove to out on the open sea and were rolling heavily, so we rigged a 'whip' on the main yardarm, and placing the poor, frightened creatures in a boatswain's chair, first hoisted them up

and over the rail, and then lowered them into the waiting boat. When it came to the turn of my sixteen-year-old tormentor, she was evidently very badly frightened — so much so that she actually condescended to ask me if there was any danger; and on my assuring her that there was none, she intimated that she was sorry she had made fun of me. For a moment my heart softened toward the helpless child who had so suddenly found herself amid such strange surroundings; I wished her a pleasant voyage as she seated herself in the chair, and the order was given, 'Haul well taut! Hoist away!' Up she went; the ship rolled to leeward, and she was landed safely in the boat. The oars splashed into the sea and a laughing young voice called out to me across the waves, 'You will be hanged before the down grows on your upper lip!'

Ungallantly, I replied, 'If we ever catch you again, you surely will walk the plank.'

We afterwards learned that the captain of the City of Bath had not kept the promise which had saved his ship from destruction, but had taken the unfortunate passengers and such of the crew as had not enlisted on the Georgia to Pernambuco, the nearest port, and left them stranded there while he went on to Boston with the provisions. The wife of the captain of the Constitution could not have suffered from want, as a few months afterwards we saw in a newspaper an interview in which she gave a very uncomplimentary account of her experiences with the pirates, but consoled herself by saying that she had saved from their clutches sixteen thousand dollars in gold of the ship's money by sewing the coins into her petticoats, and safely left the corsair with her treasure. When we read this, we felt that we had been robbed.

(To be continued)

THE LAST DAYS OF LAFCADIO HEARN¹

BY SETSUKO KOIZUMI (MRS. HEARN)

IN the 37th year of Meiji, September 19, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I went to his study. He was walking round, putting his hands on his breast.

'Are you not well?' I asked.

'I have a new kind of sickness.'

I inquired, 'What kind?'

'Sickness of heart, I think.'

'I think that you worry too much. You had better rest quietly.'

This was my word of consolation for him. Immediately I sent a two-man jinrikisha for Dr. Kizawa, our family physician.

Hearn never wished to have me or the children see him troubled. He told me that I had better go away and not worry; but I was worried, and I stayed there near his desk. He started to write something, and I advised him to keep quiet.

Hearn asked me to leave him alone, and finished his writing. He said, 'This is a letter to Ume-san. If trouble comes, he will help you. Perhaps if this pain of mine increases, I may die. If I die, do not weep. Buy a little urn; you can find one for three or four *sen*. Put my bones in it, and bury it near a quiet temple in the country. I shall not like it if you cry. Amuse the children and play cards with them — how much better I shall enjoy that! There will be no need of announcing my death. If any one asks, reply, "Oh, he died some time ago!" That will be quite proper.'

I asked him not to talk so sadly.

¹ Translated from the Japanese by Paul Kiyoshi Hisada.

When I said that to him, he replied, 'I am very serious. Honestly, from my heart,' he said, emphatically. Then he added, 'No use,' and rested quietly.

Several minutes later he stood up and said, 'I have no more pain. I wish to take a bath.' He wanted a cold bath, and took one in the bathroom.

'The pain has gone entirely. Strange — I feel very well. Mama-san, the sickness has left me,' he said. 'How about a little whiskey for me?'

I thought to myself, 'Whiskey is not good for the heart'; but he insisted.

I said, 'I don't know. However, if you wish some badly, I will give you some with water.'

I gave him a glass, and he raised the glass to his lips and said, 'I shall not die.'

It made me feel better. Then he told me that he had had this particular pain for several days. 'I will rest a little while,' he said, and got on to the bed with a book.

In the mean time the doctor had come. Hearn said, 'What shall I do?' He left his book and went into the guestroom, where he received the doctor. He said, laughingly, 'You must excuse me, my sickness is gone.'

After the doctor had examined him, he told us that there was nothing serious the matter, and, as usual, talked and joked.

Hearn was almost always in good health. He dreaded like a child to have a doctor examine him, or to take medicine. He would not have a doctor unless I begged him to. When he was a

trifle ill, and I failed to get a doctor in time, he would say to me afterwards, 'I am greatly pleased that you forgot the doctor.'

Hearn, when he was not writing, would walk around the room, or up and down the *roka*, thinking things. Even when he was sick, he was not the kind of man who could stay in bed.

Two or three days before he died, Osaki, the maid, told me that the cherry tree was blossoming out of season (*kaerizaki*) in the garden by the studio. (In my household things like that are of great interest. To-day some little bamboo-sprouts have shot up in the woods; look! a yellow butterfly is flitting about; Kazuo, my son, found a little ant-hill; a toad came to the door; or the sunset is full of beautifully changing colors.) Such details as these drew more attention from us than if they had been important matters, and Hearn was informed of every one of these incidents. He was delighted to hear about them. It seems funny that this gave us so much pleasure. Toads, butterflies, ants, spiders, cicadas, bamboo-sprouts, and sunsets were among Papa-san's best friends.

Now, in Japan, *kaerizaki* (to have the cherry tree blossom out of season) is not a sign of good fortune, so it worried me a little. But when I told Hearn about it, he was delighted, and replied, 'Arigato' (Thanks). He went near the edge of the *roka*, or narrow veranda that runs around the outside of our house, and, looking at the flowers, said, 'Hello.' He added, "'It is warm like spring," the cherry tree thought. "Ah! this is my world again"; and blossomed.'

Meditating a little while, he said again, 'Pity! soon it will become cold and frightened, and die.'

The flowers bloomed just one day, on the 27th; in the evening all the petals had fluttered to the ground. This

cherry tree blossomed every season, and Hearn loved it. Probably the cherry tree remembered that, and blossomed to bid him farewell.

Hearn used to get up early in the morning; but as he feared to disturb our dreams, he always waited in his studio, sitting by the *hibachi* (bronze bowl of lighted charcoal) and smoking quietly.

He preferred a long kind of pipe. He had about a hundred of them. The oldest one he had the year he came, and the others had been added. Each pipe was carved. Among the carvings were: Urashima (the Rip van Winkle of Japan); the *kinuta* of autumnal nights (the *kinuta* is a wooden mallet used by women to pound linen); eggplants; praying demons; crows on a leafless branch; utensils of the tea-ceremony; and verses of poems, for instance, 'To-night of last year.' These were the favorite ones among the hundred.

It seems that it was interesting to him to smoke these. He chose one from many, and always looked first at the mouthpiece and the bowl, then lighted it. Sitting on the floor-cushion very correctly, he rocked himself slowly back and forth, and smoked.

The day he died, the morning of the 26th, about half-past six, I went to his study. He was already up and smoking. I greeted him: 'Good morning!'

He seemed to be thinking about something. Then he said, 'I had a very unusual dream last night.'

We always talked about our dreams. I inquired what kind of a dream it was.

He replied, 'I traveled for a very long distance. Now that I am smoking here, it hardly seems to have been a real journey. It was like a dream,' he continued; 'not a journey in Europe, nor in Japan — it was a strange place.' He seemed to be enjoying himself.

Before they went to bed, it was the custom for our three children to

say, 'Papa-san, good night, pleasant dreams.' And their Papa-san replied, 'The same to you.' Or, in Japanese, 'Yoki yume mimasho.'

That morning Kazuo, my son, before going to school, came and said, 'Good morning.' To this greeting his Papa-san replied, 'Pleasant dreams.' 'The same to you,' said Kazuo.

At eleven o'clock in the morning he was walking up and down the *roka*. He saw a *kakemono* (painting) depicting the sunrise, in the library *tokonoma* (raised recess at one end of a room). This is a picture of early morning. Many crows are flying around, and it looks like a scene from a dream. Hearn made the remark: 'What beautiful scenery! I should like to live in a place like that.'

He bought many *kakemono*. He did not decide to hang this one or that one, but left the choice to me. He enjoyed looking at whichever one I hung. He looked at it as a visitor would, and was pleased. He had a very æsthetic taste, I think. He liked tea and drank it with pleasure. When I made tea he played the part of a guest. He did not perform the intricate details, but he understood the principle of the *cha-no-yu*, or tea-ceremony.

Hearn enjoyed listening to singing insects. That autumn we had a *matsu-mushi* (pine-insect). Toward the end of September, when the song of insects is hushed, it made us all feel sad to hear the *matsu-mushi*.

I asked Hearn, 'Do you hear that noise?'

He replied, 'That poor little insect has sung for us beautifully. How much I enjoyed it! As the weather grows colder and colder, does it know that it

will have to die soon? Poor, sad little insect!' After saying that, so piteously, he continued, 'Some of these warm days we had better let it go into the bushes.'

The early blossoming of the cherry tree, the dream of a long journey, and the dying song of the *matsu-mushi* must have been signs of his death, of which it makes me very, very sad to think, even to-day.

In the afternoon he asked, 'What book shall we send to Fujizaki-san, who is in the Manchurian campaign?' He looked for the book on the library shelves, and afterwards wrote a letter to his friend.

While he was eating supper he looked unusually happy, and joked and laughed loudly. 'Papa-san, good Papa-san!' — 'Sweet chickens!' — He talked with the children, and, as usual, walked round the library *roka*.

In a little less than an hour he came back to me with a drawn face, and said quietly, 'Mama-san, the sickness of the other day has come back again.'

I went with him. For a little while he walked around the room with his hands on his breast. I advised him to lie quietly on the bed, and he did so. Very soon after that he was no longer of this world.

He died without any pain, having a little smile around his mouth. It could not be helped, if it was the order of Heaven. I wish that I could have taken care of him, and given all my strength in nursing him. This was too easy a death for me.¹

¹ A literal translation, which means that Mrs. Hearn regretted having been given no opportunity to show her love and devotion before death.
— THE TRANSLATOR.

THE CASE AGAINST COMPULSORY LATIN

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT

A CONSIDERATION of the expediency of continuing to require some knowledge of Latin on the part of all candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts is timely, because many changes in respect to this requirement have already been made, and more seem imminent. A large number of the leading American institutions which confer that degree have already ceased to require Latin of candidates for admission to college, and of candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts within the college. Indeed, from an analysis of the requirements for admission in seventy-six of the leading American colleges and universities, it appears that in a decided majority Latin is no longer an essential for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and that four-ninths of the institutions whose practices have been examined make no demand on the secondary schools of the country that they teach Latin.

The position of the institutions which demand some knowledge of Latin of candidates for admission, but none during the college course, is anomalous and undoubtedly temporary. At Harvard University, for example, the wide extension of the elective system led to the abandonment many years ago of the requirement of Latin in college for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The University was conferring during this period a degree of Bachelor of Science, and candidates for this degree were not required to present Latin at admission, while within the University itself they, too, had a wide range of

choice of subjects and freedom in their choice. Down to 1906, candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Science were registered and catalogued apart from the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, although both sets of students had really been for some time under the control of the single Faculty of Arts and Sciences. In that year, candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Science were registered and catalogued in Harvard College, and the discipline to which the two sets of students were subjected became identical; although candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Science naturally chose a larger proportion of scientific subjects during their four years of residence than candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts did. For ten years, therefore, no distinction in respect to general discipline, social opportunities, or places and conditions of residence has been made at Harvard University between candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Science and candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The sole distinction between these two sets of candidates is that candidates for the A.B. must present for admission an amount of Latin represented by the term 'three units'—a unit meaning four or five hours a week of instruction in the preparatory school for one year. When Harvard University abolishes the requirement of three units of admission Latin from candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, there will be no difference between its conditions for the degree of Bachelor of Arts

and those for the degree of Bachelor of Science; so that the latter degree may well cease to be conferred. Columbia University has recently taken these steps.

Twenty-four out of seventy-six colleges whose requirements have been examined in connection with this article have ceased to confer the degree of Bachelor of Science or Bachelor of Philosophy, or never did confer either of those degrees; and with rare exceptions the institutions which have conferred, or are now conferring, either of those degrees have not required Latin for admission to candidacy for the S.B. or the Ph.B. Many of them have made foreign language requirements; but the presentation of Latin has almost invariably been optional.

This survey of present conditions shows that most of the state universities require no Latin of candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, either for admission or in college. It is, in general, the endowed colleges which are persisting in the requirement of Latin. The universities bearing a state name which retain a Latin requirement, either for admission or in college, are with one exception universities in southern states. That exception is the University of Vermont, which is not really a state university. The immediate reason that most state universities have abandoned all requirements in classical languages for admission is that they desire to maintain close affiliations with the public high schools. Now, public high schools the country over have almost ceased to provide instruction in Greek; and they maintain instruction in Latin with increasing difficulty. Their pupils are as a rule accepted at the state universities on certificates; and this practice tends to maintain somewhat intimate relations between high schools and these universities. The wishes of principals

and local school boards or committees are more regarded by the state universities than they are by the endowed universities and colleges; and the state universities feel and express more sympathy with the serious difficulties which beset public high schools than the endowed institutions do. Nevertheless, the endowed institutions, particularly those that aspire to attract students from all parts of the country, always desire to keep in touch with the public high schools; so that the graduates of those schools can, through a moderate amount of extra study, obtain admission to the endowed institutions of their choice. Behind this immediate reason for dropping Latin requirements, however, lies an increasing sense of their inexpediency in a democracy which wishes to have the secondary and higher education as accessible as possible to all competent youth. Some people are furthermore convinced that the Latin requirements are futile; that is, that they do not really promote scholarship or 'cultivation' in the youth who have to be forced to comply with them.

Wherever the state university is well developed and well supported by the legislature, the endowed colleges and universities in the state maintain a difficult competition with the ampler and richer state university, and with some notable exceptions are likely to accept ultimately whatever conditions of admission the state university prescribes. In states where the state university is weak or not well-supported, and in which strong endowed institutions of the higher education have been long established, there generally exist, in addition to the high schools, independent secondary schools, often called academies, the management of which has been more conservative than the management of public high schools during the past forty years; but the

coöperation between these academies and the endowed colleges is not always as sympathetic and effective as the coöperation between public high schools and state universities. An academy is usually a boarding school as well as a day school; and the old academies receive pupils from all parts of the country, who are often the sons or grandsons of former graduates. Together, the academies exert a strong influence on national secondary education, and this influence will surely be in the future, as it has been in the past, a conservative influence insistent on traditional subjects and methods. A similar influence will be exerted by the Jesuit colleges and by the boarding schools in which the Protestant Episcopal Church is strongly interested.

East of the Alleghany Mountains, where there are many endowed colleges for men and several for women, the colleges have in the main controlled the requirements for admission to college and therefore have had a strong influence on the programmes of secondary schools, public, private, or endowed. The secondary school has been thought of as primarily a preparatory school for colleges. West of the Alleghanies, the public high school's main function has been to prepare its graduates, at eighteen years or thereabouts, for various occupations which do not require three or four years more of systematic education. The preparation of a small percentage of its graduates for college or university is a secondary or incidental function. The high school exists for itself, and not for the college. Hence the college or university must accommodate itself to the general policies and needs of the high school, if it is to keep in touch with the mass of the people.

The full or partial adoption of the elective system in the seventy-six institutions of higher education included in

this survey ought to have produced a corresponding, though much more limited, introduction of elective subjects into the secondary schools of the country. And indeed it has produced this effect in some measure, but to a greater extent in the public high schools than in the endowed academies and private schools. The election introduced into secondary schools has, however, generally been in the form of a choice between distinct courses of instruction running through the four or five years of the secondary-school programme, and not a choice among subjects of instruction or studies. Hence the high-school pupil has been obliged to decide by the time he was fourteen years of age whether he would or would not go to college — a choice which he was generally quite unable to make wisely. The academies, on the other hand, generally provided a programme expressly intended to carry the pupil into college, making some modifications in this regular programme on behalf of pupils who knew already that they were going, not to a college, but to a scientific or technical school.

All kinds of secondary schools in the United States have usually been handicapped by the scantiness of their resources, whether provided by public taxation or by endowment. Free election for the pupil by subject costs more than a variety of fixed courses, and the schools have as a rule not had resources adequate to meet this additional cost. Some of the most intelligent and prosperous of American communities, finding it impossible to provide in one programme for the varied wants of the different sorts of pupils who resort to the single high school, have decided to maintain two kinds of high school, one intended to prepare its pupils for college or higher technical school, or for clerical or bookkeeping occupations, and the other — often called a tech-

nical high school — intended to prepare boys and girls for the industrial and commercial occupations. This new kind of high school, of course, provided no instruction in the ancient languages. The technical or mechanic arts high school is clearly liable to the objection that it requires determination of the future career before the pupil has obtained knowledge of his own powers and tastes.

While these changes of structure and aim have been going on in the universities, colleges, higher technical schools, and secondary schools, certain new conceptions have obtained a somewhat wide recognition concerning the function of education, and concerning the subjects through the study of which the educated young man may make himself most serviceable to the community in his after life, and at the same time procure for himself the best satisfactions in the exercise of his own powers.

In the first place, the idea of the cultivated person, man or woman, has distinctly changed during the past thirty-five years. Cultivation a generation ago meant acquaintance with letters and the fine arts, and some knowledge of at least two languages and literatures, and of history. The term 'cultivation' is now much more inclusive. It includes elementary knowledge of the sciences, and it ranks high the subjects of history, government, and economics.

Secondly, when Herbert Spencer sixty years ago said that science was the subject best worth knowing, the schoolmasters and university professors in England paid no attention whatever to his words. The long years of comparative peace, and of active manufacturing and trading, which the British Empire after that date enjoyed did something to give practical effect in British education to Spencer's dictum.

The present war has demonstrated its truth to thinking men in Europe and America. It now appears that science is the knowledge best worth having, not only for its direct effects in promoting the material welfare of mankind, but also for its power to strengthen the moral purposes of mankind, and make possible a secure civilization founded on justice, the sanctity of contracts, and good-will.

In the third place, many educators are persuaded that the real objects of education — primary, secondary, or higher — are: first, cultivation of the powers of observation through the senses; secondly, training in recording correctly the accurate observations made, both on paper and in the retentive memory; and thirdly, training in reasoning justly from the premises thus secured and from cognate facts held in the memory or found in print. As these objects of education are more and more distinctly realized, the subjects of instruction for children, adolescents, and adults, come to be enlarged in number, and some of the new subjects take the place of one or more of the older ones, or at least may wisely be accepted by school and college authorities from some pupils in place of older ones. For example, it has become apparent that free-hand drawing and mechanical drawing give an admirable training to both eye and hand, and provide the youth with an instrument for recording, describing, and expounding, which is comparable with language, both in increasing his individual power and in increasing his enjoyment throughout life. Just as every normal child can acquire some skill in language, its own or another, so every normal child can acquire some skill in drawing, and can give satisfactory evidence that it has acquired that skill. It is now beginning to be perceived that a child who has acquired some skill in drawing may be

as good material for a high school as a child who has acquired some skill in language, and that the high school ought to provide progressive instruction for the pupil who is admitted with skill in drawing quite as much as it should provide means of further instruction for the child who comes in with some skill in language, Latin or other.

The colleges and universities are all providing large means of instruction in history, government, economics, and business ethics, and are adopting highly concrete and practical methods of teaching, not only the new subjects, but the old. Both colleges and schools are recognizing that they must teach elaborately, not only the literatures and philosophies of the past and the present, but also the sciences and arts 'which within a hundred years have revolutionized all the industries of the white race, modified profoundly all the political and ethical conceptions of the freedom-loving peoples, and added wonderfully to the productive capacity of Europe and America.'¹

Some people think that advantageous changes in systematic education begin in the higher institutions and descend to the lower. Others maintain that durable changes are built up from the bottom. The first seems the more probable theory; because new subjects or new methods require a new teacher, and the teacher is the product of the higher education. Whichever theory be accepted, it is apparent that in practice great changes in the subjects and methods of the higher education have been going on in the United States for more than forty years with increasing impetus and momentum, and that corresponding changes are in progress in the secondary schools.

¹ *Changes Needed in American Secondary Education*, by CHARLES W. ELIOT. General Education Board. New York City.

In order to accommodate the changed schools to the changed colleges, there should be more options in the requirements for admission to colleges, and no requirements within the colleges themselves of the traditional subjects — Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and elementary History and Philosophy. With this new freedom for the pupil at school and the student in college, the degree of Bachelor of Arts will be the only one needed to mark the conclusion, somewhere between the twenty-first and the twenty-third year of age, of a three-year or four-year course of liberal education, superadded to a thorough course in sense-training, scientific reasoning, and memory-training, given within the secondary-school period in any subjects which experience has proved to be suitable.

That Latin should be no longer a requirement for the degree of Bachelor of Arts does not mean that the study of Latin should be given up in either the secondary schools or the colleges. On the contrary, it should unquestionably be retained as an elective college subject, and should be accessible to the pupil in all well endowed and well supported secondary schools, public or private. Although the argument for the introduction of new subjects in both school and college is overwhelmingly strong, nothing but long experience can fully demonstrate that the new subjects and the new methods are capable of producing as powerful and serviceable men and women as have developed during the régime of the old subjects and methods; and for one generation at least there will be many parents who will prefer that the experiment of omitting Latin be tried on other people's children rather than on their own. The parents who will risk their children in the new programmes, or in the new elections of study, will be those who have been consciously ex-

posed during their adult lives to the new influences which have been moulding human society during the past hundred years, and who have either gained new strength from the contact, or have perceived that their own education was not well adapted to what has proved to be their mental and moral environment.

The present argument only goes to show that the study of Latin ought not to be forced by either school or college on all boys and girls in secondary schools who are going to college, or, later, on all candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The argument of course assumes that a knowledge of the Latin language is not indispensable for the study of either ancient or modern civilization, or of the great literatures of the world, or of the best ethical systems and religions, or of any of the supreme concerns of mankind.

The highest human interests are concerned with religion, government, and the means of supporting and improving a family. Now, the religion of Greece and Rome is certainly not as well worth the attention of an American boy to-day as the Jewish-Christian religion, for knowledge of which acquaintance with the Latin language is unnecessary. Moreover, just as a knowledge of the Jewish-Christian religion does not require a knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, so a knowledge of the religion of ancient Rome, whatever importance may be claimed for it, does not depend on a knowledge of Latin.

As to government, it is true that Athens set up a democratic government with a very peculiar definition of the demos; but the number of free citizens was small relatively to the total number of the population, many of whom were slaves and many were aliens without power to vote; and it was a government which when it went to war killed or enslaved its prisoners,

and planted its colonies by force. The Athenian democratic state was of short duration, and did not set a good example to any later republic; and the study of it is of little use to a voter or officer in any modern free state. In government, the Roman state was a very impressive example of the results of the ruthless use of military power in conquest, and of the unification through wise laws and skillful administration of an empire containing many races whose religions, languages, and modes of life were diverse; but a far better example of the organization of such an empire is to be found in the British Empire — better because vaster, more complex in every respect, and far less cruel and brutal than the Roman. For any student of governmental organization the British Empire is a better subject of study than the Roman Empire; because its principles and methods have been much more humane than those of Rome, its risks severer, its field the world instead of the near East and the countries bordering on the Mediterranean and a small part of the eastern Atlantic, its success more striking, and its durability unquestionably greater. If an American student of law is obliged to choose between a study of the Roman law and a study of the English and American law, — a competent student can study both, — he had far better devote his time to the English and American law than to the Roman. And, besides, even if undergraduate students desire or are expected to study Roman politics, law, and government, they no longer need to know Latin in order to do so.

As to the means of earning a livelihood for a family, no one will now think of maintaining that a knowledge of Latin would be to-day of direct advantage to an American artisan, farmer, operative, or clerk, inasmuch as the means of earning a livelihood in any

part of the United States have been wholly changed since Latin became a dead language.

The doctrine that a knowledge of Latin is indispensable to real acquaintance with the great literatures of the world is difficult — indeed impossible — to maintain before American boys and girls whose native language is that of Shakespeare and Milton, of Franklin and Lincoln, of Gibbon and Macaulay, of Scott, Burns, and Tennyson, and of Emerson and Lowell. English literature is incomparably richer, more various, and ampler in respect to both form and substance than the literature of either Greece or Rome. One of the most interesting and influential forms of English literature, namely, fiction as developed in the historical romance, the novel, and the short story, has no existence in Greek and Roman literature; and the types of both poetry and oratory in English are both more varied and more beautiful than those of Greece and Rome. For at least a hundred years past an important part of the real interest in the Greek and Roman literatures for advanced students has been the interest of studying originators and pioneers in literature — a worthy but not an indispensable study for modern youth. The social and individual problems of life were simpler in the ancient world than in the modern, and they were often solved by giving play to the elemental passions of human nature; so that the study of them affords but imperfect guidance to wise action amid the wider and more complex conditions of the modern world. When, as in this great war, modern peoples see great national governments revert to the barbarous customs and passions which were common in the ancient world, they indignantly resolve that this reversion cannot and shall not last.

The languages and literatures of

Greece and Rome will always remain attractive fields for students whose tastes and natural capacities are chiefly literary, and especially for men of letters, authors, and professional students of language; but it is certain that they are soon to cease to make a prescribed part of general secondary and higher education. There are too many histories, too many new sciences with applications of great importance, and too many new literatures of high merit which have a variety of modern uses, to permit any one, not bound to the Classics by affectionate associations and educational tradition, to believe that Latin can maintain the place it has held for centuries in the youthful training of educated men, a place that it acquired when it was the common speech of scholars, and has held for centuries without any such good reason. For this loss of status by Latin genuine Classical scholars will naturally console themselves with the reflection that it has never been possible to give an unwilling boy any real acquaintance with the Latin language or any love of Latin literature by compelling him to take three 'units' of Latin at school and a course or two of Latin in college.

Benjamin Franklin, in his observations concerning the intentions of the founders of the Philadelphia Academy, describes the origin of the Latin and Greek schools in Europe as follows: —

'That until between three and four hundred years past there were no books in any other language; all the knowledge then contained in books, viz., the theology, the jurisprudence, the physic, the art military, the politics, the mathematics and mechanics, the natural and moral philosophy, the logic and rhetoric, the chemistry, the pharmacy, the architecture, and every other branch of science, being in those languages, it was, of course, necessary to learn them as the gates through which

men must pass to get at that knowledge.'

He points out that the books then existing were manuscript, and very dear; and that 'so few were the learned readers sixty years after the invention of printing, that it appears by letters still extant between the printers in 1499 that they could not throughout Europe find purchasers for more than three hundred copies of any ancient authors.' Franklin further says that when printing began to make books cheap, 'Gradually several branches of science began to appear in the common languages; and at this day the whole body of science, consisting not only of translations from all the valuable ancients, but of all the new modern discoveries, is to be met with in those languages, so that learning the ancient for the purpose of acquiring knowledge is become absolutely unnecessary.'

In the present state of the surviving prescription of Latin in secondary schools and colleges, there is another objection to it which has much force. If a college requires three units of Latin for admission but no Latin in college, it inflicts on boys in preparatory schools three years of study of Latin which in many instances will lead to nothing during the education which they receive between eighteen and twenty-two or thereabout. At this moment, for most pupils in preparatory schools, who under compulsion give one fifth of their school-time to the study of Latin for three years, the Classical road leads to a dead-end, when they have once passed their admission examination in Latin. Such dead-ends, no matter what the subject, are always deplorable in what should be a progressive course in education. Even if the college in which the student seeks the degree of Bachelor of Arts prescribes some further study of Latin, the amount of that

prescription is always small; so that the student who abandons Latin when that prescription has been fulfilled has not made a really thorough acquaintance with Latin, and has therefore wasted a large part of the time he has devoted to it. In other words, the present prescription in school and college is against the interest of the greater part of the pupils and students who submit to the prescription. Only those who would have chosen Latin without prescription escape injury from it.

It is a fanciful idea that to understand Greek and Roman civilization and to appreciate the historians, philosophers, orators, military heroes, and patriots of Greece and Rome, one must be able to read Greek and Latin. The substance of Greek and Roman thought and experience can be got at in translations. It is only the delicacies and refinements of style and of poetical expression which are, as a rule, lost in translations. Let the future poets, preachers, artists in words, and men of letters generally give a large part of their time in school and college, if they will, to Greek and Latin; but do not compel the boys and girls who have no such gift or intention to learn a modicum of Latin.

It is often asserted that the study of Latin gives a boy or girl a mental discipline not otherwise to be obtained, a discipline peculiarly useful to those who have no taste or gift for the study. As a matter of fact, it has doubtless often happened that pupils in secondary schools got through Latin the best training they actually received; because their teachers of Latin were the best teachers in their schools, the best equipped and the most scholarly. The Classical schools have been the best schools, and the Classical teachers the best teachers. Gradually, within the past forty years, teachers of modern languages, English, the sciences, and

history have been trained in the colleges and universities, who are as scholarly and skillful in their respective fields as any Classical teachers. They can teach boys and girls to observe, to think, and to remember in the new subjects quite as well as the teachers of Greek and Latin can in those traditional subjects. At least, they think they can; and many parents and educational administrators think that the new subjects and teachers should have a free opportunity to prove this contention. That is all that the proposal to abolish the requirement of Latin for the degree of Bachelor of Arts really means.

Accompanying the production of well-equipped teachers of the new subjects, has come a better understanding of the way to get intense application, concentrated attention, and the hardest kind of mental work out of children, and indeed out of adults too. People generally recognize nowadays that children, like adults, can do their best and hardest work only in subjects or for objects which keenly interest them. Hence uniform prescriptions for all pupils at school are seen to be inexpedient, except in learning to use the elementary tools of learning; and even there much accommodation to individual peculiarities is desirable. Everybody agrees that power to apply one's self and to work hard mentally is the main object of education; but nearly everybody also has come to know that inspiration or stimulation of interest in any mental work will produce this power to work hard more quickly and more thoroughly than any driving process, no matter what the means of compulsion — rattan, ruler, staying after school, holding up to ridicule, deprivation of play or holidays, or copying pages of French or Latin.

Encouragement with respect to the changes to come may be drawn from

the changes already achieved. Two generations ago the requirements for admission to Harvard College were Latin, Greek, elementary Mathematics, and the barest elements of Ancient Geography and History; and to those requirements the courses in good secondary schools were accommodated; for the requirements of other American colleges differed from those of Harvard College only in measure or degree and not in substance. To-day the subjects accepted for admission to the Freshman class of Harvard College embrace English, elementary Greek, Latin, German, French, or Spanish, advanced German, advanced French, Ancient History, Mediæval and Modern History, English History, American History and Civil Government, elementary Algebra and Plane Geometry, Physics, Chemistry, Geography, Botany and Zoölogy, advanced Greek, advanced Latin, advanced History, advanced Algebra, Solid Geometry, Logarithms and Trigonometry, Freehand Drawing, and Mechanical Drawing. From this long list of subjects the candidate for admission has a wide range of choice, although certain groupings are prescribed. Nevertheless, Harvard College still requires of every candidate for admission that he shall have studied elementary Latin three years in his secondary school four or five hours a week — a condition of admission which thirty-six considerable American universities, including Columbia University, no longer prescribe. All the other leading American universities have adopted to a greater or less extent the new subjects for admission which Harvard has adopted, and only four out of seventy-six leading American universities and colleges retain conditions of admission at all resembling those of Harvard College in the year 1850.

No one can reasonably maintain that the American educated generation to-

day is less well equipped for its life work than the generation which graduated from the American colleges in 1850. On the contrary, all the old professions maintain a much higher standard for admission and in practice than they maintained in 1850, and a large group of new professions has been added to the old. Moreover, business, including agriculture, manufacturing, trading, and distributing, has become to a much greater extent than formerly an intellectual calling, demanding good powers of observation, concentration, and judgment. There was a time when the principal part of the work of universities was training scholarly young men for the service of the Church, the Bar, and the State; and all such young men needed, or were believed to need, an intimate knowledge of Greek and Latin; but now, and for more than a hundred years, universities are called on to train young men for public ser-

vice in new democracies, for a new medical profession, and for finances, journalism, transportation, manufacturing, the new architecture, the building of vessels and railroads, and the direction of great public works which improve agriculture, conserve the national resources, provide pure water-supplies, and distribute light, heat, and mechanical power. The practitioners of these new professions can profit in so many directions by other studies in youth, that they ought not all indiscriminately to be obliged to study Latin.

The new education since the Civil War has met the rising demands of the times in some measure; but the newer education must go forward more rapidly on the same lines. The rising generations will not prove inferior to the older. With better and more varied training their educated leaders will rise to ever higher levels of bodily vigor, mental capacity, and moral character.

THE MOURNERS

BY GRETCHEN WARREN

ACROSS her lonely grave the wild birds fly
On drooping wing, the winds with sadder cry,
As if to mourn her rest.

For never bird did soar so swift, so high
As she, nor wind outvie her melody; —
Yet God, He knoweth best.

CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS: WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

BY HELEN THOMAS FOLLETT AND WILSON FOLLETT

I

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS is quite the most American thing we have produced. Almost all that one can profitably say of him distributes itself about this central magnetizing fact. Of the lessons he has taught us, no other seems half so important as the supreme value of having a home, a definitely local habitation, not to tear one's self away from, to sigh for, to idealize through a mist of melancholy and *Weltschmerz*, but simply and solely to live in, to live for. This part of his doctrine, more than any other, has the noble force of an eternal verity preached with striking timeliness. It is in itself the special crown of Mr. Howells, the open secret of his democratic grandeur; and it wins double emphasis because it had to be urged against the sterile æsthetic cosmopolitanism of the eighteen-eighties. Both his historical importance and, one may confidently hope, his permanence are affirmed by his anchorage in a provincialism as remote from mere provinciality as from the opposite extreme of cosmopolitanism — the 'wise provincialism' of Royce's *Philosophy of Loyalty*.

Moreover, the work of Mr. Howells, the most soundly representative expression of America as a spirit, is also the most broadly representative of America as a civilization. It falls in the era of the great transitions of our national life, the confusion of shifting

ideals and mislaid ideas which led to the most American thing we have ever done — our specialization of everything. The war is over, and Howells comes back from his Venetian consulship to watch the phenomena of reconstruction, the emergence of a more centralized political system, and the dawn of a new unity. Agriculture grows relatively less important, manufacturing relatively more so; and thereupon begins the flux of young men and women from village to city, from farm to factory and office, and the consequent specialization of multitudes of lives. In industry, the epoch of individual enterprise merges into that of great combinations and corporate monopolies; business too becomes specialized. As commerce gains respectability, idleness becomes dubious and finally odious; and the result is a cleavage between generations in many a patrician family, the parents clinging to an old ideal of the leisured ornamental life, the sons drawn by a new ideal of useful prestige.

When the new aristocracy of vigor has supplanted the old aristocracy of cultivation, there arises the new cultivation, through efficiency. The laboring class, disproportionately augmented by immigration, develops a self-consciousness; its problems become insistent and terrible. In the professions, the general practitioner of an elder time turns into the specialist. Journalism and advertising — the quintessen-

tially modern professions — begin to have their day. Among women, too, a ferment is at work: they swarm through doors once closed, they begin to know something, subtle changes take place in the home, marriage itself hears questions asked of it and knows that sooner or later it must answer them. Dogmatic theology is sharply challenged when the physical sciences reconceive the world, and the social sciences the people in it. The sense of an organic unity replaces that of an organized unity — and the world begins to wonder what purpose it serves, what it can possibly *mean*. Casting about, it begins to think it sees a purpose in unity itself. And through the confusion there crystallizes slowly the dream of a real society in which the common interests shall overthrow the conflicting ones. In a score of ways the America of 1875 was at the crossroads. And William Dean Howells was the man who was there with her to see everything. He saw — and he understood.

All these tendencies and forces — the recital of them may be tedious, but it is certainly indispensable — are charted in the fiction of Mr. Howells, with an amplitude and a fidelity applied elsewhere, as in the novels of Trollope, to much narrower sectors of life, but never before in English to all the important phases in the life of a whole nation. It is as lavish as anything since Balzac, and it is focal. Howells is master of village and town, farm and city, New England and the Middle West; he is at home in factory and lumber-camp; he knows artisan and idler, preacher and teacher, the scientist, the journalist, the commercial traveler, the *nouveaux-riches* and their débutante daughter, the country squire, the oldest inhabitant, the village scapegrace and the village fool, the doctor and the lawyer; he misses nothing, as a review written by his greatest

American contemporary once phrased it, of 'the real, the natural, the colloquial, the moderate, the optimistic, the domestic, and the democratic.'

And he has through all this, in addition to the notion of where we are, the vision of where we are going. His novels convey the impression of greater lapses of time than any one of them actually records, because each one of them is an inquiry into something that is about to become something else. *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, our first and best analysis of the self-made man and of the social implications of his money, is a tragedy whose significance reaches nearly the whole of self-made America. Written at the nexus of so many tendencies and interests, the novel remains to-day as poignantly contemporary as ever, a drama of transitions not yet more than half accomplished. We clamor still for 'the great American novel'? Why, we have been reading it these thirty years and more.

II

A comment of thirty years ago, written by one of the most unflattering of critics, has at least the merit of confirming, from a hostile and derogatory point of view, this fact of Mr. Howells's provincialism. 'Henry James,' said Mr. George Moore in *Confessions of a Young Man*, 'went to France and read Tourguénieff. W. D. Howells stayed at home and read Henry James. . . . I have no doubt that at one time of his life Henry James said, I will write the moral history of America, as Tourguénieff wrote the moral history of Russia — he borrowed at first-hand, understanding what he was borrowing. W. D. Howells borrowed at second-hand, and without understanding what he was borrowing.'

These remarks, whether or not we can agree to find in them something

more important than their author intended to put there, leave something to be desired as accounts of literal fact. It should be evident now, for example, even if it was not in 1887, that it was Mr. Howells, rather than Henry James, who consciously set out to write the moral history of America. Also, Mr. Howells knew at first-hand, not only his Tourguénieff and his James, but Gladós and Valdés as well. If his critical interest was never quite so intensive in its workings as Henry James's, it was certainly much more eclectic. Its boundaries in 1887 did in fact touch everything that we now recognize as having been at that time important in Continental fiction and drama, with the single exception of Meredith, who seems, lamentably, to have meant nothing to Howells. Many readers and some critics could still learn a good deal about Balzac and Zola, about Dostoevski and Tolstoi, from what Mr. Howells wrote about them more than a quarter of a century ago.

But one of the principal effects of his excursions among Italian, Spanish, Russian, and French realists was greatly to intensify his appreciation of Miss Wilkins, Miss Jewett, Mrs. Cooke, Miss Murfree, and Mr. Cable—American realists whose worth, like his own, is all in their provincialism; whose breadth is, as he says, 'vertical instead of lateral.' If his fiction withholds the cheap tribute of imitation, it is doubly rich in its recognition of the inimitable. His way of learning from Tourguénieff was not to copy Tourguénieff, but to be as American as Tourguénieff was Russian. In the profoundest spiritual and moral sense, he did stay at home; but neither physically nor intellectually can he be said to have done so. He not only understood just what he might have borrowed, whether from Continental fiction or British: he understood it too well to borrow it at all.

The alleged resemblance between Howells and Henry James is a subject which has been irritatingly overelaborated by criticism. What resemblance there is is so superficial, and leaves room for differences so fundamental, that it becomes a point for criticism of Mr. Howells's critics rather than of Mr. Howells himself. But so many have conspired, both before and since George Moore, to make sure that neither great man shall be named without the other, that it is actually more invidious to ignore the point than to treat it.

To make an end of the matter, one may say that the similarities are most important where there is least hint of any debt, — that is, where each author is writing of the New England he knows, — and that where there is the hint of a debt, the similarity is purely verbal and almost too insignificant to bother with. However strange it may seem, it is true that Mr. Howells, whose style has for fifty years remained limpid and lacustrine, shows after 1895 an unconscious infiltration of the abused 'third manner' of Henry James. *Miss Bellard's Inspiration*, a tenuously delicate bit of high comedy, includes among its pretty sophisticated trifles some persiflage of the Henry James idiom — for example, the parting comment by Mr. Crombie, 'Well, I suppose she did n't want a reason, if she had an inspiration.'

But this sort of thing is of slight avail, is in fact positively silly, when one is dealing broadly with the question of 'influences.' While Henry James withdraws further and further from the America we know, into the queer world of his own intensely self-conscious art, Howells remains as objective, as regional, and as little self-conscious as an artist can be. It is utterly true that, in the sense we have described, he stayed at home; but the compliment

is to America, not to a brother author.

There is assuredly nothing in all this to disturb our account of that provincialism which is the nourishing root of his greatness. Morally, it is the whole story. If we speak, as here we have had to for a moment, of lighter and lesser things, — æsthetics, comparative literature, the transmission of influences, — we have to revise the account only so far as to say that Mr. Howells, if he did not stay at home, *went* home. We find him going everywhere but to go back again; enjoying one after another his Continental journeys, of the mind and of the body, as turnings of the road; never forgetting that great sprawled-out provincial modern Rome to which, he knew, whatever road he happened to be on must at length lead back; finding beauty, the beauty of self-fulfillment, in each successive reunion between the America he had left and the American he was.

Concretely, his books of travel, his various *Italian Journeys* and *London Films*, are better and truer records because there is no affectation in them of being anywhere except 'abroad.' Provincialism, like religion, is a surrender of something for the sake of something else that means more. If you are at home everywhere, you have lost the meaning of home. Mr. Howells prefers to give up being at home everywhere, in order to see Europe through naïve yet shrewd 'Yankee' eyes, very much in the mood of

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

The result is that his most casual sketches of Italy, Spain, and England are not less American than *A Boy's Town* and *The Lady of the Aroostook* — which are as American as Abraham Lincoln.

III

In speaking of the sacrifices with which Mr. Howells, like any one, must pay for a sound and wise provincialism, we have in mind first of all the penalty inherent in any choice, the mutual exclusion of opposites. It is in the nature of things that you cannot be at the same time cosmopolitan and provincial: you can have everything or you can have something which shall mean everything to you, but not both. This is the inevitable penalty. And it is well for the artist who has the courage or the sublime innocence to pay it, as we see proved in the unpretentious successes of such authors as Trollope and Jane Austen. If we require proof that it is *not* well for the artist who lacks the courage or the innocence, we need seek it no further back than the pretentious failures of the Celtic Renaissance — a movement which had its headquarters in France and its impulse from a cosmopolitan æstheticism, and which was everything else before it was Celtic. We are safe, then, while we laud Mr. Howells for giving up everything, and acquiring nothing, which could have made him less definitively cisatlantic.

But there is another kind of penalty, incidental and secondary, not at all in the nature of things, which Mr. Howells also elected to pay, with damage to his work and even some risk to its lasting qualities. Seemingly in pure national self-assertiveness and a kind of fierce pride in heaping up the measure of his self-denials, he refused some things which he might fully as well have had. These minor refusals of his are made in all conscience, indeed with the finest recklessness; but they unquestionably blemish his work as that of a rounded artist, while adding nothing to its value as a national institution. If the future should disprove his theory that truth to fact is everything; if it

should show that care for treatment counts for more than he supposed it could, his greatness will have been impaired, and none the less surely because through his own deliberate renunciations.

One is happy to note, first, that he was constantly threatening some sacrifices which he never made, and that his work as critic abounds in precepts the consequences of which he refused to incur in his own practice. He despises care for style, and says that style becomes less and less important to fiction: yet he writes a style finer on the whole than Hardy's, since it is just as objective, just as clear, much more full of high lights and undertones, and less metallically cold. He damns with faintest praise the necessary technical means of art; he seems to imply that the artist can draw the pattern of his facts, as well as the facts themselves, from life; his account of Jane Austen would lead one to suppose that the sum of her process was to look about and jot down what she saw; in short, he develops a theory of the relation between literature and life that would result, if anyone literally practiced it, in novels with masses of subject-matter but no subject at all. 'Out of this way of thinking and feeling about these two great things, about Literature and Life,' there has indeed 'arisen a confusion as to which is which' — a confusion which has become in the last decade one of the least promising symptoms of the novel. And Mr. Howells seems to welcome the confusion when he says, 'It is quite imaginable that when the great mass of readers, now sunk in the foolish joys of mere fable, shall be lifted to an interest in the meaning of things through the faithful portrayal of life in fiction, then fiction the most faithful may be superseded by a still more faithful form of contemporaneous history.'

Yet here again Mr. Howells follows infirm doctrine with sound practice: his own novels enjoy all the advantages of the definite issue carefully extracted from life and then displayed before the reader as having relevance to some unified critical purpose. To young authors he says, 'Do not trouble yourselves about standards and ideals.' Himself, he follows a better precept: 'Neither arts, nor letters, nor sciences, except as they somehow, clearly or obscurely, tend to make the race better and kinder, are to be regarded as serious interests' — a dictum which is unintelligible unless it provides art with a *rationale*. The creative artist is made as much by what he *wants* as by what he knows; and what he wants involves, of course, the whole question of how he is to get it. It is strange that Mr. Howells, who never desired fiction to be less than a criticism of life, should so often have ignored this truism in his critical writings and so unfailingly have used it in his fiction.

Neither in the style nor in the architecture of his novels, then, does he suffer the logical consequences of what is narrowly provincial in his theory. But in one deficiency of treatment, the enormous excess of conversation over everything else, his stories do suffer from his contempt of design. He appears, as Henry James wrote long ago, 'increasingly to hold composition too cheap'; he neglects 'the effect that comes from alternation, distribution, relief.' The dialogue especially needs to be 'distributed, interspaced with narrative and pictorial matter.' It is not that there is too much of the dialogue, which is uniformly of the first excellence, but that there is too little else. Mr. Howells is at his very best when he is giving his subject wrapped in interpretation of character and manners. He makes a woman speak 'with that awe of her daughter and her judg-

ments which is one of the pathetic idiosyncrasies of a certain class of American mothers.' He speaks of the deplored 'infidelity' of a New Hampshire village squire as a time-honored local institution, 'something that would hardly have been changed, if possible, by a popular vote.' He is subtle in his notation of such realities as 'the two sorts of deference respectively due to the law and the church,' and 'the country habit of making no comment in response to what was not a question.' These touches are treatment, presentation at its finest, 'the golden blocks themselves of the structure'; and when Mr. Howells dispossesses them in favor of talk and still more talk, he deprives us of that which he can more abundantly afford to give than we can afford to be without.

IV

Unless one is in the heroic mood to require that the writer of fiction supply a full measure of everything one happens to like, one need not be greatly disturbed by the several details about Mr. Howells that one simply cannot understand. Why does it happen that, with all his coldness to technique, he instinctively warms to the most careful technicians, from Jane Austen to Hardy and Henry James? Why, against that same coldness, should he reject Thackeray because Thackeray pleased to 'stand about in his scene, talking it over with his hands in his pockets, interrupting the action, and spoiling the illusion in which alone the truth of art resides' — a minor technical quiblet if ever there was one? Why should he denounce Scott for 'acquiescence in the division of men into noble and ignoble, patrician and plebeian, sovereign and subject, as if it were the law of God,' without allowance for the fact that Scott often makes

his plebeians nobler than his patricians, the subject more of a man than the sovereign? Why, above all, should he belittle Dickens because of the occasional caricature of people and the romantic distortion of facts, and not see that Dickens was *on the whole* a valiant fighter in the cause of realism against an effete romanticism, precisely as Mr. Howells himself was?

The only explanation of these sophisms is that Mr. Howells loves truth — by which he nearly always means actuality — so much that the most trivial violation of it affronts all his sensibilities. Let an author, especially a British author, tell more truth than anything else, let him further truth in intercourse and sternly rebuke whatever tends to defeat it: all this goes for naught if, in a moment of deference to some innocent romantic fashion now discredited, he is caught dodging realities. Why, the fellow cherishes 'shadows and illusions,' he is 'very drolly sentimental and feeble'; Mr. Howells will have none of him. We can think of hardly any other critic of equal repute who has allowed so little that he disliked to overrule so much that he would have liked if he could have taken the trouble to see it. This is an explanation, of a limping sort; but it does not materially reduce the deficit chargeable to Mr. Howells as critic.

What does materially reduce it is, of course, his historical position and influence. Preaching realism and democracy at a time when the novel, under the sanction of Stevenson and Anthony Hope Hawkins, was trying as hard as it could to get back to Scott and Dumas, he was in the position of a man who must shout if he is to make the unwilling crowd listen, and even so can make them hear but one thing. Most of Mr. Howells's criticism, despite its urbane moderateness of tone, is essentially controversial. He was decrying

a fashion which he hated as spurious and silly; his one message was the ugliness of whatever denies or shirks reality, and his exaggeration of that ugliness was simply the raising of his voice to overcome inattention. We do not think that he said what he did not mean, in order to be heard; but unconsciously he was carried away by his enthusiasm, as any small minority tends to be. The measure of his usefulness was the universal need of just that message, and his justification is its later universal acceptance. He fought the costume romance, and it is dead; he predicted the 'sociologic' novel, and it has come, to the exclusion of pretty nearly everything else.

In short, the author of *Criticism and Fiction* (1891) was one of the very few great modern men who have been deeply enough immersed in the stream of historical tendencies, and sensible enough of main currents in the life about them, really to understand and work for the future. He decried the romantic novel when it had most applause, in terms which show that he thought of it as already discredited. More characteristically, he decried a certain mawkish and very fashionable kind of sentimentalism — the sentimentalism of useless self-sacrifice made in a bad cause, on the theory that self-sacrifice is in itself a great enough good to be sought at the expense of everything else. Many readers will recall the instance in *Silas Lapham*: a girl's refusal to marry a man because her sister is madly in love with him, and the author's admonition (expressed, it happens, through a minister of the gospel) that it is better for two people to be happy and a third unhappy for a time than for all three to be permanently wretched. In both these particulars Howells is of the twentieth century more than of the nineteenth.

But even these are as nothing to his

vision of what the future was to do for brotherhood among men, the increase of economic and social community, and the sense of 'living in the whole.' That sense, he saw, was what fiction must acquire unless it were altogether to lose step with the world; and in precept and practice he helped fiction acquire it. 'Men are more like than unlike one another,' he said; 'let us make them know one another better, that they may be all humbled and strengthened with a sense of their fraternity.' 'The work done in the past to the glorification of mere passion and power, to the deification of self, appears monstrous and hideous. . . . Art, indeed, is beginning to find out that if it does not make friends with Need it must perish.' And to Matthew Arnold's complaint that there was no 'distinction' in our national life, he justly and eloquently retorted: —

'Such beauty and such grandeur as we have is common beauty, common grandeur, or the beauty and grandeur in which the quality of solidarity so prevails that neither distinguishes itself to the disadvantage of anything else. It seems to me that these conditions invite the artist to the study and the appreciation of the common, and to the portrayal in every art of those finer and higher aspects which unite rather than sever humanity, if he would thrive in our new order of things. The talent that is robust enough to front the every-day world and catch the charm of its work-worn, care-worn, brave, kindly face, need not fear the encounter, though it seems terrible to the sort nurtured in the superstition of the romantic, the bizarre, the heroic, the distinguished, as the things alone worthy of painting or carving or writing. The arts must become democratic, and then we shall have the expression of America in art; and the reproach which Mr. Arnold was half right in

making us shall have no justice in it any longer: we shall be "distinguished."

v

Because Mr. Howells's love of reality is more intense and consistent than that of any other important novelist we can think of, — and we have thumbed the list of others with some pains for the possible exception, — his realism is inexpressibly more vital than most realism. Of writers who explored the actualities because they distrusted or feared them, despised or did not know what to make of them, we have seen many, perhaps too many, since the turn of the century; but Mr. Howells is not of this company. No one has done him justice who has not seen that his love of life is his belief in life, and that it is to him quite literally a *faith*. By this we do not mean that he accepts everything as it is, proposing no improvements, — we have already seen how much courage he derives from the facts of social evolution, — but we do mean that he sees in life itself, ever struggling to articulate consciousness and beginning to operate, all the forces that are necessary to a great society and a great art. For him, there is no need of a fiat to legislate order into society from without; nor does he go to the opposite extreme of giving up the hope of order. All things work together for good, because that is the nature of them — even of things not in themselves good.

Thus, for him, intimacy with the real stands in the room of more prerequisites to art, and is altogether more sufficient, than we commonly know it capable of. He is a generation further along in the chronology of art than such a realist as Gissing, with whom reality was a distressing makeshift for lost faith. Mr. Howells appears never to have cherished illusions. Partly be-

cause he brought over from his early work as journalist and editor a vivid sense that life was in itself enough, and more because he was born with the probing mind that will not believe without sight where it is possible to see, he picked his way serenely through the religious disturbances of the decades when even Huxley and Arnold were spending themselves in theological controversy. He reports the disturbances, indeed, but tolerantly, indulgently, as things milder than they seemed, more ephemeral, less real. Here again his faith took him forward beyond the stresses of his time; he looks back on struggles little more than begun.

This faith in the reality which is our daily life is strikingly exemplified in everything Mr. Howells has written about the phenomena of mysticism. It was only the other day that he gave us, after a long incubation, *The Leatherwood God*, his record of religious imposture in a small Ohio community of the early nineteenth century. It shall not be said here that he intended this story as a sly and subtle *exposé* of all religion through direct physical revelation: all that the evidence warrants is the assertion that he *may* so have intended it, and that if so he could not have done much more to sharpen its point. Clearly it expresses his contempt of the faith that demands a sign. And in Squire Matthew Braile, the shrewd and humorous 'infidel' of Leatherwood, we have not only a striking individual of one of Mr. Howells's most sympathetic types, but also the intellectual point of view of the book. 'Why,' says Braile, 'I don't see what you want of a miracle more than you've had already. The fact that your cow did n't come up last night, and Abel could n't find her in the woods-pasture this morning, is miracle enough to prove that Dylks is God. Besides, did n't he say it himself,

and did n't Enraghty say it? . . . When a man stood up and snorted like a horse and said he was God, why did n't they believe him?' In all this quizzical irony did Mr. Howells mean to say, for hearing ears only, that Christianity is to him, not the water and the wine, the loaves and fishes, the empty tomb, the harps and crowns, but a rule of life which can neither be given nor taken away by any of these, and which is real whatever becomes of them?

We ask, not answer, the question. But it is worth while to note that the conjecture interlocks most adroitly with something Mr. Howells had written more than thirty-five years earlier — his analysis of spiritualism and its materializations in *The Undiscovered Country*. 'All other systems of belief, all other revelations of the unseen world, have supplied a rule of life, have been given for our use here. But this offers nothing but the barren fact that we live again. . . . It is as thoroughly godless as atheism itself, and no man can accept it upon any other man's word, because it has not yet shown its truth in the ameliorated life of men. . . . As long as it is used merely to establish the fact of a future life it will remain sterile. It will continue to be doubted, like a conjuror's trick, by all who have not seen it; and those who see it will afterwards come to discredit their own senses. The world has been mocked with something of the kind from the beginning; it's no new thing.'

The quoted words are Dr. Boynton's: who can doubt that the meaning is the meaning of Howells? He will have nothing to do with the mysticism which is only 'a materialism that asserts and affirms, and appeals for proof to purely physical phenomena.' Its sole effect is to drive him homeward to the plain every-day faithful and courageous actual. His philosophy is all in the cry of a foolish woman who has given a

bolt of linsey-woolsey that the Leatherwood God may turn it into 'seamless raiment.' "Oh, I don't care for the miracle," she kept lamenting, "but what are my children going to wear this winter? Oh, what will *he* say to me!" It was her husband she meant.'

VI

The corollary of faith is peace. And the faith of Mr. Howells in the realities of life brings to him, throughout the inordinate business of his career,¹ a peace, a large serenity, that one instinctively thinks of in Scriptural phrases — 'the peace that passeth understanding'; 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' We have seen how little friction and loss he suffered during years when the fading of supernaturalism brought a tragic unrest into nearly the whole Western world. Through those years while others fought, he enjoyed; and even when he fought, as sometimes one must for opinions worth holding, it was in the jolliest fighting mood, and with a good-nature as uncompromising as the opinions. If he had enemies to tackle, at least he was on the best of terms with himself. If it were not so, how should one account for the preponderance in him of humor, a tranquil attribute, over wit, a restive?

We would be at some pains to distinguish this deep composure of Mr. Howells from the merely vegetative contentment of which he is rather irresponsibly accused in several quarters. To words already quoted Mr. George Moore adds, in the mood of patronizing impishness which had then become his fixed mental posture: 'I see him [Mr. Howells] the happy father of a

¹ Including, as readers of this article will like to remember, a fifteen years' connection with the *Atlantic*, of which he was editor-in-chief for ten years.

numerous family; the sun is shining, the girls and boys are playing on the lawn, they come trooping in to a high tea, and there is dancing in the evening. . . . He is . . . domestic; girls with white dresses and virginal looks, languid mammas, mild witticisms here, there, and everywhere; a couple of young men, one a little cynical, the other a little overshadowed by his love; a strong, bearded man of fifty in the background; in a word, a Tom Robertson comedy faintly spiced with American.' These are indeed the ingredients, this is a large part of the formula — and it is a large part of America, too.

What George Moore really meant was that Mr. Howells had not chosen to be turgidly frank about sex. To which the answer is that Mr. Howells had chosen *not* to be, for the good reason that America does not share the Continental obsession, and provides singularly little in sex to be turgidly frank about. Mr. Howells explains himself on this point in two chapters of *Criticism and Fiction*; and in *A Modern Instance*, which contains some of his most inimitably faithful tragi-comedy of New England village life, he makes these observations upon the girl entertaining her suitor at midnight in a sleeping household: 'The situation, scarcely conceivable to another civilization, is so common in ours, where youth commands its fate and trusts solely to itself, that it may be said to be characteristic of the New England civilization wherever it keeps its simplicity. It was not stolen or clandestine; it would have interested every one, but would have shocked no one in the whole village if the whole village had known it; all that a girl's parents ordinarily exacted was that they should not be waked up.'

This is not the ignorant bliss; it is the *pax Americana* that leaves youth

blessedly and uniquely free from the experience of guilty love, —

. . . a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

No: the equableness of Mr. Howells is something other than the languor that aspires 'to sit in a corner tipping tea.' It consists of elements dynamic but under the control of knowledge and faith. Set a taut wire vibrating and touch it with the thumb-nail: it gives forth a jangling buzz. Mr. Howells's criticism of life is the wire left to vibrate harmoniously; there is nothing to disturb its free play in the vast quiet space of his charity, his faith, and his self-command. The Celtic rebelliousness which he inherited gives it *timbre* and poignancy but not discordance; and again and again the rarely beautiful overtones, such as that poor defrauded woman's cry for her lost labor, prove that it is taut, not slack.

And, finally, Mr. Howells proves his profound calm in his most American appreciation and retention of the ardors of youth. We cannot see that he wrote better about youth when he had it than latterly, with all his weight of years and honor; or that he knows the meaning of age better in his eightieth year than in his fortieth. In his philosophy, things must always be renewed if they are to live; the present must re-create itself out of the dead past, and be perpetually attaining perpetual youth. Language renews itself: 'No language is ever old on the lips of those who speak it.' Literature renews itself: 'Most classics are dead.' And life renews itself. When, in *The Son of Royal Langbrith*, Mr. Howells treats the problem of wealth got through the chicane of the father, and the serious question of the children's attitude toward it, he makes an end of the whole matter by letting the sleeping dog lie. 'It came to Anther again, as it had come before,

that each generation exists to itself, and is so full of its own events that those of the past cannot be livingly transmitted to it; that it divinely refuses the burden which elder sins or sorrows would lay upon it, and that it must do this perhaps as a condition of bearing its own.'

There is more than a touch of this indomitable youth in the characters, the best of whom live on, no older now than when we last saw them. Rarely, they step, like Trollope's characters, from one book into another — and then they are doubly welcome, doubly alive.

This year of Howells's eightieth birthday is also the centenary of Jane Austen's death — fitly, because he has honored himself in honoring her, and because she too loved reality and made successful war, from her provincial citadel, on superstition, on mawkish

sensibility, and on the tinsel romanticism of the fashion then current. The years in which she was quietly fulfilling her allotted task were, like this year, made terrible by war and the pouring out of blood; yet she pursued her way and kept her faith, in a quietude untroubled by the great stirrings of empire abroad.

It is to be feared that Mr. Howells has not known how to keep himself similarly untroubled — for the world is smaller now, and crowded, and what hurts one hurts all. Our wish for him on New Year's Day, when these words are written, is that he may wring from this very fact, the community of pain, a confirmation of solidarity in the world, and a hope for its eventual triumph. If we could venture to wish him anything else, it would be that he might find somehow the way to keep on believing in America — his America of the soiled hands and the good heart.

MUSIC AND LIFE

BY THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

I

FOR the ordinary listener the one great difficulty of the symphony lies in 'making sense' out of it as a whole. He enjoys certain themes, and is, perhaps, able to follow their devious wanderings; but he retains no comprehensive impression of the symphony as a complete thing, and he may even never conceive it at all as anything more than a series of interesting or uninteresting passages of music. Now, it is obvious

that an art of pure sound, if it is to convey any significance at all, must have complete coherence *within itself*, and that the longer the sounds are sustained the more necessary does this coherence become. This is, of course, the problem of all music. Even opera cannot depend entirely on being held together by the text and the action. Even the song must make musical sense in addition to what sense there is — by chance — in the words. Give what glowing, romantic, even definite title you will to a piece

of programme music, — call it 'The Hebrides,' or 'Death and Transfiguration,' or descend to such titles as 'A Simple Confession,' — you must still give your music coherence and form in itself. As a matter of fact the titles of such pieces do not lessen the composer's responsibilities in the least. The title is, after all, merely a suggestion, an indication, an atmosphere. Schumann's 'The Happy Farmer' is merely jolly; it is not even bucolic, and you hunt for the farmer in vain. 'Träumerei' is made rhythmically vague in order to create the illusion of reverie; but it has, nevertheless, complete musical coherence. 'Tod und Verklärung' of Strauss contains no evidence of sacrificing its form to its so-called 'subject.' The Wagnerian *leit-motif* is suggestive and not didactic.

The development of form in the symphony is too large a subject to be covered here, but there are certain fundamental aspects of it upon which I may dwell with safety since they represent laws that apply everywhere. To make clear what I mean, let me say that an art whose fundamental quality is movement must have for its problem the disposition within a certain length of time of a group of themes or melodies. The distinction between this art and that of painting is that in music the question is, When? in painting, Where? In this sense literature is nearer to music than painting is, and I shall shortly point out some analogies between literary and musical forms.

I stated in my first article the fundamental synthetic principle of music, which is that no one series of sounds formed into a melody can long survive the substitution of other series, unless there be given some restatement, or, at least, some reminder of the first. There is no musical form that does not pay tribute directly or indirectly to this principle. And this, much modified by

the medium of language, applies also to literature. Most novels contain near the end a 'looking backward over traveled roads'; a too great digression from any thesis requires a restatement of it. The first appearance of Sandra Belloni is heralded by her singing in the wood near the Pole's country house; the epilogue to *Vittoria* closes with the scene in the cathedral — 'Carlo Merthyr Ammiani, standing between Merthyr and her, with old blind Agostino's hands upon his head. And then once more and but for once, her voice was heard in Milan.' The unessential characters and motives of *Sandra Belloni* disappear in *Vittoria* — Mrs. Chump, an unsuccessful portrait after Dickens, finds a deserved oblivion; so do the Nice Feelings and the Fine Shades; but the presence of Merthyr in the cathedral is as necessary to that situation as is the absence of Wilfred. *War and Peace* would be an inchoate mass of persons, scenes, and events, were it not for certain retrospects here and there which hold the whole mass together. *The Idiot* is a striking illustration of the point in question, for the early part of Mishkin's career is not revealed until the sixth chapter, as if to tide over more successfully the vastness of the scheme, and the final chapter brings back most vividly the experiences of his boyhood. The sonnet is the most concise example of this process, and I do not need to dwell on the precision with which it illustrates it.

One great difference exists, however, between music and literature, and that is in the number of its subjects or characters. *War and Peace*, to take an extreme example, contains scores of characters, while a whole symphony would usually contain not more than twelve or fourteen themes. The prime reason for this is that themes have no established law of association, and so do not represent something else with which we are already familiar, as do names of persons

in books. We remember the names of such characters as Joseph Andrews or Tom Jones, or even Dr. Portsoaken in *Septimius Felton*; for, although they lived a long a time ago, we have enough of word-association to contain their names, and we can understand them and can follow the devious courses of their adventures and the philosophy of life they represent. The absence of this association makes it difficult for us to remember the characters in Russian books.

When we hear a musical theme, however, we have to remember it *as such*. I have frequently stated the somewhat obvious fact that music obeys general æsthetic laws, and the foregoing is intended to show how those laws are modified by the peculiar properties of sound. A symphony is in this sense, then, a coherent arrangement of themes.

II

This brings me to the important question of the detachment or the unification of the several movements of a symphony. Is a symphony one thing or four? Should we listen to it as a unit or as separate contrasting pieces strung together for convenience? The conventional answer to these questions—the answer given by the textbooks—is that a few symphonies transfer themes from one movement to another, but that a symphony, generally speaking, is a collection of four separate pieces contrasted in speed and in sentiment. Now I wish to combat this theory as vigorously as possible; and I should like to rely solely on æsthetic laws, and say that no great work of art could, by any possibility, be based on such a heterogeneous plan as that. Or I might base my opinion on psychology, and say that since there are four different movements, different in general and in particular characteristics, — one contain-

ing themes which evolve as they proceed, producing the effect of struggle toward a goal; another suitable for states of sentiment; another for concise and vivid action, and so forth, — and since the mind of a great man is a microcosm of the world and contains everything, it follows, as a matter of course, that he tries to fuse his symphony into one by filling its several parts with the various elements of himself — a process that has been going on ever since there has been any music at all. The composer is not four men, nor is his mind separated into compartments. One symphony will differ from another because it represents a different stage in his development, but any one symphony — unless arbitrarily disjointed — will express the various phases of its composer's nature at the time, and will have a corresponding internal organism.

As a matter of fact there is sufficient evidence of the soundness of this view in the great symphonies themselves. I cannot specify at length here, but any reader having access to Mozart's, Beethoven's, and Brahms's symphonies, or to that of César Franck, may investigate for himself. Let me merely point out a few instances which I choose from celebrated and familiar symphonies. In the last movement of the C-major of Mozart (commonly called the *Jupiter*) there is a rapid figure in the basses at measure nine and ten which is derived from the beginning of the first movement. The theme of the last movement is drawn from, is another version of, the passage in measures three and four of the first movement. In Beethoven's *Eroica* the first theme of the last movement is drawn directly from the first theme of the first movement. The theme of the C-major section of the *Marche Funèbre* is the theme of the first section in apotheosis, and each owes a debt to the first theme of the first move-

ment. Such illustrations of this principle could be multiplied almost indefinitely, and it is not too much to say that there is in all great music this inward coherence. In other words, form in music is not only a framework, or, if you please, a law or a precedent, but the expression of an inward force. Themes having no organic relation are, of course, introduced into symphonic movements for the play of action against each other which results from their antagonism. The novel depends largely on that very contrast. If it were not for Blifil there could hardly have been a Tom Jones. Sandra Belloni must have Mr. Pericles as a foil to that finer character of hers which rises above the prima donna, and she needs Wilfred and Merthyr in order to achieve Carlo.

In short, the symphonic movement is not unlike the novel, which is based on the juxtaposition of contrasting or antagonistic characters, the struggle between the two, and, finally, their reconciliation; and sufficient analogy could be drawn between this and life itself to illustrate the principle as a cardinal one. But I believe the symphony to be a form in a flux; I see no reason why it should not continue to develop from within, and finally achieve an even greater coherence than that already attained. This will certainly not be brought about by an extension of its outward form or by enlargement of its resources — as in the case of certain modern¹ symphonies. In a word, the composer is an artist like any other; he is dealing with human emotions and aspirations as other artists are; he is subject to the same laws; he, too, draws a true picture of human life in true perspective, with all the adjustments of

scene, of persons, of motives, carefully worked out — even though he deals only with sound. It is almost incredible that any one should suppose otherwise; the real difficulty lies in getting the ordinary person to suppose anything!

So I say that the symphony is a mirror of life, and that all the great symphonies taken together are like a book of life in which everything is faithfully set forth in due proportion and balance. All art sets forth nature and humanity, and through its power of doing so continually reveals the truth to us. I have said that the symphony contains everything and that it has room for disorder. This is its ultimate purpose, and the secret of its power. Life itself is an inexplicable thing. The great symphony compresses it all into an hour of perfection in which all its elements are explicable. Here that dream of man which he calls by such names as 'Heaven' or 'happiness,' and which he has always sought in vain, becomes, not only a reality, but the only reality possible for him. For nothing would be more terrible than endless happiness, or a located Heaven.

The history of the symphony is the history of all art. It moves in cycles, or it marks a parabola. It began as a naïve expression of feeling; it learned, little by little, how to master its own working material, and as it mastered that, it became more and more conscious in its efforts. As soon as new instruments for producing it were perfected, it immediately expanded its style to correspond to the new possibilities; as its technique permitted, it continually sought to grasp more and more of the elements of human life and human aspiration, and to express them. In Haydn we see it as naïve, folk-like, tuneful music, not highly imaginative, smacking of the soil, like Burns, but without his deep human feeling. In

¹ The reason for this is one to which I referred in my article on Opera in the April *Atlantic* — namely, that a work of art must not overstrain the capacities of the human beings for whom it was created. — THE AUTHOR.

Mozart it reaches a stage of classic perfection which may be compared to Raphael's paintings; hardly a touch of the picturesque, the romantic, or the realistic mars its serene beauty. It smiles on all alike; it is not for you or for me, — as Schumann is, — but for every one. And, being purely objective, it belongs to no time and lasts forever. And how delightful are Mozart's digressions! He is like Fielding who, when he wants to philosophize about his story, proceeds to write a whole chapter during which the action awaits the philosopher's pleasure. Later writers never drop the argument for a moment; if there is a lull in the action it is somehow kept in complete relation to the subject-matter. Mozart often enlivens you with a story by the way, but he always manages to preserve the continuity of his material. The difference between his method and that of Brahms, for example, is like that between Fielding's philosophic interlude chapters in *Tom Jones* and Meredith's 'One Philosopher' who, looking down from an impersonal height upon the characters in the story, interjects his Olympian comment.

A new and terrific force entered music through Beethoven, — new to music, old as the human race, — namely, the spirit of revolt. The world is always the same. In its fundamentals, and within our historical retrospect, human life remains what it was. An art takes what it can master — and no more. Music was ready; the world was in a turmoil at just that moment, and the result was what we call 'Beethoven.' Mozart was his dawn, Schumann and the other Romanticists his mysterious and beautiful twilight. He himself represents at once the spirit of revolution, that inevitable curiosity which such a period always excites, and that speculative philosophy which tries to piece together the meaning of new things. The world was full of flame; battle thunder-

ed only a few miles from Vienna; the spirit of equality and fraternity was hovering in the air. Beethoven's piercing vision compassed all this. He sounded the triumph of the soul of man, as in the great theme at the close of the Ninth Symphony; he took the simplest of common tunes and made it glorious, as at the end of the *Waldstein* Sonata; his imagination ranged at will over men struggling at death-grapple, over the gods looking down sardonically on the spectacle. He was the great protagonist of democracy, but he was also a great constructive mind; he never destroyed anything in music for which he did not have a better substitute to offer, and there is hardly a note in his mature compositions that is not fixed in nature.

This great force having spent itself, the art turns away and starts in another direction — as it must. The lyric symphony of Schubert appears. His was the most perfect song that ever asked for expression by the orchestra. With small intellectual power, with but scanty education of any sort, Schubert, by the very depth of his instinct, creates such pure beauty as to make intellectualism seem almost pedantic. He strings together melody after melody in 'profuse, unmeditated art.' He was a pendant to Beethoven, and often enough in listening to Schubert's music we catch the echo of his great contemporary.

Then comes the so-called 'Romantic School' of Schumann, with its tender, personal qualities, its glamour, its roseate hues. Like all other romantic utterance, it had a certain strangeness, a certain detachment from reality, and a certain waywardness which gives it a bitter-sweet flavor of its own. Like all other romantic utterance, too, it was impatient and refused to wait the too slow turning of the clock's hands; it is the music of youth and of hope. Its

effect on the development of the symphony was slight, for it was ill at ease in the large spaces of symphonic form, its hues were too changing, its moods too shifting to answer the needs of the symphony.

No really great symphonic composer appears between Schubert and Brahms, but during that period the rich idiom of the romantic school had become assimilated as a part of the language of music. Brahms, using something of this romantic idiom, but having a broad feeling for construction, and being firmly grounded on that one stable element of style, counterpoint, produced four symphonies worthy of standing alongside the best. They are restrained in style, for Brahms has something of that impersonality which is needed in music as much as in other forms of art (and one may say in passing that the greatest of all composers, Bach, is the most impersonal).

The flexibility of the language of music increased rapidly during the nineteenth century, aided by Wagner and the Romanticists, and in Brahms the symphony becomes less didactic and more introspective. I may, perhaps, make the comparison between music like his and that later stage of the English novel wherein the author desires the action to appear solely as the result of the psychology of his characters, and wherein, also, words are made to answer new demands and serve new purposes. Brahms could not have said what he did say had he been limited to the style of Mozart; nor could Meredith had he been limited to the style of Thackeray.

Brahms's symphonies, in consequence of the complicated nature of his style, are not easily apprehended by the casual listener. Let a confirmed lover of Longfellow, or even of Tennyson, take up for the first time 'Love in the Valley,' and he will have the same

experience. Every word will convey its usual meaning to him, but the exquisite beauty of Meredith's poem will elude him. He will go back to 'My Lost Youth' or to 'Blow, Bugles, Blow' for healing from his bruises. Any one of my readers who has access to Brahms's First Symphony should examine the passage which begins twenty measures before the *poco sostenuto* near the end of the first movement, if he wishes to understand something of Brahms's powers of recreating his material. Here is a melody of great beauty, which is derived from the opening phrase of the symphony, and which has a bass derived from the first theme of the first movement. As it originally appeared, it was full of stress, as though yearning for an impossible fulfillment. Here its destiny is at last attained, the law of its being fulfilled.

Contemporaneous with Brahms stands Tschaikovsky, to reveal how varied are the sources of musical expression. No two great men could be further apart than these — one an eclectic, calm, thoughtful, and impersonal, restraining his utterances in order to understate and be believed; the other pouring out the very last bitter drop of his unhappiness and dissatisfaction, entirely unmindful of a world that distrusts overstatement and has only a limited capacity for reaction from a colossal passion. Of Tschaikovsky's sincerity there is no doubt whatever. He so believed; life was to him what we hear it to be in his symphonies. But life is not like that; if it were, we should all have been destroyed long since by our own uncontrollable inner fires. And so, aside from any technical considerations, — and he contributed nothing of importance to the development of the symphony, — Tschaikovsky represents a phase of life rather than life itself.

Dvořák's *New World* symphony adds

a new and interesting element to symphonic evolution. Dvořák was, like Haydn and Burns, a son of the people, and the themes he employs in this symphony are essentially folk melodies; but where Haydn merely tells his simple story, with complete unconsciousness of its possible connection with life in general, Dvořák sees all his themes in their deeper significance and thereby creates from them a work of art. The *New World* symphony is a Saga retold.

A new phase in the development of the symphony appears in César Franck, whose musical lineage reaches back over the whole range of symphonic development and beyond. His spirit is mediæval. In his single symphony rhythm plays a lesser part, and one feels the music to be quite withdrawn from the vivid movement of life, and to live in a realm of its own. Franck was one of those rare spirits who remain untainted by the world; his symphony is a spiritual adventure. Other symphonies are full of the actions and reactions of the real world in which their composers lived. This action and reaction always depend for their expression in music on the play and interplay of rhythmic figures. Franck's symphony broods over the world of the spirit; his least successful themes are those based on action.

III

My object in writing all this about the forms and substance of the symphony, and in drawing comparisons between it and the novel or poetry, has not been to lead my readers to understand music through the other arts, for by *themselves* such comparisons are of small value. I have dwelt on these common characteristics of the arts because they exist, because they illuminate each other, and at the same time because they are too little considered. The only

way to understand music is to practice it, or, failing that, to hear it often under such conditions as will permit a certain opportunity for reflection. We are incapable of understanding symphonic music chiefly because we have so little practice in doing so; an occasional symphony concert is not enough. How shall this difficulty be overcome? There is a natural way out, and it consists in what is called chamber-music. A piece of chamber-music is a sort of domestic symphony. A string quartet, a piano-forte or violin sonata, a trio, quartette, quintette, and the like — are all little symphonies; the form is almost identical; the same devices of rhythm, melody, harmony, counterpoint, and so forth are employed. In chamber-music paucity of idea cannot be covered up by luxury of tone-color, or by grandiloquence of style; everything is exposed, so that only the greatest composers have written fine music in this form.

Now, if in every community there were groups of people who played chamber-music together, and if these would permit their friends to attend when they practice, the symphony would soon find plenty of intelligent listeners. Such rehearsals would give an opportunity to hear difficult passages played over and over again; there would be time for discussion, and, above all, for reflection. Every town and village should have a local chamber-music organization giving occasional informal concerts. Under these circumstances a sympathetic intimacy would soon be established between the performers and listeners and the music itself. The inevitable and indiscriminate pianoforte lesson is an obstacle to this much-desired arrangement. Some of our children should be taught the violin or the violoncello in preference to the pianoforte; then the family circle could hear sonatas for violin and pianoforte by Bach, Mozart,

Beethoven, or Brahms, and could accomplish what years of attendance at symphony concerts could not bring about.

Chamber-music has also the great advantage of being simple in detail; one can easily follow the four strands of melody in a string quartette, whereas the orchestra leaves one breathless and confused. The practice of chamber-music by amateurs would be one of the very best means of building up true musical taste. I cannot dwell too insistently on the fact that the majority of those people who do not care for such music would soon learn to care for it if they had opportunities to listen to it under such conditions as I have described. The argument proves itself, without the abundant evidence of individuals who have gone through the experience. Furthermore, by cultivating music in this way, we should gradually break down some of the social conditions which now operate against the art. If we all knew more about it and loved it for itself, we should give over our present worship of technique. We should put the performer where he belongs as an interpreter of a greater man's ideas. By our uncritical adulations we place him on far too high a pedestal.

I have spoken of certain social conditions which affect music unfavorably. There has always been a certain outcry against music because of its supposed emotionalism. The eye of cold intelligence, seeing the music-lover enthralled by a symphony, raises its lid in icy contempt for such a creature of feeling; the sociologist, observing musical performers, wonders why music seems to effect the appearance and the conduct of some of them so unfavorably. The pedagogue who has his correct educational formula which operates like an adding machine, and automatically turns out a certain number of mechanically edu-

cated children, each with a diploma clutched in a nervous hand, tolerates music because it makes a pleasant break in diploma-giving at graduation time, and because it pleases the parents. The business man leaves music to his wife and daughter and is willing to subscribe to a symphony orchestra provided he does not have to go to hear it play.

Now, if the sociologist would put himself in the place of the singer who, endowed by nature with a fine voice, is able, on account of a public indifferently educated in music, to gain applause and an undue sum of money, even though he has never achieved education of any sort whatever — if the sociologist would but think a little *about sociology*, he would perhaps finally understand that he himself is very likely at fault. For it is more than likely that he knows almost nothing about this art which is one of the greatest forces at his disposal. He is, perhaps, one of the large number of persons who make musical conditions what they are. Public performers are the victims, not the criminals. We must remember of old how disastrous has been the isolation of any class of workers from their fellows.

I have referred in this and the preceding article to certain unities in symphonic music — in its several elements of rhythm, melody, and harmony, and in the whole. I have said that every object is unified in itself, and that it is a part of a greater whole. In this sense a symphony is a living thing — every member of it has its own function, and contributes a necessary part to the whole. But is not this equally true if we carry the argument into life itself and say, 'Here is a thing of beauty created by man; it is a part of him, one of his star-gleams'? Why is it that this, so necessary to him in his thralldom, is disregarded by him, or used only as a plaything? Can his spirit hope for free-

dom if he depends on his mind only? Is there not something even dangerous to him in permitting these magic waves of sound to beat vainly against him? Is the satisfaction of material or intellectual achievement enough? Is there not a realm where he would breathe a purer air and be happier because he would be beyond all those unanswerable questions which forever cry a halt to his ambitions — a realm where his doubts would find the only possible answer?

Of course this brings us back to the old problem. Many men and women have allowed this beautiful thing to escape them — and are by just so much the poorer. In many cases it is impossible to regain the lost heritage; no intimate relation between life and music is possible, for the musical faculty has become atrophied. But the children! Every one of them might be and should be educated in music. Every one of them should be taught to sing beautiful songs, and should listen to music which they cannot perform. Let us stop sacrificing them to the old conventions of the 'music lesson.' Remembering the few who can perform music well, let us teach them to perform it and to love it; remembering the many who are cap-

able only of loving it, and of understanding it, let us set ourselves consciously to the task of so educating them that, when they are as old as we are, they will not be in our unfortunate condition of musical obtuseness. Moral idealism is not enough for the spirit of men and women, for, humanity being what it is, morality is bound to crystallize into dogma. The Puritans were moral in their own fashion, but they were as far away from what man's life ought to be, under the stars, and with the flowers blooming at his feet — as were the gay courtiers whom they despised.

Intellectual idealism is not sufficient, because it lacks sympathy. Idealism in buying and selling belongs to the millennium. We all need something that shall be entirely detached from life, and at the same time, wholly true to it. Our spirit needs some joyousness which objects, ideas, or possessions cannot give it. We *must* have a world beyond the one we know — a world not of jasper and diamonds, but of dreams and visions. It must be an illusion to our senses, a reality to our spirit. It must tell us the truth in terms we cannot understand, for it is not given to us to know in any other way.

APPRAISEMENT

BY ELIZABETH ASHE

To Margaret Reid the headlines of the evening paper had for a moment the effect of being yesterday's news, so clearly was the apprehension, the suspicion of the last months blazoned there in the two lines of clear type. That her husband had committed suicide seemed also a fact known before. Alan Reid had taken his life in a Philadelphia hotel, having been detected in the misappropriation of trust funds: the woman named in a note found upon his person was his secretary.

It was only when Margaret had ploughed through three columns of sordid detail that the storm held back by her desire to know, to know everything, broke over her. When she lifted her bowed head she was quiet, her bitterness hardened into strength.

There were many things to be done; but the first telegram she sent was to his mother, whom she loved. 'Expect me Friday.' It was brief, yet its very brevity would give support. This was Tuesday.

As the cab stopped, she looked eagerly up at the house; but it gave no sign.

Katie came to the door and took her bag.

'She's been waiting for you, Miss Margaret. But maybe' — Katie was looking at her with affectionate anxiety — 'you'll take your things off first; the heat has been awful.'

'Perhaps I had better go right up to her, Katie.'

Yet she stopped for a moment in the dim hall. Opposite was the parlor, the

abiding place of the orphaned furniture of various branches of the family and of incongruities reminiscent of the struggling Montana days. The ranch which Mrs. Reid had managed alone after her husband's death paid in eleven years sufficiently for her to bring Alan East among her people. Margaret, looking into the pleasant, jumbled room, had the choking realization that the house was unchanged, only — only something had died in it just as something had died in her. A mirror reflected her pale hair clinging damply about her forehead; the pale stern oval of her face; her tired eyes. Her black dress with its austere thin line of white at the throat softened nothing. 'I must n't break down,' she told herself, as she went up the stairs.

Her mother-in-law's door was half open.

'Is that you, Margaret?'

It was an old, thin voice, but with a note of heartening.

Margaret went in, seeing only the dark eyes that waited. She had come to give comfort, at least to give love; but she stood, unable to speak, her lips twitching in their effort for control.

Mrs. Reid held out her hand.

With the affectionately compelling gesture, the moan of Margaret's heart escaped.

'O mother, how could he! How could he do it!' And as she knelt quivering at his mother's chair the cry went up again. 'How could he do it, do everything, mother, in the cruelest way!'

She did not heed the tremor that went through his mother's body, which at her first words had braced itself to meet pain. She did not heed anything. She must pour out the choking bitterness at her feet. It was a flood that would not be stayed, even for mercy's sake.

'Sit down in that chair, Margaret, and then, then tell me — you must n't be afraid.'

She obeyed blindly. Her veil had fallen over her face. She removed the pins of her hat with shaking fingers.

'I hoped you would never have to know,' — she was trying to speak quietly. 'I think it began a year ago this summer. You remember I was away two months, nursing my father, and the heat in New York was very terrible. I knew it, but my father was dying. I thought he needed me more than Alan did. When I came home I felt there was something wrong. We had been so happy, mother!'

'Yes.'

'Oh, can't you understand — I could bear it if she had been just a little worthy of him, just a little lovely! I've met her. She forced herself upon me in Philadelphia. She's the sort that makes scenes, you know. She's — she's cheap. And he — evidently — liked to be with her. He wanted what she had to give him — the cheapness, mother. He chose it.' Her stern, sweet mouth trembled. 'You think I'm hard, but I was n't hard. I waited, not knowing, only fearing and dreading, but I waited. I thought if I went on loving him, — just being myself, his wife, — that he would find his way back to me. But I did n't know quite the depth of the sordidness, I did n't know the facts. Haven't you suspected anything?'

'I thought he seemed not — not quite like himself when he was here on my last birthday; but I did n't suspect.'

His mother's gaze was fixed on a small stuffed bird standing in a corner of her desk. Margaret became aware that the desk was littered with letters, with odds and ends, as though the contents of a drawer had been spilled out. She went on, her voice a little more even, a little harder.

'The funds he — stole belonged to three sisters, elderly women; they were quite dependent upon them. Of course now, they will not suffer. I've already put the house into the hands of an agent, and the furniture will go at auction — it's pretty good furniture. We picked it up, piece by piece. I shall soon be able to pay a good part of their money back. I'm not afraid of things. I can meet life as it comes — after a fashion. He was too cowardly to meet it — so he killed himself.' Her passion burst through her frozen speech. 'Don't you suppose that even after everything I would have helped him and stood by him, if only he had come to me? He was afraid even to come!'

She paused a moment. She must not break down, she must fight back the tears.

'He — left a letter,' — she did not see the eagerness in the waiting eyes, — 'asking me to "forgive him." I burned it. I've burned all his letters.'

'O Margaret!' It was the first time his mother had cried out.

'The less I keep, the easier it will be to forget! I've got to live.' Even to her own ears her voice grated harshly. She added, with more gentleness, 'It's the only way, mother.'

'Is it? I'm not sure, Margaret. I've been looking over things to-day, a lot of Alan's that I've never been able to part with. I'm a sentimental person, I suppose. I get attached to things.' She glanced with smiling tenderness at the stuffed bird. 'That was the least trouble to me of all the child's foundlings. It died, poor thing, in spite of coddling,

and he was so heart-broken. I had to have it stuffed to comfort him.' She laughed unsteadily. 'I've kept it — somehow.'

Margaret listened pitifully. She could be pitiful now that the force of her bitterness had spent itself. She was only terribly tired now.

'I have n't any pictures of him as a little boy or a baby,' his mother went on. It was as though talking created for her an illusion of happiness. 'We did n't have kodaks in Montana then, you know, and I wanted pictures of him. He was such a dear baby, Margaret — the dearest, I think, any woman ever had. I used to believe he understood that there was no time on a ranch for a baby, because he seemed so willing to help bring himself up. He was n't any real trouble at all, just a bit of happiness through all those hard years. And yet, I think he was the greatest joy after he grew up and went to college and wrote letters. I was reading one of them just before you came.'

Her hand had found several sheets open on the desk before her.

Through Margaret's fatigue, through the numbness of her heart, shot cruel pain. She had burned his letters, yet the familiar scrawl was more his self than he had been through the long months of her doubt; each character stabbed through to her love for him.

Her mother-in-law looked up. 'You know he always avoided the stereotyped forms of address or signatures. This just begins, "Mother! Am I a hero or a prig? The class are having a smoker and I'm not at it because of our scapegrace Cousin Ed. Aunt Amy wrote me tearfully, imploring me to 'do' something. And Ed is n't the sort to be 'done.' You've got to deal tactfully with Ed. So I mounted the water wagon and, like the good-natured cub he is, he climbed up beside me 'for company.' Every time I've had a

hunch he was going to climb down, I've shown an alarming disposition to do it first. And he won't let me. He's really very stern about it, you know. That's why I'm not at the smoker, — nor is Ed. He's at the drug-store, enjoying lemonade. I guess, maybe, I'm not a Hero. Ed's a nice ass, worth keeping that, of course; but I hate lemonade!"

'It was clever of him, was n't it? I must read you another, Margaret.' His mother's voice was not old now: there was life in it. There was life in her weak body as she leaned forward. 'He wrote this the year he spent in Montana just after leaving college. He was pretty much used up, dear boy. So he went out to the mines a few miles from our old ranch. He got a "job" as pit-boss. It was n't arduous work but rather "occupying" as he says.' She turned over the page.

' "We rise at 6.30 from our blankets. Breakfast is immediate. At 7.30 the whistle blows and I ascend into my cabin on the tippie top where the scales are. Then follows the day's routine: unlatching the cars, weighing the coal and keeping the screens clean. I like it, and I don't mind the town. You know the type, mother — a mile of sprawling unpainted ugliness, with an outlook from the tippie of woods and long ribbons of prairie roads that run away among the trees. It's mostly raw and crude but you can get fun out of it — if you dance. Last night we had a dance at our boarding house (two-roomed tar-papered shack); we danced to a fiddle sawed at by one Tom Wilson — mostly quadrilles. The school-ma'am jigged and the McLean sisters did a Highland schottische. I made a hit with the school-ma'am (ring on third finger left). She is n't pretty but she certainly can jig — only I wish she would second my wit more nimbly.

' "Besides the dancing, there's the church. It was built four years ago by

a little consumptive missionary from the East. We set it going again. It's an institutional church, I being the Institution mostly, though there's a basketball, a croquet set, and an ice-cream freezer too. I preach Sunday morning — no one else would. Don't laugh, mother, I don't preach anything much, just the Fear of the Lord. It was n't for nothing that I browsed among grandfather's Hell-and-Damnation sermons last summer. The old man must chuckle if he's where they let him chuckle. I'm also superintendent (*pro-tem*) of the Sunday School, forty little kids who were growing up without the slightest idea as to who made 'em. There is good in these people and promise of better for the next generation! In the fall I want to begin a night school for the miners — arithmetic and first aid to the injured, \$1 a week from each. My philanthropies are going to be self-supporting! Perhaps I can start a savings bank. It will steady them to save. And yet, mother, ice-cream freezers and banks don't strike at the roots of Sin (I follow grandfather's capitalization here). If environment, education, etc., make people good, whyfore the Unholy Rich? There's logic for you, and my experience in the settlement last winter supports it. To get character you've got to get religion — some kind of religion; and for the miners this is a personal God and a very personal Hell. It's a flabby age, ours, which would put the responsibility on society instead of on the individual. I may be a heathen (I feel like such a jolly one at times), but I'm a Presbyterian too."'

Mrs. Reid slowly folded the closely written sheets together.

'Alan was so much like his grandfather, Margaret. Only the righteousness he loved was n't quite as sober.' She smiled. 'We had so many talks, Alan and I. Sometimes after them I'd cry a little; not that — I had n't kept

my ideals — but in knocking about so I'd parted with most of my illusions — and he had them all because he was young and very fine and high. You began to know him just about that time. You remember what he was then? I think you once said you loved him for the things he loved. He was wonderful, then, Margaret. You remember, don't you?'

It touched Margaret, her clinging to the past.

'Yes,' she answered, gently, 'he was all you say, but —' She did not mean to snatch away the poor comfort, only bitterness stronger than her pity welled up again. 'Mother, what is the use of remembering what he was, when I know what he is?'

It was cruel, yet she said it.

His mother's dark eyes glowed out of the still pallor of her face.

'Past and present make One, for mothers, Margaret. They make One, I believe, for the Judge of all the earth. Is n't a life a whole? Was n't he Alan when he was just a baby — when he was a little boy — when he was a senior at college? Was n't he Alan when you wrote — I've kept the letter — that he made your days a shining happiness? Was he Alan only beginning with a year ago this summer, when you say "things started"? I'm his mother. It's the way of mothers to pardon. But I know what he has done. I read the paper Tuesday evening. I read every terrible accusing word. I not only read them, but something within me said they were true. And your brief telegram confirmed my certainty. I have n't denied, have I, one bit of his guilt? When you said he stole — did I say he did n't? When you called him cruel, cheap, sordid, a coward, — did I say he was n't that? I could n't say it, because it's true — the evidence has been before me, the stained rags of his honor. I have n't denied nor have I excused.

He had no excuse. No one is to be blamed. He was n't a "victim of society." You see, I'm old-fashioned, too. He's responsible for the sin of his own soul. I'm not hiding my eyes from the stains — only — I'm his mother. I've been his mother since before he was born. I see the stains but I see more clearly the white ground which they soil. I see the whole of him. And the whole of him was not cruel, the whole of him was n't disloyal, the whole of him was not a coward; the whole of him is Alan.'

The last words barely reached Margaret where she sat, her face hidden in her hands. She sat there through the still minutes, while the sun set thickly behind the trees across the street. She was not aware of the darkening room, or of the stifling heat, scarcely of his mother. She only knew that Alan had been given her to love.

But could she love him? To his mother the knowledge of his guilt had come so swiftly as to make it unreal. His mother's integrity of mind could accept the brutal facts in a newspaper while her heart believed in the dearness of his letters, in the talks that had voiced the longing of his high youth.

'I'm a heathen, but I'm a Presbyterian.' Margaret quivered as the words repeated themselves. The whimsical remark was so like him — not the person who had spelled foreboding and wretchedness, but like Alan. And it was true of him. From the first she had seen, though without understanding, the struggle between the Calvinistic sturdiness which would call this a 'flabby age' and the paganism hating 'lemonade.' And he was a pagan in his love of life, of all life. *Tristan* and a 'show' were, according to his mood, equally satisfying.

'But you are such an inveterately perfect lady,' he laughed at her once; and when she had replied hotly, 'And

what are you if not a patrician, Alan Reid?' he looked contrite. 'Guilty — but somehow I really *like* common people and their commonness. I guess I like about everything.'

She smiled, involuntarily, and with her suddenly cleared vision it came to her that Alan's secretary that hot, weary summer had not seemed to him cheap but human. And afterward, when the wrong was done, perhaps she had still seemed human; for he was not only a genial pagan but a Presbyterian, too.

And his voice was recovering for her other words — gay, thoughtful, tender; and not words only, but dear experiences. She recalled an afternoon during their engagement when they had walked out into the country — a soft, May afternoon — and Alan had talked as she lay looking up through apple-blossoms into a quivering blue sky. She had covered his eager hands.

'Why, Alan, you could n't be more dear than you are,' she had said to him.

'Oh, yes,' he answered, 'lots more.'

One night, the third anniversary of their marriage, — she remembered the gown worn to celebrate it, a blue and silver thing which Alan thought made moonshine of her, — he had thanked her for helping the dreams to come true.

Yet her own dreams had not been realized. She had wanted children because she loved them and because Alan loved them even more. Finally a child came, living only a few hours, and two years later another, stillborn. It was Alan who had told her, his face full of pity, and of strength for her taking, and he had loved her back to health.

Yet through the remembrance of his saving gentleness came words that would always ring in her ears: 'You had better not look, Mrs. Reid.' And she saw the room in the Philadelphia hotel and the still thing lying covered there. In the hot glare of her misery

she saw his disloyalty, his weakness; the idealism which in his youth fought to win had lost its vitality; it was there, but only as a mourner after the fact. Oh, it was true of him, the sin, she saw it — but — but — the gentleness, the sweet strength had been true of him too. And she wanted it, she turned to it as she had turned in that other hour of desolation when she knew that her baby was born dead. She was wanting, needing to love him now. She had wished to forget in order to live; but forgetting, forgetting the dearness, the joy, the very grief that had been Alan, forgetting was not living, it was death. She could deal with the sweet, the sorry truths only if she accepted them all. So should she live by loving.

And the love that swept back into her heart, as a warm quickening tide, was pain. There had been little pain these last few days, only bitterness. Now every quivering memory ached. Her heart was alive and loving him. And the whole of him, since even for love she could not part with her integrity, meant the stains too: it meant the present as well as the past. She faced the ugliness, realizing that though it might fade in time, yet it would be always there, disfiguring the whole that was his self. But she was accepting it since she could not take it away. She was bearing it for him, sharing it with him. That was all she could do for him now — just love him.

If she could only do more than that! All the dark months before he had become some one alien she had longed to stretch out her hands to him. If he were not dead, if he were living now, now when her heart was purged of fear,

of doubt, of resentment, now when she was just loving, why, together they would make the brave future. She knew they could do it, love would do it. If only his last act had not been final — if there could be a future — not to redeem the present but to complete it. As long as one lived, there could be no finality. But he was dead.

Out of her pain, her longing, went her cry to him. The name made no sound in the still room, but as its echo came back to her it was not a name. It was life itself — Alan's life in her love.

A slight stir caused her to look up. Katie had brought in a lamp and put it in the corner of the room. His mother had sunk back in her chair, utterly spent. Her eyes were fixed on Margaret's face. For the first time, she asked something. And Margaret could give.

'Mother!' She bent forward, laying reverent fingers upon the cold hands. 'I've been — remembering, too. Don't you think that if we love him, you and I, if we love him every day, that he will live, that he will go on living — very beautifully — in our love?' Her voice broke though she smiled through her tears. 'Past and present are only a part of a life, mother. There's the future, the long future to complete him. He will go on — with us, dear.'

She left her place. She could not bear the flame of joy she had kindled. She gathered the worn body against her breast, holding it as she might have held a child, as she might have held Alan. 'O mother!' In her voice, in her straining arms, was her yearning that never should be quite satisfied, and her tenderness.

VIOLA'S LOVERS

A STUDY IN THE NEW MORALITY

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL

I SOMETIMES think that our relations with our children, or our pets, are successful because we expect nothing in return. Yet, after all, the relations are reciprocal; and I have been thinking to-day of some of the things I have got from an old dog who has been in our family for years and years. I have learned several spiritual truths from her, and I have learned them more thoroughly, perhaps, because she never had the slightest idea that she was teaching me anything. Dogs, of course, show various characteristics — some are snobs, others take naturally to a low life, others again are aristocratic and reticent and self-controlled; but I have never known a dog yet that you could describe as exactly a moralist.

Viola came to us out of the primeval woods with an effect of apparitional beauty. Rather a poetic name for a dog, perhaps; but there was such a union of grace and timidity, such a charm of silken draperies and russet ruff and tail almost sweeping the ground, that we were irresistibly reminded of a Viola we had seen recently. It was as if the dog said mutely, 'What should I do in Illyria?'

She had evidently been through a terrible experience. A broken rope was around her neck; she was as gaunt as a wolf; her eyes were almost iridescent with terror, like the wonderful eyes of some hysteriacs.

Imprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes!

We did n't adopt Viola; she adopted us. She followed us to the tent where we were spending the summer, and there she stayed with us, to remain on guard when we were away, to welcome us on our return with such a show of abject gratitude. I don't think a male dog could have shown such a union of love and fear; her spirit had evidently been broken; it became our task to lure her confidence back again — and here began my own education. If I spoke with — well, decision to my wife, poor Viola slunk to the ground. She thought the tone was meant for her. I would never claim to be a model husband, but I did learn from Viola, theoretically at least, that one can have good manners even in the privacy of the family circle.

More rapidly than we could have expected, Viola's terrors left her, and she resumed the normal canine outlook on life, like humans I have known who have managed to counteract the false starts of their early childhood — obsessions regarding dark closets, snakes, or an avenging Deity.

I am not going to dwell on the intelligence Viola manifested after she had freed herself from fear. All dogs are wonderful, even when they are not intelligent. The most stupid dog I know mopes around the house and refuses to eat whenever his master is away, thus

evincing an emotional sensibility more valuable than the smartness of the most Frenchified of poodles that ever trod the vaudeville stage. Unlike a collie of my acquaintance, Viola did not keep the woodbox replenished; nor had she a vocabulary of several hundred words, like another collie that I know. Still, she had an aptitude to learn spelling. When it was inadvisable to take her out for a walk, we spelled the words, vainly trying to conceal the fact from her, as we would from a child; and often, to this day, people stop me on the road, and ask if I am the owner of the dog that knows how to spell.

What I want to dwell on is my own education rather than Viola's, and this began in earnest after we had moved to the real country, and lived in a little farmhouse without any farm. Viola was a lovely ornament to the dooryard; but it seemed a pity that there were no flocks or herds to evoke her ministering care. We did n't even keep chickens; we were ostensibly in the country to cultivate thoughts, — such as they were, — and while Viola might be said to inspire thoughts, they hardly gave her the necessary exercise. A collie should have a run of ten miles every day, and it was pathetic to see Viola lying in the dooryard, ears erect, eyes eager, watching, waiting, hoping for something to happen. I should not be surprised if her very eagerness attracted the thing she longed for.

Our next-door neighbor, a man fully as fond of dogs as myself, was early attracted to her. He had recently lost his own dog, and asked if he might borrow Viola to help him catch his chickens, and if she might accompany him on the long drive he took every day through the countryside. With perfect good will, and in utter innocence, I consented. Little did I dream, as they say in the novels, of what lay before me.

I had an idea that Viola would understand that she was merely loaned for these expeditions; that she would come back from them with undiminished loyalty, grateful to me for having given her a chance for exercise. But our friendly neighbor had a very taking way with dogs. Aside from the wonderful trips, which were enough to turn the head of any collie, he knew how to talk dog-language better than I did. He knew how to pinch a dog's ear in the most seductive manner. With him, doggishness was both an art and a science.

There was nothing lovelier than the sight of Viola rounding up the chickens, shepherding them into their houses, holding down a recalcitrant pullet with her paw, or bringing in her mouth a dowager hen to her foster-father. If I had the gift of a sculptor and wished to carve a personification of pride, I think I should depict Viola bringing in a chicken — her tail aloft, like a plume of triumph, her eyes shining, stepping over imaginary obstacles like a high-manège horse with an air of dignity that was really ludicrous. If an unlucky chicken got away from her, away she went across meadows, and over walls, her beautiful voice vibrating through the landscape, sometimes breaking to an octave higher in her excitement.

It was fun to see her scour ahead of the wagon when her new master took her out to help him pick up eggs. It was charming to see her come home sitting on the seat beside him, tired but still eager, looking to right and left, sniffing the air, learning all sorts of smell secrets which are closed forever to our supposedly superior human consciousness. Is it any wonder that it was necessary for me to go next door to get her, and that she followed me along the path with a certain droopy air that was hardly flattering?

There is not much in the literary life that would interest an outdoor dog. I felt somewhat like a dry-as-dust professor married to a young and attractive wife who is being taken to all the routs and parties throughout the neighborhood by a disgustingly youthful and handsome cavalier. I know nothing quite so shriveling to the soul as jealousy, nor anything so hard to fight against. I reasoned that Viola's expeditions were doing her good, that I ought to be grateful for them, and I repeated the antediluvian fallacy that my jealousy was only indicative of my love. Nothing that I could say to myself made any difference; and if I were in danger of forgetting how I felt, there were plenty of other persons to remind me.

'Well,' said the fishman, 'I guess you don't know whether that dog is yours or Lysander's!' And my most intimate friend remarked genially, 'If I had a dog, I'd want it to be *my* dog, or I would n't want to have any.'

It was bad enough to bear the sympathy of the community; it was worse to witness the triumph of my rival. Often, after I had brought home the drooping Viola, Lysander would follow after her. Instantly she revived like flowers in water. She smiled, she was even coquettish. They began a lengthy conversation I could not understand — little sounds from him, little grunts from her. If, by any chance, through a belated sense of duty, she happened to remain beside my chair, he surreptitiously snapped his fingers and made little sucking sounds that he fancied were inaudible, and then she sidled over to his chair.

If jealousy is an index of one's love, it is strange that, the more jealous I became of Lysander, the less I loved Viola. 'Well, *let* her stay with him,' I said to myself. 'I guess he won't object to having me pay the license.'

She did stay; she sometimes stayed all night; and few things in my life have been more humiliating than my visits to get her.

Lysander was glad to see me, oh, my, yes! He welcomed me with a crooked sardonic smile that I understood thoroughly. Viola knew just as well as he did why I had come, and pretended to take an interest in the wall-paper. As we walked home along the path, I scolded her, and she slunk to the ground and asked my pardon. Was there anything in her life that could make her conscious of any evil? Of course not. Without realizing it, I was exercising a sort of spiritual coercion over her. I was really condemning her for what was a true expression of collie life; but she accepted my suggestion of evil. I have often wondered since, how many persons in the human realm are suffering from a sense of sin as false as hers was. Of course, I did not philosophize the situation at the time. I simply felt disquietude when I was with her. This disquietude increased rapidly until I apparently disliked her; and I suppose that in my feeling for her there was actually an element of hate.

'Very well,' I said to myself in effect, 'there are better dogs in the world than ever were licensed. The next one I get, I'll keep for my very own.'

I had now reached my low spot — a centre of indifference; and if this were fiction, the reader might expect an ever-increasing objective crescendo from this point onward, culminating in a stirring climax. Possibly Viola would rescue me from a burning building, thus showing that she really loved me, after all. Unfortunately I am dealing with facts of a rather intangible nature. I have noticed that in life coffee and pistols for two are not called for so often as in literature. We pass the time of day with an acquaintance, discuss the play, and what not, little dreaming

that behind that smiling exterior a spiritual crisis may be taking place.

My crisis was rather interesting because it seemed almost physical. Not so much in the sub-conscious brain ganglia as in the sympathetic nerve-centres, the process was taking place — the reverse process of what had taken place during my period of jealousy. I could almost hear a spiritual clicking going on inside me, as if I were composed of children's blocks which had become disarranged and were being replaced in a symmetrical pattern. One by one, the filaments of possession were being broken — that sense which in its grossest terms is really a sort of fatuous pride. Say what we will, most of us feel that we deserve praise and tribute for having selected so attractive a wife, for having begotten such charming children. Having no longer any more of a proprietary interest in Viola than I had in the wild flowers, or the sea, or sky, I got a fresh eye on her. I could not help admiring her, and I could not help admiring her for herself alone. Having no longer any taint of possession, it was impossible for me to impose my will on her, so I adopted unconsciously the courtesy one shows to some one else's wife.

'Well, Viola,' I would say, 'do you want to come home to-night? You don't *have* to.'

She would look up and listen, cock her ears, consider the matter. Sometimes she would decide to stay with Lysander, and sometimes, strangely enough, she would decide to go home with me. If she came, she came happily, because she was exercising the prerogative of an independent creature. Her sense of sin or shame left her; and somehow we were all gainers, Lysander, Viola, and myself. He no longer snapped his fingers or made little sucking noises. These had been psychical reactions from my jealous emanations when

we were struggling for Viola's favor; but we were now united in doing what we could to make her happy; and our friendship, which had suffered previously, in this new office became confirmed. What expansive talks we had about her! How he rushed over to tell me the latest example of her wisdom or affection; and when one expects nothing from a dog, it is rather pleasant to feel suddenly, while struggling with a sentence, a damp delightful nose inside your hand.

Sometimes I fancy that Viola, in forming her friendship for Lysander, had a prevision; for the time came when we had to leave her, and in whose hands could it be better to leave her than Lysander's and his wife's?

Most dog stories end with the death of the dog, but I can assure the reader that Viola is still very much alive. Not agile any longer, she has become a privileged parlor guest, for the stairs are too much for her. Sometimes she even finds it impossible to bury a bone, and then she goes through the pantomime of burying it. She knows we know she has n't really done it. Her assumption of achievement is ludicrous. Who says dogs have n't a sense of humor?

She is beautiful as old ladies are beautiful. If she wore a lace stomacher, she would make a magnificent Rembrandt — rich browns, tawny gold, and, in the heart of the picture, the spirit of her personality as mellow and pervasive as a flame.

I don't see Viola often nowadays, but what I gained by renouncing a purely personal interest in her has extended itself somehow beyond what we know as the realm of time and space. This sounds rather esoteric, but what I mean is that I am very happy whenever I think of her, whether I am with her or not. I feel very near her though we are separated by a hundred miles; and I should not be surprised if, in the muf-

fled 'Woof! Woof!' of her dreams, she often lives again what I happen to be thinking of at the moment — wonderful runs with Teddy, the cocker spaniel, or the homeric combat with the wood-chuck beside Simon Brook.

As I sit thinking of Viola, there happens to come into my mind, by one of those odd associations that have so little logic in them, an apparently trivial incident that took place a day or so ago. A couple of little girls stopped me on Arlington Street, Boston, and asked the way to Marlboro Street. It chanced that I was going to Marlboro Street myself, and I offered to conduct them there, but they were walking in the leisurely way of children, taking in everything on the way, and I soon outstripped them. At the corner of Marlboro Street, however, I turned and waved to them to indicate that this was the street they wanted, and they waved back to show that they understood.

That was apparently the end of the incident; but two or three blocks up Marlboro Street, something impelled me to turn. The children had found the street, they were following safely, they were evidently watching me; for as soon as I turned, they waved again. As I went up the steps of the house where I had an appointment, I looked back for the third time. The children, now

become almost fairy-like figures, were still watching me. Up went their hands and up went mine, and across the long length of city street, we waved in greeting and farewell.

I don't know why the incident should have seemed to contain an element of real beauty. I was reminded of George E. Woodberry's poem in which a somewhat similar incident is celebrated. A boy, you remember, while playing, ran heedlessly into the poet, and the poem ends, —

It was only the clinging touch
Of a child in a city street;
It hath made the whole day sweet.

What struck me even more than the beauty of my adventure was the quality of permanence that it seemed to wear. In my under-consciousness, there was something immortal about it. Can it be possible that our casual relations, where love is, — our relations with children, or with strangers whom we shall never see again, or with the lower animals whose span of life is necessarily very limited, — can it be possible that these relations are less ephemeral than we think? Would it be too much to hope that the relation between Viola and myself is a small but permanent addition to the store of worthwhile things?

LLOYD GEORGE AND THE COUP D'ÉTAT

BY A BRITISH OBSERVER

I

THE fall of the Asquith Ministry and the accession of Mr. Lloyd George to supreme power is a momentous event in more senses than one. It expresses a phase of anxiety in regard to the war that is new, general, and very deeply felt. Neither Parliament nor the country, it is true, had any direct part in the crisis that led to the *bouleversement*. The disruption came from within the Cabinet, but it could not have succeeded had there not been both in Parliament and in the country a general sense of disquiet.

That disquiet was the inevitable consequence of the singular turn of events which followed on the intervention of Roumania in the war. The uninterrupted story of failure on the part of the Allies in 1915 had been followed in 1916 by an almost equally uninterrupted story of success. The German failure at Verdun, the Austrian failure in the Trentino, the Russian advance in Galicia, and the Anglo-French offensive on the Somme seemed together to give an absolute assurance of ultimate and even speedy victory. The Central Powers, to all appearance, were at last securely held. The Allies had overtaken them in equipment and more than overtaken them in man-power; the pressure of British sea-power was exercising an increasing influence upon the economic position of Germany, and all the evidence went to show that the temper of the enemy had been seriously lowered. The announcement that

Roumania, after trembling on the brink of war for nearly two years, had at last joined the Allies seemed to complete the hopefulness of the outlook. When Roumania comes in, said every one, the end will be in sight. And for a moment the forecast seemed assured of fulfillment. The advance into Transylvania apparently added a new and formidable threat to the Central Powers, and the retirement of Bulgaria from the struggle was anticipated, nowhere so strongly as in Roumania itself. But the promise was extraordinarily delusive. There is no doubt that Roumania intervened in a rather headlong fashion, on her own initiative, with her own strategic conceptions, and at a moment when the Germans, after checking the Russian advance in Galicia, were in a position to release men and material for the Roumanian theatre.

Hindenburg, who at this moment superseded Falkenhayn as head of the German General Staff, seized his opportunity with a masterly grip. He had always been the advocate of a policy of action in the East and of defense in the West, and with the German failure at Verdun he was given a free hand. He used it to crush the newcomer. Material, military, and political considerations alike sanctioned the stroke. The defeat of Roumania would make the Balkan position secure and strengthen Constantine's hand in Greece; it would revive the drooping prestige of German arms; it would threaten the Russian left and the position of Russia on the Black Sea, and it would give Ger-

many what she badly needed — new supplies of corn and oil. The stroke was brilliantly planned and brilliantly executed. It created a profound reaction in the mind of England, which had come to regard the tide of the war as having finally turned. At the same time, the renewal of the submarine campaign on a new and more menacing plan added to the public disquiet, and the general complaint that the government were slow to act gathered volume and impetus and prepared the way for Mr. Lloyd George's *coup*.

That that *coup* had been long contemplated is matter of common knowledge. In the early months of the war Mr. George, like all the statesmen and politicians, had been overshadowed by the prestige of Lord Kitchener; but with the 'shell' episode of May, 1915, he emerged into prominence as the active and bustling spirit of the struggle. His genius accommodated itself to a world in convulsion more readily than that of any of his colleagues. That world gave him the conditions of free action which appealed most to a mind imperious, wayward, empirical, impatient of tradition and restraint. During the four years preceding the war he had made politics in England a thrilling and unprecedented drama of action. The impetus of his genius, at once emotional, supple, and incalculable, had swept the Liberal chariot out of its traditional path across new and virgin territory. The old school, attached to their doctrines and their principles, watched the astonishing adventurer with admiration qualified by many disquiet; but the agility of the performer overcame all resistance. It was the very necromancy of politics.

But the disquiets continued, and there were plenty who saw party disruption approaching. Mr. George saw it more clearly than any one. He hated the restraints of party and his impa-

tient sciolism chafed under the dominance of theories, precedents, and tradition. His political heroes were the adventurers like Chamberlain, the rude invaders of the comfortable parlors of thought, not the Burkes and Gladstones who revered the past and saw society as an august growth of liberty, widening out from precedent to precedent, but always true to the spirit of its ancient root. His touch with historic Liberalism was casual and superficial, the product of his Welsh upbringing, of the hatred of a village boy brought up under the shadow of an agrarian tyranny, and of a Nonconformist resentment against the pretensions of a privileged Church. It was alien alike to the Whiggism of Burke and the modern conceptions of Liberalism of which Charles James Fox was the author and inspirer. It was equally remote from the doctrinairism of the Socialists. Anything like theory, in short, was the very east wind to his spirit of impulsive opportunism, and it was observed during the fiscal controversy that he was the least convinced and least convincing exponent among the Liberals of the free-trade position which rested upon a foundation of economic thought and upon principles rather than expedients. In a word, his conception of politics was revolutionary and empirical, and it was characteristic of him that the one historical period on which his mind dwelt was the French Revolution, particularly the years from 1793 to 1797.

Even before the war there had been much speculation about a new alignment of parties, the break-up of the old party system, and the emergence of a new National Party which was to be neither Tory nor Liberal, neither Socialist nor Monopolist, but a mixture of all interests, based on practical necessities and bargainings rather than upon principles, with 'business' as its watch-

word and activism as its driving wheel. Mr. George and Mr. Churchill were known to be coquetting with this idea, though it seemed only an academic exercise of adventurous and wayward minds.

But the war made the idea a practical possibility. I think there is no doubt that, almost from the beginning, Mr. George was seized with the notion of scrapping the old party system and creating out of the *débris* a new engine of political activity of which he would be the natural expression and director. The obstacle in the path was the Old Guard of the Liberal Party, of which Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Lord Haldane were the representative figures. They must be removed if the Liberal Party was to be thrown into the melting-pot and the way made clear for a new political dispensation. Given the purpose and a willingness to use any means to achieve it, the circumstances of the time made it relatively easy of accomplishment. Burke once said that to tax and be popular was as impossible as to love and be wise. Certainly, to govern in war-time and be popular is an achievement which is unthinkable in a democratic society. In the early stages of the war the agitations and alarms were too insistent for much internal conflict, and the Liberal government, by general consent, dealt with an unprecedented situation with great success.

But with the 'shell' episode and the conflict at the Admiralty between Lord Fisher and Mr. Churchill over the Dardanelles the signs of disruption appeared. Behind the apparent conflicts, the real conflict was becoming visible to the farsighted. It was a conflict between Mr. Asquith and Mr. George. In such a conflict waged in such an atmosphere of rumors, alarms, and passions, the odds were all in favor of the younger man. Mr. Asquith was

singularly detached and aloof from the popular mind. He neither used the press, nor placated it. He was the least demonstrative man who ever appealed to a democracy, and was not so much indifferent to the limelight as contemptuous of it. Mr. George, on the other hand, had an extraordinary popular genius, used the press with great skill, had an incomparable gift of *réclame*, and was always in the public eye and on the crest of every wave. He had already come into touch with Lord Northcliffe, and all the enormous engine which the press monopolist controlled began to work against the government. The government fell, but the end aimed at was not achieved. Mr. Asquith did not resign, but reconstructed his Cabinet on the basis of a coalition. In that Coalition he included representative men of all parties. He was dominated by the single idea of preserving the unity of the country in the face of the enemy, and the measure of his devotion to that idea may be gathered from the fact that he consented to exclude from his Cabinet his life-long friend Lord Haldane, on whom an attack of peculiar virulence and malevolence had been concentrated.

The meaning of that attack was not obscure. The historic Liberal Party rested, as has been said, upon a triumvirate consisting of Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Lord Haldane. If the party was to go, the triumvirate must be broken up, and Lord Haldane was chosen as the subject of attack because he was the most vulnerable. He had had intellectual sympathies with German philosophy and German methods in the past, and it was easy to travesty those sympathies and to organize a mob campaign against him on the ground that he was a pro-German. It was calculated that, if he fell, Sir Edward Grey, who was his most devoted friend, would go with

him. Mr. Asquith yielded to the clamor, and we know now that Sir Edward Grey wished to retire. Had he gone, Mr. Asquith could hardly have survived, and the object of the attack would have been accomplished at once. Sir Edward Grey, however, finally consented to continue in office and the Coalition started, apparently with every prospect of public approval.

But that prospect hardly survived a day. The new government was instantly subjected by the Northcliffe press to a ceaseless and reckless attack, directed now against this member of the Coalition, now against that, but always against those who were known to be Asquith men. Even the Conservatives, like Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law, did not escape, for they had committed the unforgivable offense of falling under the influence which the magnanimous and public-spirited attitude of Mr. Asquith exercised over his colleagues. Once the attack o'er-leaped itself. Lord Northcliffe measured swords with Lord Kitchener and came instantly to grief. But the campaign against the government within and without the House was not checked. As Mr. Duke, a responsible and respected member of the House of Commons, observed, every afternoon produced a new cabal and every other day a new crisis. No weapon was too gross to use against the government, no disaster too serious to be exploited for the same end, no position too delicate to be outraged for a placard and a headline. The trick of learning what the government intended to do in this direction or that, then raising a loud clamor for it, and, when it was accomplished, claiming a new victory over the 'wobblers,' was employed with astonishing unscrupulousness.

Mr. Asquith staggered on with his vast burden. His patience was unflinching; his determination to keep the gov-

ernment together survived every new assault. It has been said truly enough that he failed to deal with the press terrorism, and that, failing to deal with it, his fall was inevitable. But he knew that if he suppressed Lord Northcliffe he would have to face an open rupture with Mr. George, whose association with the great newspaper-owner was now notorious. Mr. Asquith would not face that rupture. He was convinced that it would be fatal and that it would lead to disruption in the country, to the growth of faction, the strengthening of all the anti-war influences, and fatal reactions on the solidarity, not only of the nation, but of the Allies. It was this fear, joined to his habitual scorn of the press, that through nearly eighteen months allowed his enemies an undisputed field of operations.

They had ample material for their task. The waging of war is always a gamble with the unknown, and even the most triumphant war is only a balance between great successes and great failures, in regard to which a just verdict cannot be delivered until the last shot has been fired. The possibilities of failure in the present war were on an unprecedented scale. The Allies were geographically separated; their interests were extraordinarily diverse; their forms of government ranged from autocracy to republicanism. No power was in the position, as in the case of the Central Empires, to impose its strategy and its will on its Allies. There were innumerable failures due to these causes, and all of them, no matter who was responsible, were visited on the government, or rather on that section of the government which stood by Mr. Asquith.

Take the case of Greece. The Allies have had throughout the war no more fatal stumbling-block than Constantine. The extent to which he has deflected the course of events cannot be

overestimated, and it is one of the unsolved mysteries of the war why he was treated with such amazing toleration. When the facts can be revealed, it will be found that it was not England which feared a republic in Greece; but it was Sir Edward Grey who bore all the odium attaching to the license allowed to Constantine. Mrs. Pankhurst's sandwich-women paraded Palace Yard daily with venomous attacks on the Foreign Minister, and we had the amazing spectacle of anti-government processions organized by that lady out of funds supplied by the Ministry of Munitions, and passing along the Embankment or Whitehall to the salutations of Mr. Lloyd George.

But these powerful undercurrents were overborne by the events of the spring and summer. Mr. Asquith seemed to bear a charmed life. His dominion over the House of Commons remained unchallenged; and the confidence of the country, especially of the working classes, in his plain undemonstrative character survived the daily avalanche of vituperation. After each crisis he was found standing erect and triumphant. It is true that he was always yielding ground that the Liberals revered, as on the conscription issue, but he yielded it so obviously only at the challenge of political or military necessity, that he carried with him the main body of Liberal and Labor opinion. With the apparent success of the attack on the Somme it seemed that at last the government had passed into relatively calm waters. The death of Lord Kitchener had opened the way for Mr. George to the War Secretaryship, and it was felt that in this new office his energies would find a sufficient field for their exercise. But it soon became apparent that all was not well and that a new storm was brewing. And, significantly enough, at this moment it was found

necessary to commandeer the National Liberal Club for war purposes. This action created a profound sensation. The National Liberal Club was unlike any other institution in London. It was not so much a club as the central ganglion of the Liberal Party in the whole country. Its fall seemed like the shutting up of the power-house of the great organization which had been the active force in the making of modern England.

Then, with the tragic reverse of fortune in Roumania, — which, according to formula, was duly attributed to Sir Edward (now Viscount) Grey and Mr. Asquith, — and the concern at the new submarine menace, the storm burst. It would be absurd to suggest that there were no grounds of honest complaint and even alarm. The machinery for conducting the war was still lacking in rapidity; there were delays in arriving at decisions, conflicts between this minister and that, this department and that. All this, shouted in headlines and on placards, and directed against the Prime Minister and his Liberal colleagues, prepared the way for the *coup*. It came with startling suddenness. On Friday, December 1, there was a meeting between Mr. George, Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Northcliffe, and one other newspaper proprietor, at which it was decided that the moment to strike had come. Mr. Bonar Law's position in the affair was equivocal. He did not want the government to fall, but he is a timid man, overawed by Sir Edward Carson, who was always able to threaten him with the withdrawal of Conservative support to his remaining in the Coalition, and he took the plunge as the easiest way out of an impossible situation.

The decision once made, events were developed with Mr. George's characteristic intrepidity. The point of

attack chosen was the War Council, its constitution and its powers. Again, obsessed with the idea of unity, Mr. Asquith made large concessions to his colleagues, and the interview on Sunday between the two ended, on the part of the Prime Minister, in the conviction that an accommodation had been reached. But when he opened the *Times* on Monday morning Mr. Asquith saw a construction put upon the agreement which shocked him and made him realize that no settlement had been reached. The *Times* was obviously inspired; it indicated that the Prime Minister had been practically obliterated. Mr. Asquith drew Mr. George's attention to the *Times* leader and pointed out that its contents showed it to be inspired. Mr. George replied that he had not seen the leader, and disclaimed any authority over Lord Northcliffe. That (Monday) afternoon in the House of Commons a question was addressed to Mr. Asquith about the 'Food Dictator.' Mr. Asquith said he knew of no such title. Then he paused and added, 'I do not like the word dictator.' The action, the pause, the words, startled the House. Mr. Asquith is such a master of precise meanings that the significance of the remark could not be misunderstood. It was felt that the end had come. Within an hour Mr. George had resigned. Mr. Bonar Law and his Conservative colleagues met and agreed that they must resign, too. That night Mr. Asquith placed his resignation in the hands of the King.

The *coup* was perfectly timed. The reaction from the confident hopes of the summer and early autumn had reached its lowest ebb with the spectacular advance of Mackensen in Roumania. The general public did not realize that that adventure was a forlorn hope, a desperate attempt to create by a dazzling triumph a favorable

atmosphere for an offer of peace. In high places that offer had been expected, and the manner of its reception had been the subject of discussion and sharp controversy in governing circles for some time. But the general public did not know this and could not know. Had they known, there could have been no crisis. Had the *coup* been delayed a week there would have been no *coup*, for within a week the whole sky had changed. Within a week Germany had asked for peace negotiations. Within a week the world knew that the patient, far-sighted policy which Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey had pursued in the face of an infamous campaign of misrepresentation and artificial pessimism had come within sight of victory. Mr. Lloyd George had snatched the helm from his captain at the last moment when that achievement was possible.

Perhaps the severest comment on that achievement was made by the *Spectator*, which throughout the war has ably represented the sanest and most responsible judgment of the nation. It took the form of a quotation, and the art of quotation was never used with more effect. The passage quoted by the editor in addressing Mr. George was the following extract from Lincoln's famous letter to General Hooker: —

I have placed you at the head of the Army. Of course, I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not an indispensable, quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during your predecessor's command, you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother-officer.

I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the Army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course, it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those who gain successes

can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is success, and I will risk the dictatorship.

I much fear that the spirit, which you have aided to infuse into the Army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

The *Spectator* added no comment, and none was needed, for every word of that immortal letter rang like a word of unanswerable judgment.

II

The request of the King to Mr. Bonar Law to form a ministry was, of course, only a formality. He was the leader of the Conservative Party, but he did not command a majority of the House; and in the absence of the support of his late Liberal colleagues he wisely declined to invite the fate of the government that had fallen. The crisis had been the work of Mr. George and Lord Northcliffe, and the fruits of the victory must go to them. Mr. George promptly accepted the King's invitation, and formed a ministry on a plan unknown to the Constitution and out of materials of an extraordinarily disparate kind. It included none of his Liberal colleagues in the late Cabinet. Only one of them (Mr. Herbert Samuel) was asked to serve, and he preferred to follow Mr. Asquith into opposition, to exercise, not a hostile, but a friendly criticism of the new government. But some of the minor offices were distributed among unofficial Liberals. In the same way the sanction of Labor was secured by large promises of reform, the creation of a Ministry of Labor, a pledge as to the representation of Labor at the Peace Conference, and an increase of ministerial appoint-

ments for Labor members. The Labor Party vote on the question of the acceptance of office was so close as to spell the disruption of the organization. The war had severely tried its unity, and the acceptance of Mr. George's bid made its dissolution inevitable. The disruption of the Liberal Party was less complete. The party organization, the Liberal press, and the main body in the House remained with Mr. Asquith and his colleagues, but there was a sufficient withdrawal to mean future weakness.

Meanwhile Mr. George's idea of smashing the party system and constructing out of the *débris*, not a coalition, but a National ministry — non-political, with a strong 'business' element and with an entirely empirical attitude to affairs — had the inevitable effect of enormously rehabilitating the party to which he had been opposed and of which he had been the most dreaded enemy. His Liberal and Labor supporters were only camp-followers. The business men he brought in — Lord Rhondda, Lord Devonport, Sir Albert Stanley — are mere departmental heads and will have no influence on policy. The appointments of Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, Principal of Sheffield University, to the Board of Education, and of Mr. R. E. Prothero to the Board of Agriculture are excellent selections, but they have no relation to the larger issues of the war or of government. For all practical purposes the new government is a Conservative government presided over by a Radical. All the commanding positions are held by Conservatives. Mr. George's colleagues in the War Council are Lord Milner, Lord Curzon, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Henderson. The last-named, it is true, is a Labor representative, but it is no disrespect to him to say that he is not a serious balancing force against his colleagues. Sir Edward Carson is

the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Derby the War Secretary, Mr. Balfour (whose exclusion from the old War Council was one of Mr. George's main points in the crisis) the Foreign Secretary, and Lord Robert Cecil the Minister of Blockade. No other positions mattered, and it will be seen that, apart from Mr. Henderson and Mr. George himself, the Conservatives hold all the keys of power. The continuance in office of Mr. Balfour and Lord Robert Cecil furnishes the mystery of the combination. They had fought hard to keep the Coalition together, they had been notoriously Asquith men; they had been bitterly attacked by the Northcliffe press. The announcement that they were in the new government brought out the Press King against them.

HOW TO LOSE THE WAR

MR. BALFOUR AND LORD ROBERT CECIL

were the headlines of the *Daily Mail*, and we seemed, even before the new government was well formed, to be threatened with a revival of all the old savageries. Then the campaign ceased as suddenly as it had begun. What had happened? By what miracle had the muzzle been put on that loud and vulgar mouth?

But it is the appointment of Lord Milner which most clearly indicates the character of the new government. There has been no more ominous figure in British public life in this generation than this able and solitary man. Born in Germany, of mixed German and English ancestry; bred in Germany, with close German affiliations, he came to England and created a considerable reputation at Oxford. Hard, unteachable, indoctrinated with the Prussian conception of Imperialism, his career has been a record of tragic failures. He has the Prussian passion for intellectual freedom, allied to the Prussian

hatred for political freedom—its scorn of the humanities and its love of the machine and the iron hand. South Africa has been said to be the grave of reputations, but the political tomb of Lord Milner towers there over all the rest. Every forecast he made was false, every act of policy he initiated prolonged and embittered the war; the scheme for introducing Chinese labor into the mines ended in a violent repudiation by the conscience of the whole world; his attempt to overwhelm the native population with an inundation of English settlers ended in a costly failure. When the war was over he was the bitterest foe in the House of Lords of Campbell-Bannerman's policy of reconciliation and self-government—a policy that was destined to have a miraculous justification. In the great internal struggle that began with the Budget of 1909 he was among the most extreme of the 'wild men' in the Lords, and it was he who uttered the mandate to that body to throw out the Budget and 'damn the consequences.' No reputation seemed to be more finally extinguished; but he represented all the extreme elements of reaction, was the idol of the *Morning Post* and the Northcliffe press; and his selection as one of the two chief lieutenants of Mr. George is the most startling indication of the true meaning of the *coup* and the direction of Mr. George's mind.

The third figure in the triumvirate (for Mr. Law is to be only an occasional member of the War Cabinet, doing 'sentry duty at the door,' as Mr. George said, and Mr. Henderson is little more than a lay figure) is not less eloquent of the character of the new Administration. Lord Curzon is a man of great capacity and industry, but he is an Imperialist of the most autocratic type, and his vicerealty in India, in spite of much capable paternalism, reduced the dependency to a state bordering on

rebellion. The partition of Bengal was an act of unprecedented provocation, conceived in the spirit of what Charles James Fox called 'that devil's maxim of government'—*Divide et impera*. It was only by the repudiation of that policy that Lord Morley and Lord Hardinge restored the confidence of India in the good faith of British rule. Yet Lord Curzon's Imperialism is less morbid and doctrinaire than that of Lord Milner. It is informed by the English rather than the Prussian spirit, is not inaccessible to ideas, or entirely without the note of humanity.

But even more significant than the *personnel* of the new Cabinet is the daring departure which Mr. George has made in its relation to Parliament and the machine of government. He has not only concentrated the executive power in the hands of the triumvirate: he has divorced the triumvirate alike from Parliament and the administrative departments. None of The Three is responsible for the conduct of any great administrative office. M. Briand has reformed his War Cabinet in France and has diminished its numbers, but the members of it still represent the chief departments of the State. In the new British War Cabinet, on the other hand, neither the War Minister, nor the Foreign Minister, nor the First Lord of the Admiralty has a seat, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has only an occasional seat. They will be invited to be present when their opinion is wanted, but apparently they will have no part in formulating policy. Yet that policy must necessarily conform to the needs, interests, aims, and capacities of the various departments, considered not in isolation, but collectively as parts of one instrument of power. No doubt there were delays and conflicts in the past, owing to the rival demands and necessities of the various departments. Those delays

and conflicts irritated the impatient spirit of Mr. George. He has sought to obliterate them by separating the Executive from the departments, and the departments from themselves, but it remains to be seen whether he has not obliterated a wholesome symptom of trouble rather than the trouble itself. The clash of the departmental interests will remain; what will disappear is their effective expression, their power of coördinating themselves for a common purpose by mutual hammering, discussion, and agreement.

Mr. George's idea of a war cabinet is a court which shall call witnesses and issue edicts without regard to this department or that. The Cabinet is not a cabinet at all in the constitutional sense. It is a directorate. It will work in isolation from the machine. The chief engineers will be outside the door, and they will not be expected to collaborate. They will work in water-tight compartments, although, as Mr. George jocularly observed in his speech in the House of Commons, they may qualify their separateness by 'a weekly dinner.' Not only are The Three divorced from the departments and the departments from themselves, but Parliament is divorced from both. None of the triumvirate will appear in the House of Commons, for Mr. George has intimated that all his time will be occupied with the War Cabinet. The sole means of intercourse between the Directorate and Parliament is Mr. Law, the in-and-out member of the Cabinet, who will lead in the House of Commons. Again one is compelled to leave Mr. Henderson out of the calculation. The heads of the departments, it is true, will still sit in Parliament and answer questions, but they will no longer speak with the authority of the Cabinet. They will appear as departmental officials working under the instructions of the Directorate, responsible for the

efficiency of their particular engine-rooms, but having no concern with the larger issues of government, or the correlation of the parts to the whole.

In these circumstances, it would seem that the influence of Parliament upon the Executive is completely paralyzed. That influence during the war has been sufficiently small, for the British Parliament has nothing comparable with the French system of Parliamentary commissions, before which the heads of the departments have to appear and explain details of policy which cannot be discussed in the open Chamber. But with the concentration of power in the hands of a directorate, with the reduction of the heads of departments to the status of work managers, and with the absenteeism of the only men who really matter, it would seem that Parliament as an instrument of government is obliterated. It is simply a discussion class.

There has been no such daring experiment in government in Great Britain since Cromwell set up his system of major-generals. It has arisen out of circumstances of unprecedented public anxiety, and at the inspiration of a politician of equally unprecedented audacity. But the great fact for democracy is that it could not have been made without the driving power of a press campaign of unbridled ferocity. Mr. Asquith has been dethroned and Mr. George reigns in his stead by virtue of the will of Lord Northcliffe. A throne occupied on such a tenure will not be a comfortable seat. As a war measure, Mr. George's experiment will be judged on its merits. As a political *tour de force* it will have its place in history. But the great currents of national life have not been diverted; and Parliament, the Constitution, and even the party system, will in due time assume their authority in the nation.

THE DELIVERANCE FROM WITTENBERG¹

THE JOURNAL OF PRIVATE HUTCHINSON, NO. 5475
FIRST BATTALION, MANCHESTER REGIMENT

I

BUT on the 25th of April I wanted to live. As I was sitting on my bed just eating my bread with a bit of salt to it, I had a letter from my wife begging for news from me and telling that she got news from the War Office on the 30th March telling her that I was a prison-

¹ Earlier portions of this journal were published in the February *Atlantic*. This portion, however, is complete in itself. — THE EDITORS.

er of war in Germany. I may say that it eased my mind a great deal to know she knew where I was. I was able to write back and tell her that I was all right, etc., as I was feeling a lot better then. The sun was beginning to have its effect on me. I used to be out of the room as much as possible when the sun was shining. On the 28th April I had an order for 2s. 6d., but I could not spend it at the time, as they would not give us the money. We had to put

down for some groceries, so I put down for 3 lbs. of sugar. 1 lb. of margarine, and 1 jar of syrup. I was about a month before I got them. On the 1st May, I had 34 packets of Woodbine cigarettes come from the Chums Association of my town [Worksop] which were a godsend to me. I had not had a smoke since I came out of hospital, but I was not long before I had one of them on the go. It was the first real smoke since I was captured, and I felt quite drunk after the first cigarette, and not only me but a few of the boys as well.

I was beginning to feel new life then. On the 7th of May we were allowed to send a post-card home for the first time since the failure of the 1st of January one. So I wrote home again asking my wife to send me a few things to eat, and not forgetting to mention a smoke. I did not build any high hopes this time of them going, as I had had enough of the other one, but I found out later that mine had got through. A few days later we were all removed into No. 8 compound, when I think some of the sentries went mad for the lust of killing some one. It was on the evening of the 20th of May that a Frenchman was going to hospital inside the wire enclosure, but not in the compound, and he stopped to talk to one of his comrades through the wires, and whilst talking he was shot through the back by one of the sentries not twenty yards away. There the poor fellow fell and died. No one was allowed to go out to his aid under penalty of being served the same, not for a long time after. Then the alarm went, and we had to get back to our rooms. Then there was some more shooting, so we had to keep low for a while. I saw seven carried by on tables and I heard afterward that three were dead and the remainder wounded, and that one of them was shot dead whilst just peeping through the room door. All those poor

fellows were shot for practically nothing. No reason whatsoever.

The next day they had us all fall in at the bottom of the compounds. They then turned the guns towards us, and had a lot of soldiers lining the ditches around the camp, just the same as if they were going to attack the camp and kill the lot of us. After they had had us like that for about half an hour, the whistle blew, and I may say there was a race for the rooms then. I do not know what their idea was, but if it were to let us see what they could do in case anything went wrong in camp, there was no need for that demonstration, as nothing ever happened to show the slightest cause whilst I was in that camp. And I was there from the 26th December, 1914, to the time of leaving for Switzerland on the 25th May, 1916. Of course there were small offenses, for which the offenders were punished by being tied up to the posts in the hot sun, and the ropes were drawn so tight the poor fellow could scarcely breathe and some of them would go blue in the face. Any punishment that they could think of was not bad enough for them to inflict on a man, such as making them stand on their toes with their hand on their hips for an hour or more, and some balanced on their toes with knees bent and a piece of wood to represent a rifle held out at arm's length. If there is any one who reads this and cannot imagine what it is like, just try it for an hour with an empty stomach. And they were not allowed any soup. Then the Germans would laugh and jeer at them. In all my experience, they are the cruelest race of people I ever came across. I thank God to-day that I am an Englishman.

About the end of May I received a post-card from Holland, telling me that my wife was making inquiries through some firm there (I forget the name and

place) to see if they could get news of me and if I were allowed to write. So my flag fell again, as I thought they could not have sent the last card, so I did not know what to do. I know I hated the Germans more than ever, for it is a cruel thing to be kept in suspense for such a long time. But imagine my joy on the 10th June when I received a post-card from my wife telling me that she had received my card dated 7th May and that she sent a box of foodstuff off on the 27th, the same day she got my card. I felt like forgiving the Germans all they had done to me, so I was left wondering if I would get the box, and what a feed I should have when it came. I could not sleep many a night for thinking about it, and so on the 28th June the welcome box came, not only one but two. The one from my wife and the other from her dear mother, who I am proud to say has been the best friend to my wife and children and also myself in our time of anxiety and trouble.

Well, I was not long in having the boxes open to see the good things inside, and when I saw the currant loaves, I had a good fill. It was a wonder that I did not make myself bad, for I ate a whole two-pound loaf and some cheese straight off, as I felt as if I could not leave it alone. Then I had a good smoke. After that I felt very comfortable, more than ever since I was taken out of the trenches. I was happy for a week. We were now allowed to write a post-card every Saturday, so with that I was able to keep in communication with home and that was worth a lot to me, as we had been practically cut off from the world without any news at all. About the 10th of July I had another parcel, and to my surprise it was a large fruit-cake. I should think it were about eight pounds, and one of the finest cakes that ever came into that camp, and I had the great pleasure of having

two of them from my own town, Work-sop; but I do not even know now who sent them. But I hope to have the pleasure of thanking them when I get home again. Then I went another month without receiving any more. But the parcels began to come in pretty frequent by then, as the people in England began to get to know where their boys were. I had another post-card from my wife, telling me that she was sending me a parcel of food every week. But I never got a lot of them. I went almost two months without receiving one of her weekly parcels, so I wrote and told her not to send any more, as I were not getting them. Then the very next week they started coming and they came very regular. I only missed three, after sending the card, up to the time of my coming away, as she would insist on sending me one whether I got them or not.

I had four parcels from Lady Beauclerk's Fund, but they stopped for about three months. After that I received five more from her, and I also had five from the Lancashire Regiments war funds, also a complete outfit of clothing from them, which I was wanting very badly, as my old khaki was getting the worse for wear. Some of the tinned stuff would reach us in a very bad state. The Germans would stab with their bayonets tins of syrup, milk, salmon, and corned beef. Anything that would go bad or waste they would stab; even the tea, sugar, coffee, cocoa, soap, and tobacco would be all mixed up together, and then the milk and syrup would run out of the tins where they had stabbed them, and all over the remainder of the stuff. But after a few complaints the parcels would come intact, which went to show that the damaged ones we used to get had been damaged wilfully.

July passed without anything of importance to my knowledge. About the

11th August we had a severe shock. I will endeavor to tell the story as best I can. I was laid on my bed about 8 p.m. when one of the boys shouted across to me and asked me if I knew what the light was which were shining on the other side of the room. I looked across, but could only see the electric light shining through the window from outside, so I told him that it was only the lamp from outside. Then he said, 'Not that one; have a look through the window.' So I did. Then I saw what he meant, for I could see a big red glare over the other side of the camp. I told him there must be a big fire and then I ran outside to get a better view of it. When I got to the end of the bungalow I shouted for them to come and have a look, but I had no sooner shouted when *bang!* went a terrific report which shook the whole camp. There were six steps to go up into our room. I do not know how I got on to the top one, but that was where I found myself. Then I turned round to have a look at what damage it had done, but all I could see was a lot of men running as fast as they could. Some were shouting, 'The d—d Germans are blowing the camp up!' Then I saw one man dressed in white fall down, and then there were about twenty more fell over him. I could not help but laugh, although my heart was beating a great deal faster than its normal state; and whilst they were down another bang went off which made them shout worse than ever. There were English, French, Russians, and Belgians all on top of one another. Then I went outside, and there I saw a lot of men crawling underneath the bungalows out of harm's way. But I thought they would be well away if the bungalows were to fall on top of them, as the reports shook a great deal and a great many of the windows went with the first report.

When I went back into my room, I

could not help laughing when I saw the Russians bowing and making signs across their bodies. Some were right underneath their mattresses, and some with a blanket over their heads, and some hiding behind the table-top, where I had put it along the door to keep the draught off me in the night, as I slept against the door. We then heard that the ammunition factory had blown up.

II

Shortly after the explosion the Germans came back into the camp again, as the typhus had practically disappeared. But we could have very well done without them, as we had had enough of them when they were in before and we did not want the knocking about we had from them. When they came in, they were just as wild as ever. We hardly dared look round but one of them would be snarling at us. Then they started to send two Germans through the rooms, one with a dog and the other with a rifle and fixed bayonet. And, instead of keeping the dog close to him, he would allow it the whole length of the leash, so as to give it plenty of room to spring on the man nearest to it, which happened very often and the men's clothes were torn by them. They would sometimes pounce into the room, which was practically dark with the exception of one stable lamp to light the whole room up. We would be talking amongst ourselves under this lamp, and not notice them till they were on us; then the dog would bark and spring at the one nearest to it, when there would be a scamper to the sides of the room. They would then have a good laugh at us. Sometimes the dog would break loose and several men were severely bit by them. I remember one corporal who used to come round with a dog. He used to threaten to strike us because we would not stand

to attention while he passed through the room, swelling his chest as if he was the Kaiser himself. But we soon got his little swank stopped, as one of our sergeants reported him to the captain of our compound.

After the Germans had been back a few weeks, we were marched once a week to the bath-house and we would take everything belonging to us. While we were having our bath our clothes and blankets would be fumigated, which operation would last about twenty minutes after we got inside the bath. There would be from 40 to 50 go in at a time. The worst part about it was the waiting outside in the cold and sometimes in the rain. I have seen the time when we have had to wait from 8 A.M. to 11 A.M. before we could get the bath; and it once happened that after waiting from 8 A.M. till soup-time, then we had to go back and come again after soup. There was one German who would come and strike us chaps who had only got one good hand, because we could not dress and undress as quick as the other men. He was a regular terror for striking us. But by good chance an American reporter came along, and don't forget, we told him everything: the only decent man that ever came into camp that we could tell our troubles to, and he listened to us with a good will. When he was talking to one of our fellows the German staff officers came close up to him, to listen to what they were talking about, but he soon asked them to stand back, which they did with a few black looks. The camp commandant was in a fine rage that day.

I am glad to say that the reporter's coming did a lot of good for us, as things began to improve after the reports had been circulated as regards clothing and striking; but the soup was something horrible. The Russians, who were practically starving, could not

drink it. Many a time it used to be carried to the latrine and emptied down there. Even their own pigs sometimes refused to eat it. I had from good authority that three pigs died and that they were cleaned and sent to the cook-house to be boiled up for the camp. So we got the hint not to have any soup for two or three days.

A short time after the reporter had been, a captain of the R.A.M.C. was struck by a German; and if they will strike a captain-doctor what would they not do to us? But after that there was very little striking. It was more like the good old English style—take his name and get punished accordingly. I am pleased to say that I was never punished in that way for misbehavior, as I had had enough punishment at the beginning for being an Englishman. But I once had a very narrow escape. Early one morning a German sergeant came to rouse us out of bed. He had a shambok in his hand, so he made a rush at a couple of our men, when of course a laugh went round, and a young chap who was lying next to me (Enoch Brook) had a laugh like a donkey bellying. When he let go, the German thought that it was me making fun at him, so he took my name. But I was very lucky and did not hear anything more about it, for I did not want tying up to the post: I had seen enough of the other poor fellows.

Early in September they came round asking what trade we were used to in England. I told him that I was a butcher. We had heard a whiff that they wanted some men for the mines. I am also used to working in a mine, but I did not tell them so. So a lot of miners changed their trade to hawkers, chimney-sweeps, clerks, and beer-testers. They came for the butchers first. I did not have to go on account of my hand being useless. They were not long before they had a lot of men going out

to work on farms and in factories. After they had sent a lot of men away, they made our compound into a convalescent place and moved all that were fit into other compounds, and all those that were unfit into ours, and then every nationality were put in their own rooms, which was a lot better for us. So we used to pass the time away walking about till we were tired, and then went in and had a game of cards which were made out of cigarette packets until we got some from England.

On Saturday nights we used to have a concert in our room and the boys from the other rooms used to come and spend a pleasant night once a week. We had violins, and very good ones they were. They were made out of the parcel-boxes, and if they had been varnished, you could not tell if they had been bought out of a shop or not, they were made so perfect both in shape and the splendid music they could get out of them. These were made by some of the Russians. I never saw such a handy lot of men; they could make anything. Before I left camp, we could get anything from a button to an aeroplane, of course toy ones, all made by these Russians.

As time went on things began to be a bit pleasanter for us, as the Germans were getting quite tame. They began to see what the English were like and that they could not make them down-hearted, as we were always either singing or whistling. And when we got some clothes and boots, we all would turn out with polished boots and buttons. It was quite common to see some of us as clean and as smart as if they were walking out with their best girl in England. I am sure it impressed the Germans. We all looked a lot smarter and cleaner than the Germans outside. We looked haggard and worn, but I dare say some of them wished they

were in our place. We would sometimes pull their legs. About six of us would get together and pretend that we could see an aeroplane; and after they had been straining their necks for a while, looking for something that was not there, we would have a good laugh at them and shout 'Englander.' There were all sizes and shapes, boys and old men. I remember one old man with a gray beard who could hardly walk, as he was ruptured very bad, but he had to do his sentry-go just the same as the young ones. When we used to go and draw the parcels, about 30 or 40 men carrying 4 and 5 parcels a man, they would start teasing the sentries, and saying to them, 'England kaput, nix packets,' at the same time dangling the parcels they were carrying in front of them. Then the sentries would say, 'England nix kaput, plenty packets.' But I began to think at times that my packets were 'kaput,' as I went a long time without getting any. I had five from the end of October to Christmas eve. But I did not go short, as the boys who were getting a lot used to give me some of theirs.

On Christmas eve we all were very busy. A very great difference from the Christmas eve before, unpacking our parcels and putting the good things into a box we kept on purpose to put on the shelf. The other chaps had got all their stuff on the shelf. Then I asked one of them to lift mine on for me, but he had no sooner put it on when the shelf broke in the middle and the whole lot came down with a crash. Of course they all blamed my box, as it had been practically empty for a long time. I would not have minded, only I could not find my tobacco after we had cleared all up again. I had to fall back on the boys for a smoke. We then had a few songs and a game of cards, with English ones this time, as we were getting all sorts of little games out from

home by then. Then we all got down to sleep and dream of the plum puddings we were going to enjoy the next day.

Christmas day. We were all up in good time the next morning and wished one another a merry Christmas, and I may say that we enjoyed ourselves immensely. Some of the boys managed to get a drop of rum, and of course that livened things up a bit. My friend Lew invited me to have my dinner with them in their room. And we had a grand feast, almost just the same as if we were at home. We had cardboard plates and plenty of food to put on them this time: tinned tongue, beef, sausages, and steaming-hot plum puddings, finished off in style with chocolates, nuts, dried fruits, cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco. Then we had a few good old Christmas carols. Every one of us was a lot happier than we were the Christmas day before, when we were starving and hungry on our way to Wittenberg. The boys that had got the rum were in a merry mood. I thought they would never stop singing. But I am pleased to say that everything passed off very well.

At last the day came to an end, and every one of us stood up and sang 'Britannia rules the waves,' and finished with 'God Save the King.' Then to bed we went, after the best day we had had since we were taken prisoners. I may say that it was the best day I had in Germany, except one, and that was the day I left, for that one beat them all. On New Year eve we had another good feast, and we sang the good old carols with a better heart than we did the year before, as we had some good old English packing inside us, instead of the German wind and water.

III

New Year, 1916, brought us better prospects than the old year did, but not

without its disappointments. Some of us were inspected by a German doctor to be exchanged for England. Some of us passed, I for one. But as time went on and we heard nothing more about it, we gave it up as a bad job. About six or seven weeks later, an order came that those men that had passed the doctor before were to go to hospital to be examined again, so our hearts began to flutter. But not for long this time, as we were inspected by the Iron Cross hero this time, the one that came padded up when the typhus was on the go. He only passed one man out of thirty, and that poor fellow is still in Germany. They would not even let him come to Switzerland with us. This man, Private Davis of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, after being passed for England, was sent to work. He was one of a party of thirty men who were sent out to work. We called them 'the crippled working gang,' as some of them had bad legs, some with bad arms, and one man with one eye. They looked more like being exchanged for England than going out to work. The Germans wanted them to work on Sundays, but they had not been used to it, so they refused. They were then sent back to Wittenberg and put in a punishment compound (No. 3 compound). They had to do all fatigues in camp and they were not allowed to receive their parcels and letters from home, but they were allowed to write. They had been like that a long time before I came away. They (the Germans) have sent better men to Switzerland than several of this unlucky working party.

A few weeks later news came that there was going to be an inspection of the sick and wounded to go to Switzerland. So every one of us had our worst look or limp on that day. After the inspection we all were on tenter-hooks wondering how we had got on. First one and then the other would be asking,

'What did he say to you?' 'Do you think he passed any?' and then would say, 'I hope I have passed.' But none of us knew, so of course we were unsettled for a week or two, expecting to hear who had passed and who had not. But nothing came, so we stopped packing of our bits of things, as we hardly dared look at our bags, but some one would shout, 'When are you going?' or 'What train are you going to catch?'

Just as we had given it up again, we had another inspection, but the same thing happened again; then another, and so on until we had ten inspections altogether before they let us go. We had been disappointed so many times that we thought they were pulling our legs, so we lost all faith in them and fell into our normal state of camp-life again, at the same time wishing them far enough. We were getting books from England now. I used to pass many a day away reading. I have read more books whilst in that camp than I read in all my life before. When I could get hold of one of Nat Gould's I was happy, as there were always a lot of excitement in them.

The Germans had now begun to let us make little fires in the compound to boil water for our tea and warm some of our tinned meat up. Before then it was very difficult to make anything, because if you had a fire, once upon a time, a lump of lead would come whizzing past your head; but they got very kind and had a boiler brought in the compound, so we used to buy hot water from the Russians at two pfennigs a bowl full. Sometimes we would get it boiling and other times nearly cold. Then it used to spoil our tea and there would be a bit of arguing with the Russian; but it was all useless talk, as he would not know what we said to him, and we were just as wise when he talked to us, so we had to make the best of a bad job. We used to get issued a raw

herring twice a week, but I could not go mine raw. A good many of them could, especially the Russians. They would go mad for them and they did not waste any either, for they would eat the head and inside as well and then look round for the heads that our fellows threw away. But of course they were starving and not getting any packets the same as we were, so there is an excuse for them. I know I would have done the same before our parcels started coming. I am sure a cat, never mind a raw herring, would have been very acceptable at one time; but there were neither to be had at that time for me to see what they were like. I used to give my herring and also the German bread, when I had some English bread, to a Russian, and he used to wash all my clothes and mend them for me, as I was very bad at washing clothes with one good hand. But I have managed to wash them many a time and then get a chum to wring them out for me.

We used the tin biscuit boxes for a cooking range. We cut a hole in one side, just large enough for our can to rest on the edge. The boys would be very busy from 7 to 8 A.M., 11 A.M. to 1 P.M., cooking their food and making tea. We used to have tea or cocoa to every meal. Some of the boys that had no fire would hang round until there was one finished with. It used to be the old cry, 'After you with the fire, mate,' just the same as when we were smoking a cigarette in the hard times — 'Anybody after you, mate?' Our fuel would consist of the boxes our food used to come in. Sometimes we could buy a box from the canteen for half a mark, when we had run short of our own wood. Camp-life was getting up to perfection now, as the Germans were more friendly towards us, and being able to cook our own food made everything a lot easier to bear. About the middle of April we had wooden beds come in our

room. Some of the camp had them before us, as they all were made in the camp by some of the prisoners and they were issued out as they finished them, so we were able to sleep off the floor for the first time and able to keep our blankets a lot cleaner, as they used to get very dirty with always being on the floor. Being more comfortable than we had been for a long time, we forgot all about the inspections for Switzerland. I settled down to my reading and wondering how much longer the war was going to last, and how long I had to remain behind the barbed wire.

IV

On the afternoon of the 24th May, I lay on my bed reading. I was just finishing a book called *The Black Tulip* when I heard a German sergeant calling my name. I had been so interested in my book that I did not take any notice of him before, but when I heard my own name shouted, I was all ears then, and I was not long in making inquiries to see what he wanted. I will never forget the joy I felt when he told me to fall in, as I was going to Switzerland, so I never finished the last few lines of the book. I was so excited I forgot all about the Black Tulip. After we all had fell in, he gave us instructions as to what we were to take with us, such as correspondence, as we would be searched at Konstanz, and if they found anything about us, we would be sent back to Wittenberg again. Then he told us to pack our things up at once, as we had to go into No. 6 compound until the next day. We were not long in getting ready, and after bidding goodbye to our chums we were marched to No. 6 compound.

I did not sleep very much that night as I was so excited and longing for the next day to come. We all were up in good time the next morning, the 25th.

After breakfast the Germans came to search our kit, but we took good care not to have anything that would be likely to stop us from going. After they had finished searching us and packed our things up again, we were fell in and then marched to the guard-room, where they had some wagons ready to take us to the station. When we had got nicely settled down in the wagons, we set off to the town station. My old chum Lew was the driver, so I was able to have a chat with him on our way, and waving our hands and shouting to the boys who were watching us off. At last we arrived at the station, wondering if we would be put in trucks for our journey. I would not have minded what they put us in, as long as I knew that I was leaving the country; that was the only thing that troubled me. We were told off to second-class carriages and we made ourselves comfortable for the long ride, which turned out to be thirty-six hours.

We left Wittenberg at ten past twelve mid-day. We began to feel a lot safer when the train got on the move, for I did not feel safe until then; I had been disappointed so many times I could not trust them. We had a pleasant journey right up to Konstanz. We stopped twice for food, which was the best I ever had from them. At one station they brought us mashed potatoes, cutlets and coffee, which I may say were very good. I thought at the time, what a vast difference to what I had when I went to Germany. The feeds were just as opposite as the journeys; a bad welcome and a good send-off. We arrived at Konstanz twelve midnight, the 26th, and there was a great many people up to see the English prisoners arrive. As we were being marched to the barracks, some of the people greeted us with a few jeers, but I did not mind that as I was used to their ways. There is an excuse for them as they do not

know any better. When we arrived at the barracks, we were told off to rooms. There were ten of us in one little room and I slept between clean sheets for the first time for nearly two years. I may say I made good use of the bed whilst I was at Konstanz as it had a spring mattress. I never thought they would be so kind as to let us sleep on such good beds. About 10 A.M., the 27th, we were inspected by a German doctor, then we were set on the wondering system again, as we did not know who had passed and who had not. When I went in front of the doctor, he asked me if I were a volunteer. I said, 'No, I am a reservist.' 'How many years have you been a soldier?' I told him 18 years. 'Och! You have been a soldier a long time, but you finish now.' So with that he let me go.

Sunday, the 28th, we felt not very bright, as we heard that a great many had failed; but we did not know who, so we passed the day away walking about, watching the German soldiers do the goose-step and the changing of the guard. Monday, the 29th, was, I am pleased to say, my last day in Germany. About twelve midday we were paraded on the barrack square and inspected by a German general. After the inspection a German sergeant had a lot of labels with numbers on, and as he called the names of those that had passed the doctor, he gave each man a label with his number on. There were some heart palpitations on the go whilst he shouted them out. I know mine beat very fast until I heard him call my name, and I took good care to answer it the first time for fear he would not call it a second time. I was taking no risk. I felt very sorry for the men that had to go back, as I can imagine what a great disappointment it was for them. I know I would rather have died than been sent back. After he had finished calling the names, he told us,

who had been lucky, to get tickets. We would be going to Switzerland at 6 P.M., and those poor fellows that were not called, had to fall in at 3 P.M. to go back to Germany again. Then I went back to my room and packed my things, longing for six o'clock to come.

At 3 P.M. the unlucky party (about 120) fell in, and I must say they went back with a better heart than I should have done. Their hearts might have been sad at the disappointment, but they all had a shout for us and a merry smile on their faces, and waving their arms to us as they marched out of the barracks. We then had tea, but I wanted nothing to eat, as I was too overjoyed at the thought of leaving Germany, for food. At 6 o'clock we fell in and were marched to the station with a few more jeers from the people. I did not mind that, as I thought my turn would come soon. We arrived at the station about 7 P.M., lined up along the platform, and then were told off to our carriages, 1st class (Swiss trains). We made ourselves nice and comfortable then, wishing that the train would be quick and start before the Germans changed their minds, for I could not trust them even to the last minute.

At 8.40 P.M. the engine gave a whistle. I think the engine wanted to be out of it as well as we did, for it gave a jump and had a good speed on in no time. When it started, we all gave a good cheer and entered on the very best journey I ever had in all my life, one that I will never forget. We could see the sentries on the frontier, and before the tail end of our train had crossed the border we had a good old English flag and a Swiss one in our carriage. They were held up to the window on a long stick and we were the lucky ones to get them as we flew by.

I can safely say that we had one of the finest receptions into Switzerland as anything we'd wish to have. Right

from the very edge of the frontier to our destination [Château d'Oex], I have never cheered so much before in my life. For five days after the journey I could hardly speak at all, as I had cheered myself hoarse. Flowers, chocolate, newspapers, cigarettes were coming through the windows as we were traveling along, and when we stopped at any station we was practically bombarded with flowers and every comfort we could think of. I have never seen such kindness before. We fairly trimmed the train up with flowers, inside and out as well. Our first stop for lunch was at Berne. The station was swarmed with people who had stayed up all night to see us come through; it was a struggle to get to the restaurant where we had lunch. It is only a few yards across the platform, but I had my arms full of good things. 'Oh, *do* take this and this' — they kept on piling them up. Some of them were putting things into my pockets before I got back to the carriage. I got back into the train looking more like Father Xmas just going on his visiting rounds. Some one was that anxious to give me something, they gave me an inkwell full of ink. Of course when I put my hand in my pocket I felt it wet, and when I looked at my hand, it had changed color.

Then there was a dear old lady who asked me if I wanted any clothes sent on. I thanked her very much for her kind offer and told her that I had plenty, as I did not like to impose on her generosity. 'Oh, but you must let me send you something! I am English, you know, and I love the Tommies.' So, after a bit of thinking what I required most, I said, 'If you are so kind as to insist on sending me something, you might send me a razor as I am wanting a shave very bad.' 'Oh, I shall be so pleased to send you one! Is there anything else I can do for you? Are you married? Do let me send a few lines to

your wife; I know she will be pleased to know that you are in Switzerland and in good hands.' So I gave her my wife's address as well as mine, and the dear old lady kept her promise, as I had not been at Château d'Oex long before a splendid safety-razor came, for which I shall always thank her.

Then we set off again with cheer after cheer ringing through the station. At every small station and level crossing there was a lot of people gathered together to get just a glimpse of us as we passed by, and we gave them all a cheer. Our next stop was Lausanne. We only stayed there a few minutes; some nurses brought us milk and coffee, then we were bombarded again with flowers and comforts of every kind. The trouble was, we hardly knew where to put the good things as we had got so many; then, after a few more cheers and 'It's a long way to Tipperary,' we set off again to Montrémy.

When we got there we had to change trains, so we collected our presents and some of the flowers, as it was impossible to carry them all, and marched to the Hotel Suisse where we had breakfast, and we had a grand spread there. Everybody was wanting to talk to us all at once. After we had our breakfast we had a look round the hotel, which is a very fine place. Then we had tickets given to us for our journey up the mountains to Château d'Oex by electric trams. After we had had our photographs taken about a dozen times and a lot of cheering, we set off to our heaven of rest. After the pleasantest journey I ever had in all my life, we arrived in Château d'Oex feeling very tired and hoarse with shouting so much. Here the band was playing and everybody dressed in their best watching to welcome us all to this little Heaven on earth. We had lunch in the station-yard amongst a forest of flowers and flags. Every one wanted to give us a bit

of something. After we had finished lunch, which was the 3rd meal in about 12 hours' journey, we were told off to our hotels. As we walked down the streets some of the people threw flowers on us out of the bedroom windows. Almost all the windows had a flag flying, some stretched right across the street. The boy scouts carried our kit-bags.

At last our journey was ended. We

arrived at the Hotel Berthod and were told off to our rooms. My room was No. 59. I was surprised when I went in, to see such a lot of furniture and a nice clean white bed, all for one tired man. I was not long in settling down. I had a good bath. After tea I tested the bed, which was very soft and comfortable. I then said my prayer and thanked God and all the good people for the deliverance from Hell to Heaven.

THE LIEUTENANT'S STORY.¹ III

BY LIEUTENANT R. N. OF THE FRENCH ARMY

March 29. Hill 181, in reserve. Shelters deep underground. From the northern crest of this hill can be seen the whole system of trenches, both French and German, in the basin of Perthes. I posted myself with my field-glass between two bare bushes; a maze of white lines, much twisted and tangled; from time to time rise blackish clouds. The ruins of Perthes become every day more mournful. I was driven from my post by shells.

Every hour, exactly and methodically, two batteries fire their twelve shells. Fore-warned, fore-armed. When the moment is past, there is nothing more to fear for one hour. Unfortunately, one of the lieutenants was killed by a shell that was so very unmindful of precedent as to seek him in his dug-out.

I had the honor to be shaved under fire. The barber of the company was

busy relieving me of a two days' growth of beard when shells began to fall not far from us. 'Go on!' I cried; and though my barber's hand shook, he cut off neither my nose nor my ears.

I have discovered a stove with some stovepipe. The infirmary didn't want it, and simply threw it away, so I had it set up in my dug-out, where the air is decidedly chilly. With the pine boughs from the woods round about, which my orderly stuffs in, it keeps me warm and enables me to make some good chocolate.

It is cold. To-night we shall have to go to the first line to take planks and wire. But what a good cup of tea I shall have when I come back!

March 30. Last night a blizzard came down upon us. It was doubtless due to the violent displacement of air caused by the terrible bombardment that never for a moment ceases. I came in late — about three o'clock. We had to do a lot of trotting about; the communication trenches took up the snow,

¹ Translated from the manuscript diary by Miss Katharine Babbitt. Other installments of this diary appeared in the January and February *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

and were beginning to be muddy again. Oh, this abominable Champagne mud!

To-day we were bombarded even more than usual. Several men imprudently went to walk in full view of the enemy. Naturally shells came after them, so now the men are forbidden to go out of the shelters. I slept all the morning in front of my snoring little stove. Played cards this evening. I feel as if I were rapidly sinking to the level of the brute. For variety we go to the trenches to-night.

March 31. Our last days in Champagne. It seems we are to be laid off to recuperate and will change sectors afterward. One would say that before we go the authorities want us to become profoundly familiar with the landscape of this desolate region. We are in the second line, and before us stretches the panorama of all the trenches we have held, beginning with Hill 181. The weather is clear. The snow did not last. We can see the woods, stripped bare by shells, as well as the whole labyrinth of trenches and communications; then the ruins of the stricken village of Perthes. With my glass I can make out the first trench I occupied. I recognize it from certain little details, but we have gone a long way ahead since then, more than a kilometre.

Day comparatively calm. Nothing to do except be ready to sustain a possible attack. We sleep, read, or play cards. The Boches are still bombarding Perthes and Hill 181. The big 'marmites' send up into the night splendid luminous volcanoes, or else burst above the trenches in clouds that whirl off down the wind. The curious thing is that you see the explosion long before you hear it, and the hiss of the bomb sounds directly overhead at the very moment when it is bursting in the distance. I had to explain this phenomenon to my men, whose knowledge of acoustics is not very extended.

I have just witnessed a magnificent and terrible sight — a German attack in close formation crushed in less time than it takes to tell it. To the east, in the direction of Beauséjour, was an intense bombardment; then through my glass I could see gray masses emerge, gesticulating and densely crowded together. This attack was caught between two curtains of fire. The raging 75's hurled a curtain of fire in front of them, keeping them from advancing, and one behind them that made it impossible for them to get back to their trenches. They were wiped out to the very last man. There was a mad dance in the air, of scattered limbs, mingled with clouds of dirt and smoke. The incredible part of it is that nothing was left on the ground, or next to nothing. It was as if the bodies of those men had been volatilized and made one with the air. We were transfixed with horror and filled with rapturous hope. May the fight in the open be not delayed! Our 75's will quickly give us victory.

Holy Thursday. Our aviators are floating gracefully about in the twilight — a twilight divinely calm. It is Holy Week. The strains of the great Johann Sebastian and of *Parsifal* keep running through my head.

Orders have come. We are to be relieved this evening. We are going to recuperate and then, they say, to Alsace. I shall be so happy to have a chance to fight on the soil we have won back. This is our last day in Champagne. I am leaving without regret this desolate desert where I have known difficult hours and a few splendid moments. The thing that tried me most sorely was this mole-like existence, I who am always longing for large action and open and intense fighting with an enemy who is before your eyes.

The Boches have been bombarding rather violently. That is to be expected since this is Holy Thursday. But, in

spite of everything, there has been something religious in the calm of the elements these latter days. Nature is at her devotions. This evening is superb. Shells are bursting in great numbers, and the little church of Perthes totters as if it were about to fall. Through the loopholes comes the mew of spent bullets, but these noises disturb but little the heavenly serenity of the twilight. Larks are singing, full-throated, a sublime pæan of life and joy. In the distance lie the dead, and the frightful mangled corpse of the village of Perthes.

[For a month the Lieutenant's diary records marches and more or less prolonged sojourns in various cantonments in the region of the Meuse: a calm existence, without many events of interest. At the beginning of May, however, he was sent back to the front near Artois, on the eve of the great offensive.]

May 4. Once more we take up the life of war. We have been back in the trenches since last night. We had nearly lost the wont of shot and shell, although we are managing to keep up a good face. But how different this is from Champagne! Here it is comfortable, almost to the point of luxury, and the sector is as calm as calm — only a few isolated cannon-shots now and then, just to let each other know we are here.

Two false alarms last night. A soldier thinks he hears suspicious noises, gets excited, and fires like mad. The panic goes churning down the line and raises a regular hurricane in its trail.

In making the rounds, I went over the whole ground occupied by the company. From time to time a flash from my electric lamp showed me the way through the deserted communication trenches. Every one was at his post.

The enemy could come on if he wished. To tell the truth, not a single shell was sent our way. The Boches have never been less troublesome.

To-day it is raining, and I regret to see that the soil of Artois gets muddy easily, too. Having nothing else to do, I asked an officer of the engineering corps for permission to go into the mine. He consented most willingly, and went down with me into the gallery. It is solidly built, and supported by heavy planks, for the crumbling earth might easily stop up this narrow space. I had to crawl on all fours a long time before reaching the end, where the listening post was. Two men were on duty there, standing with their ears close to the wall, in the yellowish light of a single candle. We were under the German trench.

On listening carefully I made out a faint murmur of voices, very indistinct and muffled. I should not have objected to overhearing the conversation of those men, who were in all likelihood to die before many days were spent. The large explosion chamber of the mine is to be stuffed with cheddite, and, at the given moment, an electric spark will send that trench and its inhabitants on a journey through the air. It was n't at all pleasant down in that hole. The air was stifling, and I was glad enough, after another long crawl, to find myself in the open again, if the trench may be called the open.

In order to guard against gas-bombs we have been given horrible, nightmarish masks, goggles set in a kind of pig jowl or snout made of rubber and containing a solution of ammonia. They make one look like a wild animal, and as soon as I got mine I put it on for the benefit of my *poilus*. They nearly laughed themselves into fits.

But life in general is calm, too calm even. I am reading *Anna Karénina*, which came by mail yesterday, and

smoking endless pipes. The men make lots of aluminum rings. As soon as a shell lands they start out to look for the fuse, of which they fashion very artistic little rings. My soldiers have given me several. I am on most friendly terms with them all. At odd times I have bought them little extras in the way of wine or sweets, and then I manage things so that they get their letters before any of the other sections. The letters come toward midnight, with the fatigue who brings rations. I am always on hand, and along with my own correspondence, I take that of my men. It is the one great joy of the day, so why should it be deferred? To be sure, it is because I am so keen on letters myself that I like the men to share my pleasure. And if they have no light, they have permission to come to my dug-out, which is always lighted. They insist on my taking some of all their good things — candies, cigarettes, or what not — when a package comes. But I can find a way to even things up. I think I have my men well in hand. I shall be able to do some good work with them when the time comes.

May 5. At noon returned to the first line. After that the day was eventful. It was decided, by way of preparation for future offensives, to furnish the attacking sections with red and white pennons, which were to serve as signals to the artillery, and mark the first French lines. By this means the artillery will not risk peppering its compatriots in the course of an advance. To-day the order came to raise the pennons over our first lines, so that our artillery can get the range of the enemy's positions. At two o'clock therefore they were hoisted. The astonishment of the Boches was promptly made manifest by a whirlwind of bullets, which converted these common bits of cloth into glorious trophies. Then our artillery turned loose. It was our duty to

observe the range and rectify it by telephone. One by one, with mathematical precision, big shells lighted on the German positions. There must be a formidable number of batteries, for without a moment's pause or cessation shells poured on the Boche trench for three full hours.

Meanwhile, very naturally, our friends across the way began to get peevish and sent off a few blasts of little 77's, which afforded great satisfaction to the makers of rings. One could hear them coming very distinctly: first, the six reports of the battery, then a hiss, then a detonation, not very terrifying. I was in the middle of the trench with my eye glued to a periscope. Several shells landed near; one fell on a decaying corpse in the midst of the wire, spreading about for several minutes the horrible heavy odor that reminded me of the night we buried the dead in Champagne. Another stupid shell chose to fall in the passage that led to my dug-out. The bags of sand were tumbled all about, and it took more than half an hour's work before I could get into my quarters. My things were not at all damaged. And yet at one moment the shells rained thick and fast; two or three fell on the parapet, blowing to bits several loopholes. The machine-gunners who were playing cards near their gun shut their dug-out with a tent-sheet. It is a thing I have often noticed; it proves that, after all, man is not so different from the ostrich. One has the illusion of being secure behind the most flimsy barrier, if only it keeps out the sight of the danger — a hedge, a plank, a tent-sheet. It is an insult to reason, but never mind. Brute instinct knows no reason.

So the sector that on our arrival seemed asleep has had a rude awakening. Everything points to a coming offensive. I certainly hope we shall have a share in it.

May 6. Night calm. The Boches seemed non-existent. Our artillery quieted down. I was wakeful notwithstanding. The responsibility is too great. It is raining hard. There is water in the bottom of the trench, and it is impossible to move without taking a disagreeable foot-bath. The aviators, however, give sign of great activity. Since morning we have had the joy of watching several reconnaissances. The planes were hotly bombarded, but to no purpose.

Their flight must have been successful, for no sooner had they returned than our artillery set up a terrible spitting at the German trenches. It was not hurried, but was a slow, continuous, methodical fire which must have been very deadly. From the second line we sent off the little winged bombs, the *choux-fleurs* whose acquaintance we made in Champagne. They leap up, not very high, then hesitate an instant before they swoop down upon the Boches, exploding with a muffled thud which makes the ground tremble clear to our trench, while a spout of black smoke rises and floats a long time. In all the sectors where I have been, the superiority of our artillery becomes every day more evident.

After dinner the question was telephoned: 'What are the special points the different section commanders would like to see battered by the artillery in case of a drive?' I asked for the collaboration of all my men. I had the corporals explain to them the signs by which they could recognize the machine-gun positions: better defenses; loopholes bigger; bags of sand more numerous and more carefully arranged. I took my glass and observed minutely all the points of the German trench. I went to the listening post, and with the help of a much-perfected field-glass periscope, which magnifies in addition to giving a view over the edge, I probed

the German position. At the end of more than an hour's work, utilizing the observations of my men, I was able to fix almost to a certainty the positions of four machine-guns. I marked on the plan of the trenches that had been given us the exact points to be hammered, and the document was sent along the hierarchical paths and in due time reached the artillery.

Then we indulged in a little distraction. As the rain had ceased, I went to two of my best marksmen and proposed a match. It is very amusing to try one's skill in shooting. The objective point is a Boche loophole, that is to say, a piece of steel plate. If the balls touch, one hears a metallic ring and the hum of the ricochet. I made a good score, but I placed only nine balls out of ten, and was beaten by P., who got in all ten. The prize was a package of cigarettes.

Everybody is in a good humor today. There is a great buzz of conversation. Some of the men are playing checkers, others cards. One man, who is the happy recipient of an accordion, is favoring us with popular tunes which everybody catches up in chorus. Really, it is very festive. This evening we go to the second line, in the shelters. Three of the four companies of our battalion are on the firing line, the fourth is in reserve. It is our turn now to be in reserve.

May 7. We are in marvelous shelters, where we laugh defiance to missiles of all sorts and kinds, even the 420's. Behind the second lines, galleries are sunk, to which large staircases give access. They are surrounded by a sort of ditch which serves as a yard, on which the entrances open. They are vast tunnels, 15 metres underground, made by the engineers; broad, comfortable, supported by huge beams, and furnished with plank floors. They are about thirty metres long, three metres

broad, and three metres high. There are beds of straw, bags for pillows, and candles for lighting — in every way comfortable. In the yard are supplies: grenades, wire, trench-shells, and casks of water. We officers have a special gallery with two compartments — a living-room and a sleeping-room. The former has a huge fireplace, a big table, several stools, and a superb lamp. The bedroom is less sumptuous: a large space covered with a thick bed of straw, where we shall sleep soundly.

There has been unusual activity along the front these two days. Staff officers keep coming and going. Men have been carrying to the first lines quantities of hand-grenades, wire, and ladders. Aeroplanes are circling busily through the air. The artillery sounds like an orchestra tuning its instruments before the symphony. Important events are in the air.

Evening. It's coming! The grand offensive is to be launched over a wide area. In the whole of Flanders the attempt is to be made to pierce the Boche front. We are going to try to get out of these accursed trenches and fight superbly, face to face.

About five o'clock, just as we were sitting down at table, I was called to the commandant. My colleagues had also been summoned and we received our orders. To-morrow, at an hour not yet indicated, the regiment is to attack in concert with those of the nine army corps that are massed in this region. It is the grand offensive, victory perhaps. We are to go forward and jump over four enemy trenches, previously battered by the artillery, not stopping until we reach a ravine that can be seen through the glass 800 metres from our first line. We pore over the maps, and each of us makes sure of his exact goal. My company is to march at the head in deployed line and lead the drive. The commandant then shook hands

with each of us in turn, and told us that he counted on every man to do his duty.

I went back to my soldiers to issue the command to get ready. Each man was to have 200 cartridges, six grenades, and three days' rations, and was to carry his blanket slung crosswise over his shoulder. But while I was consulting the plan of the German positions with my colleagues, a message came that all orders were canceled. The sudden let-down was not entirely pleasant, but we all shared somewhat the feeling of the sorry jester who said, 'All right, that gives us one more day to live.' We count on coming out alive, but the nearness of danger is not without its anguish.

We have been having a fine game of poker. I lost, so I shall be lucky. I am tired. My fellow officers have been asleep this long time. I am going to imitate them. The boom of our big guns is heavy and deep.

May 8. — 10 P.M. It is for to-night. We are to take positions in the first line at 2 A.M. The time of the attack is not yet fixed. I have written a great many letters. Perhaps I have given way to my feelings in some of them. I did not tell my mother. I wrote her that new movements of troops are predicted for the near future and that she is not to worry if she has no news of me for a while. But I told the truth to my little godmother and to my old friend. . . .

But sadness and farewells I have put behind me. Now I am all a soldier, and a soldier filled with the determination to fight and to conquer, and exalted by the work that is before him. If I die, and these are the last words I am destined to write, I want them to be *Vive — vive la France!*

June 9. In the silence and quiet of a little hospital room, near a window where pink and white thorn trees make a fragrant screen, I am going to try

to describe the nightmare of a month ago, and finish the record of my first campaign.

As I read over the last few pages, the enthusiasm I felt when they were written comes surging back. Neither time nor suffering can take it away from me. But the horror of the terrible hours that followed our offensive on the ninth of May is a thing of the past. It has been lifted and smoothed away in this peaceful hospital by the angels who dwell in it — the sublime women of the French Red Cross. The account of the events of that day will be none the less exact for having waited. I have not forgotten any part of them.

On the night before the attack, then, we were awakened about midnight by the beginning of the bombardment. Unable to sleep, we arose and began preparations ahead of time. At last came the order to go forward to our fighting posts. One by one we moved along the dark narrow trenches leading to the first lines. Above our heads was the constant hissing of our big shells going ahead of us to the Boches. Once in the first line, we spent the hours of waiting as comfortably as we could.

Dawn came slowly. The bombardment kept growing in intensity. It was seven o'clock. Several artillery officers came into my trench to regulate the precision of the fire, which was to clear our way of all outside obstacles — wire-entanglements, *chevaux-de-frise*, the enemy trenches. In a short time, all was regulated, and the storm began. It is impossible to realize the din of this firing. Guns of all calibres spit forth their shells with the maximum of rapidity. This lasted three hours, three deafening, maddening hours. In the midst of this storm of steel and fire, the brigadier-general arrived. He said a few words to me. I told him I was as sure of my men as of myself. He seemed satisfied and gave me the hour of

attack, ten o'clock. Every one looked at his watch. Nine o'clock. So in an hour then —

Five minutes to ten! I take my place at the foot of my ladder. In those last moments thoughts come rapidly. On this ladder hangs our destiny. In the trench there is relative security. What will become of us at the top of those four rounds? But no one thinks of hesitating. We seem to be in the grasp of some unknown and mighty force.

I seize my revolver and make sure of my grenades. One minute to ten. At this instant comes a rumbling detonation which causes the ground to tremble as if shaken by an earthquake. Our mines have exploded. This is the time.

'Attention! Forward, *mes petits*, and *vive la France!*'

This cry burst from every throat, and I sprang up my ladder, followed by my men. From that moment I was carried forward by the intoxication of the assault. I did not see, but rather felt, my men close to me, running by my side, and, like myself, drunk with a sublime madness. We reached the first German trench. We threw hand-grenades. But no living thing was there. Confusedly, in my forward rush, I saw heaps of earth and corpses. The bombardment had almost leveled the trench. Forward, still forward. We kept running breathlessly, carried away by the strange fascination of victory, and by the joy of treading the soil we were giving back to France. I went ahead, unconscious of those who were falling by the way. My intelligence was numbed. A greater force was urging me on.

After passing the second trench, I noticed that our ranks had thinned, but we went on and plunged into the third trench. A furious hand-to-hand fight followed. I unloaded my revolver almost instinctively on a German who was aiming at me. By this time our

second wave of assault was joining us. I quickly decided to merge in it and push forward. I was covered with sweat and blood — with the blood of the Boche I had killed. I was in a frenzy. I ran toward the fourth trench, the last one to capture before reaching our goal. I went on, hypnotized by that trench which seemed to be running to meet me. I could see the enemy through the gaps that our artillery had made in their defenses.

Suddenly I fell. I was alone. Above my head the constant whizzing of bullets; near by, the significant snorting of a machine-gun. At first I was a little stunned, then I tried to rise and felt that my right arm moved with difficulty. My coat was covered with blood. My arm hung limp. I felt it. I began to understand. Wounded, of course. But what of my soldiers? I raised my head; a bullet struck the ground very near. I fell back, but I had had time enough to see. Nobody in front of me. Nobody behind me. Corpses all around. I was alone, ten yards from the enemy's trench. I could see the Boches moving about in it. With my left hand I got hold of my revolver. But what was the use of trying to fire left-handed? I should miss and they would make an end of me.

To advance was impossible. To go back was equally impossible. The least move would be my death. The bullets over my head kept up a fearful hum. This situation could not last. If I did not get under shelter, one of those bullets would surely find me out. Near by, within a few yards, a slight rise in the ground indicated a possible cavity. With great care, without apparent motion, inch by inch, I dragged myself to it. Think of my joy! It was a large funnel, dug out by a German mine, and a score of wounded had taken refuge in it. Still another effort and I found myself among them. The cavity

was five or six yards deep and very wide at the top. A few dead lay prone upon the edge — poor fellows, killed at the moment when, like myself, they saw salvation in that hole.

Above our heads the air was lashed with a terrible cross-fire. The sad truth began to come home to me that our advance had been checked after the third trench. And what of my men, my *poilus* whom I so loved? Dead?

But our own plight was critical. Our lives hung by a very slender thread. For the present, the unceasing fire of the machine-guns prevented our escape. Sooner or later the Germans would launch a counter-attack and put an end to us with their hand-grenades. And again, if the French pursued the offensive, they would renew the bombardment, and in all probability we should be struck by our own shells. As for surrendering to the Boches, — they were near enough, — every man of us would rather starve in that hole. These thoughts and the pain from my wound overcame me for an instant. I felt myself losing consciousness. I took a few drops of cordial that I happened to have in my bag, and revived.

Then came a short lull. Time dragged along slowly, very slowly. Toward noon a fusillade broke forth in the enemy's trench. A ray of hope. Were the French carrying their attack to the fourth line? A man suddenly stumbled into our crater. He was one of my own soldiers. He was without his equipment. He saw me and, weeping and laughing, embraced me. I asked him where he came from and why he had no gun, no bayonet, no grenades. In a distracted voice, he told me his story.

After I had been wounded and knocked down, my soldiers kept on running forward and jumped into the fourth German trench. But their ranks had thinned, and they were too few.

Some were killed, others disarmed. The latter were told by the Boches after a time, 'You are not wanted. Get out of here.' My men were bewildered. They could not understand. Again they were ordered to leave, and finally they climbed out of the trench and began running back to the French position. The brutes then fired upon them from behind. All were killed evidently, with the exception of this soldier, who owed his life to the crater into which he had providentially fallen.

My despair was intense, for I had lost all my brave men, and I was powerless to avenge them. To this mental torture was added the suffering from my wound. The hot rays of the sun shone directly upon us. Hand-grenades fell again into the crater. We crouched close to the ground.

Presently the French 75's and 105's began to burst over the German trench. They were very, very near us. One 75 exploded just above our heads, and the impact threw the body of a dead soldier almost on top of me. A shell burst and blew to pieces that very soldier of mine who had escaped the odious massacre. We quickly threw a tent-sheet over this abomination. We were fully conscious of the horror of our situation. Another explosion cut off the foot of a sergeant, and, in spite of his screams, I poured a flask of iodine on his wound. Then, for the first time, I abandoned all hope. We had made a sacrifice of our lives and waited, motionless, resigned, trembling.

But an idea came to me. There were heavy planks in the bottom of the crater, which had been used to prop the explosion-chamber of the mine. With much difficulty, we moved them together, leaning them against the side of the crater. Under this shelter we all huddled. Several times our wooden structure was violently shaken by explosions, and our wounds were racked

at each shock. This lasted a long time, an infinitely long time. The hours do not seem to move under such circumstances.

Finally the captain of the company which marched immediately behind us, the only man in the crater who was not wounded, declared that he was going to the French trench to have the firing stopped. In spite of our protests, for we were sure that he would meet death on the way, he went out under the bombardment. A long time afterward the firing from our side stopped. Could the captain have reached our trenches? And hope revived in us again. We all wanted to leave that inferno at once. But the German machine-guns started in afresh. We must wait for the night.

The sun was getting low. The bombardment ceased, and we came out from under the protection of our planks. We stretched out on the ground, which was all furrowed by shells. The wounded were moaning, some had the death-rattle. I was completely exhausted, and somehow I fell asleep. When I awoke it was already dusk. The hour of deliverance was near. But as soon as night came, rockets flashed from the German trench and a fusillade burst forth. Possibly some of the wounded had tried to return to our lines and were being shot from behind. Our hope grew dim and we wondered if we should ever get away. We were horrified to think we might have to spend another day in that hole. Better die at once, die in the effort to get back, die with hope in our hearts.

Toward nine o'clock the man least wounded among us decided to venture forth. His plan was, on reaching the French line, to request that a trench be dug out in our direction so that we could return in safety. We agreed upon a signal to be given by our machine-

guns. Twice-four sharp shots to establish the communication. Three times three slow shots would indicate that we must wait until they came for us. Three times three rapid shots that we should have to escape by our own means.

Half an hour or more elapsed. Rockets kept flashing in the night and the machine-guns never stopped. We began to fear for the fate of our comrade. But at last came the signal — three times three rapid shots. Hurry back, hurry back, hurry back, said the French guns. We had to count on ourselves alone, and we decided to crawl toward our lines.

One by one, at long intervals, we left. Only one could not leave, the man wounded in the stomach. 'So you forsake me!' he moaned. I spread my blanket over him and promised to send for him. I knew this was impossible, but my deception might help him to die in hope. I knew also the terror of dying there slowly, and alone, all alone. But he was beyond our help.

I could not crawl on my stomach. I was obliged to lie on my back, and advance head first toward the French lines. The rockets gave me a glimpse of our trenches. They were several hundred yards distant. I pushed myself along with my feet as does a man when swimming on his back. As soon as a rocket flashed its light I remained motionless, feigning death among the dead. And in those few instants of immobility, I could hear my heart beat, and moans and cries of men dying, and of wounded calling for help. I passed by a soldier who was groaning feebly. I recognized him and tried to drag him with me. With great difficulty I man-

aged to pull him a few feet. And then I saw that I was dragging a corpse.

This Calvary lasted long, frightfully long. Several times I bumped my head into dead bodies. Crawling backward I could not see these obstacles. At one moment, I found myself under a corpse. The body was in a kneeling position and leaning forward. I had its face against my face, and its open eyes seemed to stare at me. The magnesium light of a rocket made that face appear still more livid. I worked myself free and went on over that rough, chaotic ground, falling into shell-holes, jostling the dead. But my whole being was strained to the one idea — to go back, to reach the French trench to which I was drawing nearer and nearer. I began talking out loud. Without knowing it, I must have talked a good deal. I found myself saying over half-forgotten snatches of Virgil: —

'Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
Insula, dives opum —'

It was indeed *in conspectu*, that trench, and likewise *dives opum* — richer than any Island of the Blest. •

Meanwhile German shells kept falling in rapid succession. I was covered with earth several times, and once roughly shaken up. But now the goal was very near. I shouted with all my strength, 'France! France! I am a lieutenant of the Eleventh Company.' I dimly heard voices saying, 'This way, this way!' I directed myself by those voices. I was exhausted. I got entangled in wire-defenses. My arm hurt unbearably. A shell that fell near stunned me. I felt myself being seized and pulled. I fell into the trench — the French trench. Then I fainted.

(The End)

LETTERS TO A BLIND SOLDIER

OSMIN LAGARDE, Adjutant of the — Regiment of Infantry, French Army, is one of the most energetic, the sprightliest, and the best set-up French officers I have ever met. He has a striking but unaffected military bearing that fits him neatly and sets him off from others. Withal he is one of the most helpless of men. He is blind. On the 22d of August, 1914, he fell near Bertrix in Belgium, his temple pierced by a German bullet which, in tearing its way through, completely destroyed the optic nerve.

His little cane raps smartly before him as he gropes along the wall of the room where I am writing. He turns quickly toward me when I speak to him, and his eyes, fortunately still in their sockets, look upon me in their peculiar unseeing way. The pupils are white and somewhat bloodshot. But the sweet intelligence of his whole face seems to dominate it; and in his persistent struggle to overcome the darkness into which he has been plunged, one perceives nothing but his strength.

His face is dark and handsome, worthy of a bright son of Provence, with the added alertness and force of his long training as an army officer. His expressionless eyes seem to hinder in no way the extreme mobility of his features. These I have seen light up with all sorts of beautiful feelings and thoughts. I have seen them darken, too, at the mention of his country's enemies. But I have never seen them assume a regret for the loss of the priceless privileges of taste and sight, though his face wears oftenest a thoughtful sadness that comes from the inevitable consciousness of a broken life.

422

An officer by career, he was among the first called out to defend *la douce France*. He left his wife and little girl, with whom he had been spending his furlough, and in a few days had crossed the Belgian frontier to help stem the invading horde. While directing his men in a skirmish near a village, a bullet pierced his head; and his comrades, forced back by superior numbers, left him for dead. He was later picked up by a German officer and carried into Bertrix. There a Belgian woman, whose husband was fighting in King Albert's plucky little army, took care of him and, in time, nursed him back to health. During his convalescence the German officer who had saved his life visited him several times; and between the two developed an interesting and amicable relation that inspired mutual respect and confidence. It is but just to record the conduct of this German officer toward his wounded adversary, since it offers a striking contrast with many tales since told.

The Adjutant says but little of his days of convalescence. He lived in peaceful quiet in the house of the Belgian woman, Madame Fontaine, and her two little sons. She took loving care of him, who was to her a defender of her country, a hero who had offered his life to save her land. And indeed this was the truth. To-day this French soldier speaks in the simplest terms of his willingness to die for this other land that had spent itself to remain true to its pledge. His one regret is that he fell without having killed a single German. In the vibrant tone in which he says this, one feels the sincerity of his regret. 'Mais,' he adds philosophically

and bravely, 'il fallait être là.' Somebody had to be on the spot. Still, the bitterness of having fallen thus at the very beginning of the fighting, in one of the first combats, is not so easily tempered, even by the sense of duty accomplished. To have his sight back is Lagarde's strongest desire, but not for the sake of seeing. With what is almost a flash in his blank eyes, he speaks of his ardent wish to be able to see in order to return to the ranks and help accomplish the task that has now devolved on his brothers in arms. The dead hopelessness of this ambition is in such contrast to the energy and appeal of his tone that I am shaken by emotion whenever I think of it.

As a prisoner of the Germans, the Adjutant remained for eight months in the care of Madame Fontaine, during which time he learned to adjust himself to the bitterness of his plight. His nurse had many other duties to perform toward the wounded in the village, but the two found time to become firm friends and to talk together of their hopes for the future and their thoughts of their loved ones. The husband of Madame Fontaine, of whom she had no news since the beginning of the war, was a corporal in the Belgian army. The presumption was that he was dead. She knew that he must have passed through some of the fiercest fighting in Belgium. Madame Fontaine spoke often of her husband and of their peaceful life together, now so cruelly shattered by the invasion of the treaty-breakers. The French officer, in his turn, told her of his beautiful little home in Corrèze, of his wife and child who had had no word from him. They were safe, to be sure; but what could they believe in the midst of this dread silence? 'Only one thing,' came the hopeless answer from his heart. The quieting words of Madame Fontaine alone helped to calm his anguish.

Yet what he dreaded most had come to pass. His name had been published in a list of the heroes who had perished in the defense of their country. His wife and child assumed their mourning garb, while upon their hearts settled the despair of their loss. Then they went through long days of pain, he all the while oppressed with the dread of their mourning and unable to break through the silence that shrouded his fate.

Until April, 1915, he was detained in Belgium, receiving fair treatment from his German captors, and fast learning to admire the Americans who wrought so nobly and successfully to save from starvation Belgian women and children. In glowing terms he speaks of these efforts of a 'friendly' nation; he rejects the word 'neutral' for us. He has often maintained to me, in speaking of the Americans on the Food Commission, that, 'if in conversation their words were of necessity neutral, they were unable to make their handshake the same, and with pride I recognized in these men friends, true friends.'¹ It was with something of a lump in my throat that I watched him not long ago speaking to Ambassador Sharp and conveying to this representative of America in France his gratitude, and that of all the Belgians he knew, for our humanitarian intercession in the barbaric martyrdom imposed upon their peaceful land.

The Adjutant learned to love Americans and to appreciate their activity in Belgium; but presently he had to leave all his new friends, for he was sent to a prisoners' camp in the heart of Germany. There he languished several weary months, till the time came for his exchange through Switzerland as a *grand blessé*. After interminable weeks of travel, he finally crossed the border of his own land. All the way to his

¹ Quoted from one of Adjutant Lagarde's letters. — THE EDITORS.

home in Corrèze, the blind hero was acclaimed and welcomed; and when he reached Brive, his native town, the joy of those dear to him filled his heart to overflowing.

One of his first pleasures in this partial resumption of his former life was to have his wife write a long letter to Corporal Fontaine, of the Belgian Army, telling him all he knew of Madame Fontaine, of little Maurice and his brother, and reassuring him of their well-being. He sent the letter off, hardly expecting an answer, dreading to learn what he feared so surely. The fact was, however, that the corporal was safe, his life having been miraculously preserved even in the hell of Namur, Antwerp, and the Yser. Overjoyed at the receipt of this unexpected budget of news, which gave him such precious knowledge of his little family, the Belgian, knowing nothing of the nature of the Adjutant's wound, wrote back asking for more information.

Thus began a series of intimate letters between two soldiers of a great cause. They revealed to each other two splendid fellows, both of lowly extraction and limited education, and both endowed richly with the qualities that make heroes of men. Lagarde was proud of his new friend, proud of his glowing letters. He waited impatiently for them to come, fearing that each might be the last. He was glad to share with some of us his pleasure in this new comradeship; and as our own friendship developed, he intrusted the letters to me, permitting me to copy them.

HARRY KURZ.

A—, August 6, 1915.

MONSIEUR LAGARDE, —

I do not know how to thank you for the kind letter you have just written me. After a whole year I receive news of my people! And it is a Frenchman,

a wounded man, who sends me this news! Imagine the state of mind into which your letter has thrown me. I could leap for joy!

So you have really been eight months in my home? Were you then very seriously wounded? And how did it happen that you came to know Madame Fontaine? Does she tend the wounded, perhaps, with some doctor, or in a hospital?

Monsieur, please pardon these questions if they seem indiscreet; I am so astounded that I should like to know everything, and I am taking it for granted that you know a great many things about my village.

I suppose that you have been returned to France by means of an exchange of the seriously wounded. Then you too, you are seriously wounded?

If I am not mistaken about this, accept my sincere congratulations for having been able to escape alive. We are fighting for the great Cause, we are brothers-in-arms — and you must not smile at hearing a little Belgian speak in this manner to the great Frenchmen! We have, for the moment, but one country, the land of Right and of Justice. Belgians and Frenchmen and the rest, we all want liberty and we shall have it. If I am neither wounded nor dead, it is n't my fault, although I have no complaint to make!

While you had fallen in defense of our two countries, I was fighting at Namur, Bioul, and Philipville; I was at the siege of Antwerp in the first line, and at the Yser. As soon as the Belgian government had decided to throw the old classes into working divisions, I applied for permission to be transferred to the battalion in charge of the military railway. Work here is still action at the front, close to the Boches; I would not go to the rear for anything in the world. I should be bored to death there.

Monsieur Lagarde, would it be too

much to ask you to send me a few more words about Bertrix, about my home town and my family? You probably know some of the people whom I know well; at any rate it is a place I love with all my heart. You will help make less cruel for me this hard and long separation from all the people and all the things I love.

And if you know any means of writing to Bertrix, I might be able to send a few lines that would bring infinite pleasure to my family.

Please accept, Monsieur Lagarde, with my gratitude, my most respectful sentiments.

CORPORAL HENRI FONTAINE.

A—, *August 31, 1915.*

DEAR MONSIEUR LAGARDE,—

I tremble as I write to you. Of all the guesses I made about the nature of your wound, the one that is true never occurred to me.

I have hesitated a long time—I did n't know what to say; before this atrocious result of our struggle for our rights, the mind pauses confused; what thoughts, what rancors, what discontent, what deep revolt accumulated within me during these cursed days which last only too long, are obliterated before this reality which you make me touch, as it were, with my finger! And I thought myself unfortunate!

It is not fitting for me to offer you here stupid words of consolation which your French spirit would reject with disgust! The two letters that I have had from you have shown me clearly enough that I have as correspondent a soldier, a true one! The more cruel your state, the greater and nobler your courage, which reveals itself in the serenity of your words.

I admire you, dear friend, dear soldier of France! You incarnate all that is great and noble in your sublime race. On foreign soil, for a country, for a peo-

ple of whose existence you were hardly aware, you have sacrificed yourself, like others of your countrymen, as you have given yourself for France, your own beloved land!

And after having sacrificed yourself, you have only one thought, only one desire: you want to reassure those who fight on for the same sacred Cause. I cannot adequately express to you the admiration that your conduct inspires in me. La France reveals herself completely in your act: generous and sublime, even to the supreme sacrifice.

Dear and brave friend, if it is given to me some day to prove to you that a Belgian is neither a coward nor an ingrate, you shall be convinced. I assure you that I shall not forget! I feel my blood boiling within me, and the hatred I had vowed against these bandits is all the greater because the sufferings they have made you endure are so cruel. Perhaps the moment for making resolutions about the future has not yet come; but whether or not I am lucky enough to get out of this alive, I can assure you just the same that you have in me a brother, a devoted brother, if you are willing to accept me as such.

My home is beautiful; you are familiar with it! It shall be your home also.

Let me also express to you, dear friend, the joy I feel at knowing that you are united with a companion who, one can easily see, has as much tenderness as courage. For France she, too, suffers! But what solace and what joy she must have in feeling that she is your support, the support of a loving heart! For you together life is still rich in opportunities; and the things your dear eyes can see no more—she will see them and then you, too, will see them!

I close by assuring you of my feeling of unalterable confidence regarding the final result. Whatever may be said or thought, we shall always do our duty, in spite of everything, in spite of death

itself. Let this assurance be a comfort to you; keep saying to yourself that your sacrifice shall not have been in vain! We are bound to win, we will win!

I pray you, dear monsieur and friend, present my respectful regards to Mme. Lagarde, and be assured of my entire devotion.

CORPORAL H. FONTAINE.

P.S. If my talk gives you pleasure, I can write you as much as you wish.

A—, 9/30/1915.

DEAR MONSIEUR LAGARDE, —

I have just received your friendly card from Biarritz. I thank you sincerely for the interest you show in me. You have no doubt received in the meantime my answer to your second letter, in which I tried to explain to you my delay in writing; I shall not repeat what I said, since your letters are surely being forwarded to you at Biarritz.

I do hope very much that you will not leave me without news of your health. Now you are enjoying a few days of calm at the seashore after the frightful upheaval of those terrible days of torment. How I wish I were with you, in order to accompany you on your walks with your loving and devoted companion, and to have good long talks with you about all we know and have been through! How many subjects there are upon which, intimately and agreeably, we should converse — subjects made up of memories and hopes, but all leading to the same thought, since all our ideas at present tend toward the same flashing goal: Victory! For it is true that, wherever we are at the present time, we cannot forget that we are soldiers; and that when you are a soldier, however you may twist your mind and your speech, you end always by persuading yourself that what you dream is true. And when you dream, you often see things going right all by themselves! Yet

since it is not true that things do go right all by themselves, but rather that you've got to push them along with all your might and main, and that even then you need lots of patience, why, you just do all you can. And so the pleasure one would feel at being with a friend, in order to rest, to relax, becomes not merely a need, a strong desire, but also a natural result and a reward for a task well performed. Dear friend, it is this reward that I hope to obtain. One day or another the beast will be downed, and I want to be in at the death. Then what a shout of triumph and joy I shall bring you! You will be happy indeed when we come to tell you how we drove them out; and then, for you, too, as well as for us, there will be great gladness.

The newspapers tell you many things concerning the war; here, we see really just the daily task to be performed, and the rumors or echoes that come to us from other sections of the battlefield often leave us quite astonished.

I can't help hinting to you that our officers are letting us hope for an offensive before very long. If you only knew how we cling to that hope! Oh, the blessed sight of that land, lost now for so long a time, which, perhaps, we are going to see once more in only a few weeks! What a mad longing seizes you when you think that, very soon perhaps, you will be covering with kisses those of your loved ones who are still there! Alas! How many among us will find only grief and ruin! What despair, what horror, are bound to be the result of this tragedy! I am thinking of that dear fellow Nanon, to whom I gave your address in order that you might yourself confirm for him what he has heard through others. What terrible suffering for this poor boy who, knowing nothing of life and still so young, is going to find himself suddenly face to face with such a frightful reality.

For he's a big-hearted fellow, this boy Nanan, brought up according to stern principles by him who fell a noble victim to the barbarians. You have some of his letters and you will be able to judge him a little by his writing. I see him quite often, and each time I discover in him new qualities of spirit. You ought to understand each other very well, you two deep sufferers . . .

One thing troubles me — that I don't know exactly what happened in their house.¹ The only definite news I have received concerning Bertrix comes from you. Is it true that his brother and sister both met death on that cursed day? Oh! if you know the truth, dear friend, don't conceal it from me, for this uncertainty tortures me, me also, all the more because the poor fellow thinks I possess definite information, and because when we talk I no longer know how I ought to help him to feel. Ought I to go on encouraging in his heart hopes from which the awakening will be all the more cruel because I shall have helped build them up? Should I not rather prepare him (oh, very gently!) to foresee with some self-control that his misfortune is most likely what he persists in believing it to be? If you know, I beg you, tell me, and above all tell me what ought to be done. You can judge the situation better perhaps than I can.

I have received through the Bureau of Information at Lausanne some news of my family; brief news, to be sure, but which proves that our people are holding firm and are plucky. Maurice, my first-born, ranked third in excellence at the end of his year's studies. Doubtless to give his father pleasure, the child has worked hard, urged on by the courage of his mother. My wife tells me that the necessities of life are

¹ Bertrix is mentioned in official reports among the places where the Germans 'committed atrocities.' — THE EDITORS.

very dear — and that's all; even this comes indirectly, as a communication from a correspondent at Brussels.

We are having particularly fine weather here. A year ago, almost to a day, we were retreating along the road to France for the second time, pressed back by the fierce and bloody horde; the weather was fine even during that famous retreat from Antwerp. But how much more beautiful, more radiant, the day when we shall enter for the third time our glorious France, the France of our hearts, in order to acclaim our triumph in the cause of Justice! For I feel that very soon I shall come bringing you an echo of joy from these little Belgians who have been fighting, and who, battle-worn, will be all the more glorious with their great brothers and allies.

My best wishes and respects to Mme. Lagarde.

Your devoted friend,

CORPORAL H. FONTAINE.

A—, 28/10/15.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

This abominable weather that has been oppressing us for the last few days makes me rather sad. One feels so much alone when unable to go out; all one can do is to look at the monotonous cold rain, falling with a sound that irritates you, that drives you mad. . . .

Therefore I turn to writing to you, for it seems to me I am less alone when I share some of my thoughts, when I give my feeling expression to those near whom I should love to be, first of all to thank them, and then to talk to them about those I love and whom I pine to see again. Are you not indeed, my dear friend, the only person to whom I may speak about these things, since you have been there, have talked with them, have known them? How many times I have lived those moments of your life, so cruel for you, but which neverthe-

less gave you the opportunity to form some appreciation of the spirit of my people! Do I not see 'Her' taking the little ones to pay a visit to the comrades of Papa, and to care for those whom the wicked have made to suffer? I know them all so well, those places, the house, the room where you spent such long months!

These past days had aroused in my heart fierce hopes. Did n't I actually see myself tramping along the roads, in the thick of the woods, returning to that land so desolate, yet so precious to me? How many plans had already taken shape in my mind! I had reached the point where I was trying to guess the words we should say to each other after such a long separation. Such are the illusions these few hours of triumph have given me.¹

And then, reality turns you cold. We know what these advances cost; we understand all the force, the courage, the self-denial required of our valiant brothers to dislodge the cursed invaders from those few lines; and so we resume our daily task, a bit disappointed but nowise discouraged, awaiting all the more ardently the final cleaning-up with a little more determination or rage in our hearts.

The approach of the cold season is certainly not calculated to make us happy, but we will endure everything in order to avenge those who must be avenged — and, on my word, I think we are beginning to get used to it. It is only at certain moments that the memory of past joy softens you, but without weakening your confidence; one really does become hardened in war!

I suppose you have returned from your trip in good health. Is it indiscreet to ask you for your impressions? Are you becoming somewhat reconciled

to your new life? I should like to know a little about you, because I want to give back to you some of the pleasure you have given me. May I hope to receive a few words from you? They would bring me so much happiness.

CORPORAL H. FONTAINE.

December 30, 1915.

DEAREST FRIENDS, —

Each year at this season one is happy indeed to be with those one loves, or to write them expressing all the affection one feels and wishing them all the joy that can be had here below.

For the second time, the brutal force of events holds us apart from our people. The days, when we used to be so happy in feeling that we were close together, when we thrilled with the joy of living and loving — these days are spent now amid the moans and groans of death; nothing human remains, except perhaps our desires and our regrets, which are awakened in our minds by these days.

And nevertheless, in spite of the horrors of these dark moments when the whole world seems bent on slaying and destruction, in spite of this return to the savage times when only the instinct of self-preservation animated men, we still feel that the horizon will clear and that happiness will overcome all these sorrows! We have in our hearts an invincible hope, a real faith in the future. Why is it that in the heart of man these sentiments are born and finally succeed in driving away the sombre moments when despair is about to overwhelm him? Happy mystery, that saves and consoles us!

I find these days less cruel since I may confide some of my thoughts to people who have shown themselves so kind to me. Were it not for you, I should probably not know that they, they also, can still send their wishes to the absent one into space.

¹ Corporal Fontaine refers to the gains of the French in their Champagne drive. — THE EDITORS.

Since you have known them, since you have spoken to them, you understand me and you can realize the love I bear them. You, you are a bit of them, for you have lived with them and have served as a bridge between their hearts and mine! To you, then, I send these good wishes that I would fain cry out to them. It seems to me that thinking of you will reach them, far away as they are. To you, whose happiness I desire, I impart my hope and the determination in me to give every ounce of strength in the defense of our rights and our liberty. To you I impart my ha-

tred, that increases every day, for those unspeakable savages who have let loose upon us so many atrocities, so much grief; to you I say that to the last breath in my body I shall work for vengeance. And I wish you the joy of seeing that bright day arrive soon when, bleeding perhaps but proud, we shall enter into our country to put a stop to the martyrdom which has been going on for so many long months.

I should be happy to receive the picture of your dear little Paulette, and permit me to kiss it for their sakes.

CORPORAL H. FONTAINE.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE FIRST HERITAGE

My wood-fire purrs and whispers. The Big Ben clock ticks faithfully on the mantel; the Little Ben dog snores a doggy snore on the rug. The baby, in her white bassinet in the corner, stirs and makes funny sleepy noises.

The room is gay with sunshine, and comforting to the soul with the books and pictures beloved of a lifetime. Darning stockings by the fire, I glance up now and then, and let my eyes be pleased and puzzled by the queer blue Scripture tiles around the fireplace.

Some day, when the baby is bigger, she will sit in my lap with her feet sticking out to the good heat, and I will hug her, and tell her, —

'That funny man up in the tree is Zaccheus. And here is the poor Prodigal Son coming home again. Those are the kind ravens who fed Elijah in the dry wilderness; and that man there is —'; and doubtless, if she lives to be a hundred, Zaccheus and the Prodigal

and the Prophet will appear to her drawn in coarse blue flowing lines, medallioned about a flickering birch-fire.

I wonder what else of this room and this house she will take with her, out across the years. She is very little now — hardly big enough to lift her head like a strong little turtle, to smile a broad square smile with a dimple at each corner, and to squeal out with inconsequent joy. But no doubt she has already begun to store that brown silken head, bumping my cheek so nonchalantly at times, with the stock-in-trade of all her future. Little Ben's terrible Airedale bark will be the gentle 'Bow-wow' of her first patter; and Big Ben is destined some day to clang and bang her out of dozy delights, crying 'School!' to the cold gray winter dawn.

The little bluebirds of my chintzy curtains will sing and fly for her like the first gay troubadours of the fence-posts. The hour-glass, up beside Big Ben, waits for her small hand to reach and

turn it, while she wonders at the red sand slipping in its chase on old Time's heels. Perhaps she will carry away with her a strange vision: dark, windy cypresses, deathly rock-chambers, curdling water and fatal barque, from the Böcklin 'Isle of Death,' over there; or Parrish's dreamy boy, blowing opal bubbles and pearly castles in the air, or swinging out of his black pine tree into the unbounded blue like an exulting arrow of youth, will make her little secret spirit dance and sing.

Downstairs, the piano, with a crack in its back and a rattle in its throat, seems asking that she should steal new music from it. The wide hearth has more than Scriptural bed-time joys to teach her. Pop-corn, and sparks running to Sunday-School, and dwarfs' forges and witches' caldrons and burning ships! Grimm and Andersen and Howard Pyle, now perched on the highest shelves, will come down to her desire, and the theology and history will go up, lighter than vanity, before many years. Will she keep house between her father's feet, there in the dark palatial space under the big desk? Will she shudder when she finds that it is a gray half-skull that holds her father's pipes so jauntily, and learn to watch the crystals of the ancient candlesticks for rainbow charms, each sunny morning?

Out in the garden the poppies flame, and the hollyhocks and larkspur sway. She will remember, some day, that she held pink poppy petals high against the blue, blue sky, and saw how deep a bee can burrow in a crimson hollyhock. And before that, there will be such dandelions on the lawn; such grasshoppers to jump after; such busy ants, toiling about their little sand-huts on the crooked red-brick walk!

She will have many happy things to remember, I think.

But what will she remember best of me, who sit here dreaming into her

life the things that many years have wrought into mine? Perhaps it will be only that I wore a white dress on warm summer days; or that my hair had such and such a twist; or that I sat by the fire and darned many stockings, sometimes. Perhaps it will prove that I am just a picture in her swiftly turning picture-book: no more.

She is very little, there in the white bassinet. She starts on her long journey most quietly. But the house, the garden, the meadows, and the roads seem waiting for the stirring of her feet. I am waiting too; and some day the memory of me may be to her no keener than that of the red fire, the blue tiles, the poppies.

It does not trouble me to think that, though it has a sad empty look as I write it. Why should it trouble me? — Once I too lay in a basket in a corner, and made sleepy noises under a blue-edged shawl; once I watched a wood-fire dance, safe-hugged and rocked in quiet arms.

She will remember of this first heritage even what I have remembered. May it but prove as dear, out across her years!

MY DECENNIAL

A DECENNIAL of mine is about to be observed. Decennials are usually celebrated, I believe; but I have no cause to rejoice over this particular one, for it registers the completion of ten years of failure. For this reason, if there is a Failures' Club, I am not only eligible for, but I highly merit, its presidency. One hundred and twenty months ago, the *Atlantic* refused my first contribution; one week ago, my latest was returned. The even tenor of this experience through so long a period of years shows that my failure has at least the virtue of consistency. There have been no successes, and hardly any encouragements, to mar the sheer and blinding

beauty of my failure's symmetry and the perfection of its whole. My rejections have not only been regular; they have been absolute. True, the editorial wind has often been tempered to the shorn literary lamb; and many a letter from the *Atlantic* office has been far more human and kindly than any that I have, in trembling hope, been able to devise to the Editor. That austere gentleman has been 'ever so sensible' of my goodness in sending undesirable manuscripts; he has been 'grateful' for my tireless persistence in continuing to send contributions that did not suit. And seventy times seven (as admonished by Holy Writ) he has apparently forgiven me for trespassing on his time and his bounteous patience.

These emotions of grief and gratitude that he has expressed — I have wondered about them; not that I doubt their genuine nature, but that I must class them as editorial sorrows, not likely to bring the one who experiences them to an early and tragic end. After so long and so satisfactorily uniform a career of unsuccess, I am beginning to feel that this coming decennial of mine should celebrate my obsequies. As so much of my material has been rejected, I am evidently rejected; therefore I should observe my final rites.

About such solemn matters, one should ponder seriously and coolly. And indeed I have often pondered in a cool and serious mood. I wondered why it was that I, who had tried so faithfully, had never succeeded; who had knocked so patiently, had never been admitted. Of course, faithfulness is of dubious literary value; pure genius has often seemed allied to forms of unfaithfulness. But advantages were mine which should have been my allies in my attempts to attain this coveted success. By heritage, by breeding, by education, by inclination, by profession, I was literary. Seven generations

of my family had been college-bred. Many of the literary men of the first half of the nineteenth century had been entertained by my family; and those who remembered the happy experience had always encouraged me to emulate, if possible, the lives of Agassiz, Holmes, Longfellow, and Hawthorne. In the university, I was one of the few unusual creatures who delighted to delve (for the pure love of it) into old poems and ancient plays. My face was almost as familiar a feature of the library as was the marble bust of Homer there. The college authorities made me the editor of two publications; my classmates indicated by their choice that they believed I could write a class poem. True, I had never visited Boston; but about the time of my graduation, a third cousin of mine from the far South spent a few days in the Hub; so I felt that in some subtle way my education had been completed.

At that time I was perfectly familiar with the *Atlantic* and with the ideals which it so admirably represented. My introduction to it, several years before, had been rather unusual. Of course, I knew the magazine by sight; but I had always been a little apprehensive of my ability to understand what the simple cover declared that the magazine contained. One day I was reprimanded by one of the university professors who had supervision over one of the magazines whose destinies I was guiding. The matter in one issue of the periodical had, I believe, been poorly arranged. I shall never forget what was said. 'Don't you understand what I mean?' the professor asked. 'Have you no model? Don't you read the *Atlantic*? Well, here is a copy. Take it home and study it carefully. In all respects, including its general plan, it is the best magazine in the world.'

For a while, being entirely human, I seriously resented the perfection of the

Atlantic. And I was dubious of the degree of success that would follow the modeling of a weekly newspaper after a monthly literary magazine. But I studied the *Atlantic*. And I can truthfully say that, having studied every issue since that day, I am fully prepared to pass any examination set on the contents of the magazine since February, 1904. Moreover, the names of those who have contributed to the *Atlantic* have seemed to me names with which one might conjure; though, conjure I never so wisely, the admiration I have for those names and the appreciation with which I read those writers' work have so far brought me no nearer my goal. And I believe I understand the spirit of the magazine; for I feel that no experience on earth confers quite the same sense of pleasurable refinement and of genuine culture as the experience of drawing a chair before the evening fire and adjusting the light at one's shoulder so that it falls on the pages of a new *Atlantic*. Milton must have had some glimmering forethought of joy like this when he wrote of 'the sober certainty of waking bliss.'

After my first genuine acquaintance with the *Atlantic*, and after my education and a few experiences in real life had confirmed my opinion of the qualities of that periodical, I began to think of the time when the Editor would be writing to find out how many articles I could spare him every year. Ah, that was long ago; it was in the days of golden youth and of roseate hopes. Yet my desire of achieving literary success was not in vain. At least a score of magazines accepted from me stories, articles, poems. One critic even had the hardihood to declare that a book of mine contained 'poems of promise.' Such faint praise bears the breath of fame, however damning it may be. I began to experience the ecstasy of drawing from a letter-box envelopes of small

size and significant contents. Indeed, as far as money was concerned, I succeeded. But apparently such success was not what I desired. I never earned real happiness. I never achieved the goal of my desires. The *Atlantic* remained obdurate; or perhaps it should be said that I continued to be uninteresting. Reputable magazines featured my work, and reputable artists illustrated it. *Who's Who* took a deep personal (or was it financial?) interest in the facts of my life. Certain alluring offers came from good publishers. But I was like Elaine who could not have Lancelot:—

'Of all this will I nothing'; and so fell,
And thus they bore her swooning to her
tower.

To such a tower am I shortly to be borne; there to observe my decennial, which now fast approacheth. How shall the date be fitly celebrated? As the ideal guiding spirit of the Failures' Club, I fail to know. But there remains a bare possibility that this decennial in question may never materialize; so I am as yet not issuing invitations. It all depends on the Editor of the *Atlantic*. It is said that the world is becoming better, and that humanity is growing more thoughtful and considerate. All these forces, making for joy and peace, may penetrate the erstwhile (to me) inviolate doors of the Sanctum, and even the kindly but (to me) inviolate heart of the Editor.

Should this notable self-confession be rejected, the decennial will be observed. Knowing what for ten years they have escaped, all the great family of *Atlantic* readers should enter jubilantly into the spirit of the occasion. It will be an odd funeral, to be sure; for while some rejoice, others will mourn. The corpse will be the chief mourner, and the Editor will be the dominating figure of the whole occasion.

Send no flowers.